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THE

Book of Psalms

IN ENGLISH VERSE.



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THE

Book of Psalms

IN ENGLISH VERSE

AND

IN MEASURES SUITED FOR SACRED MUSIC.

BY

EDWARD CHURTON M.A.

ARCHDEACON OF CLEVELAND.

WHERE THE PSALM PRAYS, DO YE PRAY; WHERE IT MOURNS, DO YE MOURN; WHERE IT GIVES THANKS, DO YE REJOICE; WHERE IT SPEAKS OF HOPE, DO YE HOPE; WHERE IT SPEAKS OF FEAR, DO YE FEAR. FOR ALL THINGS WRITTEN IN THIS BOOK ARE AS A MIRROR FOR OURSELVES.

ST. AUGUSTIN ON PSALM XXXI.

OXFORD AND LONDON
JOHN HENRY PARKER.

M DCCC LIV.



P R E F A C E.

IT is said that there have been between sixty and seventy Metrical Versions of the Book of Psalms produced in England during the last three Centuries, without reckoning those translations of Select Portions of the Book, or of single Psalms, made by writers who never undertook the task of a complete Version. Yet it seems to be generally admitted, that none of these Versions are so successful as to preclude an attempt after higher perfection.

In this great collection of Versions no doubt a very large proportion are like those, of which the present writer has more than one example lying before him, professing to turn the Psalms "according to the letter," "neither to add to the original Text, nor diminish from it," considering this as "an obligation imposed by the character of Divine Inspiration^a." In order to do this, one of the authors of such a Version candidly admits, that "writing upon the operating principle of preserving by all possible means the language of Scripture, he took many liberties, and assumed much latitude, with

^a Version by a Layman, 1853.

the strict rules both of emphasis and rhyme^b." The only probable way, in which such attempts could have been at all prosperous, must have been to try the plan without rhyme altogether; of which kind there is said to be one Version extant. But blank-verse has not found favour with Musicians; and the Musicians and Singers form an important party in the question concerning Metrical Psalmody.

As this principle of adhering to the letter seems in some degree to have influenced the poet Milton, and other writers of distinction, it may be worth while to notice a mistake on which it rests. The singing of Metrical Psalms in Churches is not so much a part of Divine service, as a pious exercise allowed and sanctioned before and after Morning and Evening Prayer. This is evident from the terms of the legal provision, under which the present continued practice was introduced, not indeed without older precedent, in the time of King Edward VI.^c It were undoubtedly to be desired, that the metrical Psalms or Hymns used in Churches, equally with the sermons preached within the sacred walls, should contain no phrase unsuitable, and no doctrine unconformable, to the truth of Scripture. But the Church gives no more authoritative sanction to an exposition of a Psalm in metre, than to the exposition of a text by a preacher in prose. There is no assent or consent required to the

^b Version by a Lay-Member of the Church of England, 1809.

^c Strype's *Eccl. Memor.*, vol. II. pt. i. 135.

terms of either ; but both are allowed or appointed in different ways as tending to piety and edification. And if so, the very reason for desiring a literal translation in metre has no place. The design of those who introduced the practice of Psalm-singing expressly shewed that they regarded it not as the word of God, but an aid to piety in the way of paraphrase or meditation on that holy word. Nor was it intended that Psalms in metre should supersede or take the place of Chaunts or Anthems. These are prescribed by the Rubric, whereas the metrical Psalms are not.

It does not affect this question, that the first allowed Version, that which is now commonly called the Old Version, was made as literally as the authors could contrive to make it. This is a fact, which gives to that Version what is perhaps its chief recommendation, its general faithfulness to the Hebrew, a quality in which the New Version is so continually deficient ; but it can claim no further authority on that score. The recommendation has not been forgotten ; and we can afford to appreciate the motive of these Old Versionists, and of all who have followed in the same track, although the combination of such literalism with any degree of poetical grace was never to have been expected. The Version itself was allowed, as King Charles I. allowed the use of the equally literal Version of his father King James ; no further. What therefore the pious and learned Bishop

Beveridge wrote, to claim a higher sanction for the Old Version on this ground, met with no success, because the argument was untenable. The censure, which the laborious Prelate passed upon the New Version, was much more effective, than his attempt to preserve the endangered credit of the Old. For who could suffer himself to be persuaded, that "the plainer, the lower, and the heavier" the Version was, "the more was it to be loved and admired," and "the more edified the people were by the use of it^d?"

It is moreover a fallacy to suppose that the most literal translations from one language into another are always the most faithful. The difficulties attending the acquirement of languages, and of representing the mind of writers of other lands and other times, would be greatly mitigated, if any such rule held true. It is not the use for which literal translations principally serve, to give the English reader the sense of a work composed in a foreign language; but rather to aid an English student in acquiring that language. A Translator, who wishes to do his best to make his Author understood by those for whom he translates, must act the part of a good interpreter between two persons of different nations: he must vary many idioms and phrases in one language to find their equivalents in another^e.

^d Defence of the Old Singing Psalms, 1710.

^e Granada. Eccl. Rhet., p. 223. "Optimi interpretis est, sermonis idiomata in alterius linguæ idiomata quæ tantundem valeant convertere."

And of this rule, every Hebrew student is aware, our Translators often availed themselves even in their prose-versions of the Hebrew Bible. They were true to the original; but they did not forget that they wrote for the English people. Such a rule is still more to be observed in translating poetry, a kind of writing into which the proverbs and figurative expressions of the native language are more abundantly admitted.

There was probably a degree of party-spirit involved in the contest between the two Versions, when that of Tate and Brady was first introduced into the Churches in the Diocese of London in A.D. 1696, under the patronage of Archbishops Tillotson and Sharp, Bishop Compton, and other Prelates, who administered the affairs of the Church in the reign of King William III. It is said that some of these Bishops had a hand in correcting it. The Old Version was regarded, not altogether without reason, as a production of the Puritans. Whittingham, Dean of Durham, a strong ally of Knox, was among the original contributors; and many of the alterations, not always for the better, which appear in the later editions, were taken from the amended Version of William Barton, and Francis Rous, the Presbyterian Provost of Eton during the Usurpation; whose united labours supplied the Kirk in Scotland with the Metrical Psalms authorized by their General Assembly. In the revulsion from this extreme, the age of Tillotson was verging to-

wards another, which, for want of a more correct designation, is commonly called Arminianism; and the New Version was seasonably coincident with this new tendency. A few grave and learned Divines, like Beveridge, may have deprecated the introduction of a Version so unfaithful to the sense of David, and composed by men, who had apparently so little acquaintance with the study of Theology: but the easy flow of the verse, the occasional pathos of the language, and the adaptation of the phrases to the English of the Eighteenth Century, procured it by degrees a very general acceptance. And the result seems to have been, that it established a kind of precedent against the necessity of adhering to literal Translations. For whatever had been done previously with this view, and particularly by the publication of the cultivated Version of George Sandys in A.D. 1638, had met with no public encouragement.

It is needless to dwell on the defects of this Version, which are so generally acknowledged and deplored. Not only the frequent mistranslations and improprieties of language make it difficult to select portions which may be sung without offence to piety; but the argument of whole Psalms is mistaken. Let the reader only refer to the Eighty-Seventh Psalm, as it stands in this Version, and see with what poverty of conception the Versionists have debased that noble prophecy of the calling of the Gentiles, on which St. Augustin comments in

a style worthy of the author of the Treatise on the 'City of God.'

Accordingly things could not rest here. Other Versions from time to time appeared; of which it is now necessary to mention only those which obtained a degree of public approval. That of the pious and ingenious Dissenter, Dr. Isaac Watts, who died in 1748, is still partially admitted into some Selections. It is far from erring on the literal side; so far, that probably many persons may have sung the four stanzas beginning with the line, "Before Jehovah's awful throne," without being aware that they were written by Watts as a Version of the Hundredth Psalm. The fault of this Version, beside its want of vigour and spirit, is that it constantly falls into the practice of what is usually called "improving" the text of holy Scripture; conveying the impression, that the writer had not sufficient reverence for the words of inspiration, or thought that they required such additions as he makes, which are sometimes mean and trivial, and at other times not consistent with the turn of thought in the Hebrew.

Another Version, which survives and sometimes supplies portions for Selections, is that of James Merrick, first published in 1765. The author was a Clergyman of piety and early promise, who died before he had attained the meridian of life. He was a friend of good Bishop Horne, and appears to have been in friendly correspondence with Bishop

Lowth and Archbishop Secker, who took some interest in his performance. The present writer well remembers to have heard the name of Merrick mentioned in his youth, as one whose memory was cherished by good men of a former generation. But of his Version it may be briefly said, that, though not void of some graces of expression, it is feeble and diluted. He took Addison for his model, whose elegant little paraphrases of the Nineteenth and Twenty-third Psalms were probably intended rather for poetical Glosses, as the Spaniards would call them, on the sacred Text, than to serve as Versions for devotional use. Thus the Iambics of Addison,

“Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow,”

re-appear in Merrick's Trochaics,

“To the streams, that soft and slow
Thro' the verdant landscape flow.”

This scenery, with the “fertile vales, and dewy meads,” which precede, appears to have been suggested by a view of the summer-fields in the Midland Counties on some fine evening, such as Addison might have seen in the valley of the Trent or Tame in Staffordshire in the days of his youth, his father having been Dean of Lichfield. But dewy meads are not well adapted for sheep-pastures in any country, and were certainly not the usual abode of the flocks of Palestine. See Isai. xlix. 9,

10, 11: Ezek. xxxiv. 13, 14. And the "waters of comfort," as the LXX. and our Prayer-Book alike represent the sense of the Hebrew, are waters which impart comfort or refreshment, without any notion of that stillness in the waters themselves, which belongs to rivers in the more level provinces of Great Britain,

"A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream."

If the Hebrew means any thing more, as the word is in the plural, "waters of rests," or "consolations," it would seem rather to express a variety of resting-places for the weary in body or mind, such as may be found in some pleasant shade, where the eye gazes on rapids and waterfalls, as well as near the streams that sleep along their flow.

The present writer feels more difficulty in speaking of a Version of higher character than any hitherto mentioned, by a distinguished living Poet and Divine, published in 1839 under the title of 'The Psalter or Psalms of David in English Verse, by a Member of the University of Oxford.' But as a period of fifteen years has elapsed since the appearance of this learned and able Work, without its having made much progress towards general acceptance, it may be allowed to enquire why it has not become more popular. For it may well be supposed, that there would have been a predisposition on the part of very many, to welcome such a Work from the Author of those admirable Sacred

Poems, which are likely to endure as treasures of meditation for pious souls to ages yet to come. It appears to the writer, that its want of success has been owing to a cause, which should rather increase than diminish the respect on so many accounts due to the Author of this Version. His reverential regard to the Hebrew verity has been such as to induce him to sacrifice his own poetical liberty and powers of diction in a rigid adherence to the ancient and foreign idioms of the Original. Consequently this Version will retain its value as a help to private study of the Book of Psalms; but it will not abide the test of all poetical Translations, to be read as an Original Work. To take one of the first passages which occurs in the volume, Ps. v. 3:

“ Lord, Thou shalt hear my voice at morn,
 For Thee at break of day
 I keep my watch, and set my heart
 In order and *array*.”

Milton had rendered the verse before, with the same regard to the Hebrew,

“ I’ the morning I to Thee with choice
 Will *rank* my pray’rs and watch till Thou appear.”

But the original word is often used of “setting in order” without this military sense. See Gen. xxii. 9. Lev. i. 7; xxiv. 8. And perhaps if any allusion is implied, it is rather with a reference to the offering of incense that the word is here used. See Ps.

cxli. 2. At least the phrase of either Poet needs a note to make its meaning clear to the English reader.

Again, in Ps. lxxvi. 10. our Bible-Translation is, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee: the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain." If this is rather obscure, yet a reader by a little consideration may arrive at the meaning. It is doubtful whether an English reader will succeed equally well, if he has only the words of the Oxford Psalter before him :

" Man's wrath must praise Thee, Lord, till Thou
Have *girt* the last wrath on Thee."

The Hebrew word may contain this figure, and the passage may mean, that God shall so utterly subdue the wrath of His enemies, as to make it like the spoil of a vanquished foe, which a victor in battle girds round him as a grace and trophy of his victory. It might be well to preserve the figure, but not to leave it in its brief obscurity.

In the meantime, the state of our Metrical Psalmody being so imperfect, another change had been introduced into practice by the substitution of Hymns, chiefly of very modern origin and composition, in the place of either the Old or New Versions. This change at first met with opposition, and those who resisted it said, with some justice, that the Metrical Psalms were at all events exercises on those sacred Songs, which the Almighty had inspired and approved for the service of His

Temple ; whereas these were uninspired compositions, and uncontroled by any reference either to Scriptural or Ecclesiastical model. But the meaning of the Sacred Text had been so little regarded, or so erroneously represented, in the Versions sung during the eighteenth century, that it was only a slight step to discard these Versions altogether, or to give them a very subordinate place in comparison with the fast-increasing stock of Hymns furnished by the Wesleys, Newton, Toplady, and their imitators or allies. For the Hymns, as they followed no rule, so they were confined by no limits ; and it is supposed that there are at the present time near a hundred thousand of these compositions in use in various congregations within or without the pale of the Church of England. Among such a multitude it may well be supposed, that while a few are good, and many are of a kind neither to be much approved nor rigorously condemned, a very large proportion are faulty alike in sentiment and expression.

The sanction or permission of the Diocesan for the use of a Selection of such Hymns in the Churches of their Diocese was sought and obtained in a few instances : and it was certainly in accordance with the episcopal rule of discipline not to proceed in such a matter without the Bishop's consent. But in varying a practice originally allowed rather than authorized, this might not always have appeared necessary ; and where no penalty was likely to

await the exercise of greater liberty, it is not surprising if the liberty was taken. The practical result now is, that almost every Clergyman who has the care of a Town-Church, and many in country villages, either print a Selection of their own, or adopt one that is approved by themselves or their congregation.

The natural dissatisfaction now felt at this multitudinous variety has of late years begun to shew itself in a reaction towards something more in harmony with the system of the English Prayer-Book. "Under the Statutes of the Reformation," as it was observed by Lord Stowell in one of his well-considered judgments, "it is recommended that the ancient Hymns should be used in the Liturgy, or rather that they should be preferred to any others^f." In conformity with this opinion many accomplished members of the Church of England have of late years employed their leisure in English Versions of the Latin Metrical Hymns used in different portions of the Western Church. This may be worth trying. There is great beauty and simplicity in some of these time-honoured compositions, such as the *Cœlestis O Jerusalem, O Splendor Æterni Patris*, and many of those which are collected by Mr. Trench into his instructive and elegant volume of 'Sacred Latin Poetry.' But the task will require some discrimination. The copies of several of these Hymns, as now used in Italy and

^f Case of Hutchins v. Denziloe.

other southern parts of Europe, differ materially from the more ancient copies, as they stand in our old Anglo-Saxon Hymnals, and in the writings of some of the Latin Fathers. This is particularly the case with the famous *Vexilla Regis*, a hymn composed by Venantius Fortunatus, an old Bishop of Poitiers in France about A.D. 569. In the most ancient Service-books used in our own country, the questionable stanza, complained of by Bishop Jeremy Taylor, beginning with the line, "O crux, ave, spes unica," does not appear; nor is it to be found in the latest and best edition of the works of Venantius, printed at Rome near the close of the last century. It appears to have been inserted or rather substituted for one which Venantius really wrote, some time between the date of Gregory VII. and the age of Thomas Aquinas, who is the earliest author the writer has met with in whom the stanza is quoted^g. It is therefore not at all to be desired, that this stanza, written full five hundred years later than the original hymn, should find its place in any Version introduced into the use of the Church of England^h.

There is another extreme, to which some of the

^g See a Saxon Hymnal publ. by the Surtees Society of Durham. Venant. Fortunat. Opp. ed. Luchi, vol. i. p. 46. Romæ, 1786. Aquin. Opp. vol. xxiv, p. 127. Venet. 1787. Jer. Taylor, ed. Heber. vol. xii. p. 389. Daniel Thesaur. Hymnolog., vol. i. p. 160. Halis, 1841.

^h For further information on this subject, the reader may consult 'Arevali Hymnodia Hispanica, Romæ, 1786,' and the work of Daniel just referred to. See Mr. Trench's 'Sacred Latin Poetry,' Introd., p. 15.

patrons of this revival appear to be tending. They seem to wish to get rid of Metrical Psalmody, as if it were a practice altogether of too late an introduction to be of good precedent. It must be confessed, that many of the advocates for Psalms in metre have given them too much reason to think so; for they constantly speak, as if the Church of England had never heard of Psalm-singing before the appearance of Miles Coverdale's 'Ghostly Psalms and Spirituell Songs' about A.D. 1538; or as if Sternhold and Hopkins had taken the hint from Theodore Beza and his friend Clement Marot in France. Now it cannot but appear highly probable to those who will read what is said by St. Basil and St. Chrysostom on this subjectⁱ, that the ancient Greek Christians had one or more Metrical Versions of the Psalms set to Music, which they sang, as our pious country-people do, at home or in the field, "making melody in their hearts to the Lord." The Hexameters of Apollinaris were composed with a different purpose, and it is probable that the supposed Versions were nearer in character to what Bp. Pearson calls "the exquisitely sweet Hymns of Synesius^k:" but it has not been suggested, nor does it seem likely, that these Fathers here speak of the antiphonal hymns or chaunts which we know to have been anciently used in the public Service of God, the origin of which is attri-

ⁱ S. Basil. Hom. in Psalm i. 1. S. Chrysostom in Psalm xli. 1.

^k Vindic. S. Ignatii, p. ii. c. 5.

buted by the Church Historian Socrates to St. Ignatius.

However, if any doubt may exist as to the practice of other Churches, none ought to be entertained as to our own; since not only have we the testimony of Bede to the musical and poetical labours of Aldhelm of Malmesbury; but by a happy discovery within the last few years, aided by the discerning liberality of the Delegates of the Oxford University Press, the greater portion of Aldhelm's Anglo-Saxon Metrical Version has been made public¹. The Manuscript, from which the volume has been printed, appears to have been written by a scribe a little before the Norman Conquest, who had two imperfect older Manuscripts before him. Hence he gives a Prose Version or Paraphrase of the first fifty-one Psalms, breaking off in the middle of the fifty-first, and continues with a Metrical Version beginning in the middle of the fifty-second, and continuing with one or two slight deficiencies to the end. But that this last portion, which we may confidently believe to be Aldhelm's, is part of a complete Version, is evident, because we find the Anglo-Saxon Service-Books, which contain verses taken from the latter Psalms agreeing with this last portion, contain also Metrical quotations from the earlier Psalms, where the scribe's copy was defective^m. We have therefore the very words, which

¹ *Liber Psalmorum, Lat. and Anglo-Saxon. Oxon. 1835.* -

^m *Elstob's Anglo-Saxon Hours. Lond. 1715.*

our English forefathers sang, however rudely, to David's own instrument the harp, from the age of Bede and Aldhelm, or about A.D. 700, almost from the time of their first conversion to the Christian Faith.

It is not likely that the practice, when once begun, was ever entirely lost. There are many varying copies of Metrical Versions, which were current in the Middle Ages, keeping pace in some degree with the changes which the language underwent from the time of the Norman Conquest to the Reformationⁿ. One of these, arranged from three Manuscripts, has lately been printed by the Durham Surtees Society^o. It is supposed to be of the age of King Edward II. It is in a style, which may be characterized more truly than even Sternhold's as one of "rough yeomanlike simplicity;" and is of little other value than as illustrating the progress of the language. This rude verse strongly marks the depression and low state of education of the English under the Norman rule, as contrasted with their former days of liberty: for Aldhelm's Version is the work of a man of refined discernment and a poet; and, what is of more consequence to the present argument, it shews that the first writer of Metrical Psalmody in our language had too much taste and judgment to attempt a Version on the literal system. It is true that the old Bishop of

ⁿ Warton's Hist. of Poetry, sect. i.

^o In two vols. with an old Anglo-Saxon Linear Translation. 1843.

Sherburn was guided to the sense of the Psalmist chiefly by the aid of an old Latin Translation: but this is a disadvantage which he shares in common with most of the Latin Fathers. His own sagacity in bringing out and illustrating the meaning is often remarkable; and he had no want of power in expressing it.

Thus his Version of Psalm lxi. 1, 2, is as follows:

Gehyr, halig God,
Hrathe mine bene ;
Beheald min gebed
Holde-mode :
Nu ic of eorþan
Ut-gemærum
Cleopige to The ;
Nu me caru beateth
Heard æt heortan ;
Help min nu tha,
Ahefe me holdlice
On halne stan.

Hear, holy God,
Speedily my petition ;
Regard my faithful prayer.

Now that I from earth's
Far-borders
Call to Thee ;
Now that care beateth
Hard upon my heart ;
Now most of all my Helper,
Uplift me firmly
On the sacred rock.

Again, this is his Version of Psalm cxx. 5 :

Wa me thære wyrde,
Thæt min wynn alæg,
And min bigenges gewat
Bryce on feor-wæg.
Sceal ic eard niman,
Swa me ethe nis,
Mid Cedaringum ?
Nis min cyth thær.

Woe is with me here,
Which has laid low my joy,
And my delight of worship
Has departed far away.
Shall I take a dwelling-place,
As is little to my ease,
With the sons of Kedar ?
My kindred is not here.

The truth and beauty of this passage will be acknowledged by the judicious reader. The addition of the last line, full of simple pathos as it is, is no extraneous insertion, but only serves to fix the sense of what had preceded.

It should be added, that this ancient Version is a work, which, as a storehouse of the language, greatly deserves the attention of the student of Anglo-Saxon, and all who wish to draw from the fountains of "English undefiled." It abounds with those expressive compounds of our old native tongue, the power of which was so well understood by Shakspeare, and which will be better imitated from these sources, than from the examples to be found in any more modern Teutonic Dialect. For the present writer, he wishes to acknowledge, that this venerable monument of our Christian Antiquities has been to him a material help, in the choice of words, and something more.

He has also used without scruple a licence often taken by other Translators, of embodying many lines and phrases, and sometimes more than one stanza consecutively, from those who have been over the same ground before him. The Versions, which have been of most frequent service, have been those of the poet Sandys, the friend of Falkland, and of the accomplished Author of the Oxford Psalter. He has also found some satisfaction, particularly in the LXXVIIIth and CLth Psalms, in consulting the Version of Miles Smyth, whose

work appeared some years before the New Version, in 1668. The Author was private Secretary to Archbishop Sheldon: he wrote with some force of expression, but with little study of harmony, and seems to have entertained an opinion, too common in that age, that the old English stanza, in which he wrote, was a rude and barbarous measure.

Some little use has also been made of versions of single Psalms by our earlier poets; as the paraphrases of the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt: and, in one instance, of Sir Philip Sidney's Version. The writer regrets that the scarcity of this work has prevented him from perfecting his acquaintance with it. He is so far from thinking his own attempt likely to suffer by the adoption of any thing that has been well said by others, that he only wishes he could have found more to adopt. But should any reader suppose that this has been done so far as to affect the character of the present Version, as distinct from those which have preceded it, or to make it a mere compilation, such a supposition will be removed on a slight inspection of the following pages.

It may be right to add a few words on the principles, on which this Translation has proceeded. Following the ancient models, it aims to be a Metaphrase rather than a Paraphrase of the Psalms, observing the caution of the ingenious Robert Boyle: "Paraphrases, though handsome, do as much wrong the Holy Scriptures, as a mixture of silver, though

no ignoble metal, does wrong an ingot of gold." The variation of phrase and order has been made with no other view, than to express the meaning of the sacred Text in the language of English people, and in the rhythm and flow of English poetry. Even this liberty has been used sparingly, where the Psalm is grave and penitential. A little more expansion has been permitted in Psalms of praise, and in interpreting the sacred breathings of prayer in Psalm CXIX; which others have not successfully attempted to convey with a brevity more nearly approaching the original. If, after all, the Version sometimes transgresses these limits, it is hoped that the liberty has been restricted to obscure passages, such as could not be rendered literally without increasing their obscurity; as for instance, some portions of the LXVIIIth Psalm. And it should seem that there is no absolute law against expansion of the original in a Translation, unless where the sense is needlessly diluted, or matter is introduced inconsistent with the mind and meaning of the first Author.

Neither is it beyond this law to use an easy figurative expression in turning a plain phrase of the Original, or to render in plain language, where it may be expedient, what in the Original is figurative; or else, if the figurative word is obscure, to expand it into a short similitude. When the late accomplished Bishop Heber, in making his Translations of Pindar, found the bold metaphor by

which the Greek Poet speaks of the dew-drops on the blossoms of Spring, calling them "yellow and purple rays of the violets," he saw that this could hardly be presented to the English reader except by a free expansion; and accordingly he rendered it,

"Where Morn her watery radiance threw,
Now golden-bright, now deeply blue,
Upon the violet-flower."

This is a faithful translation, though the five words of the original are represented by nearly three-times their number: and something analogous to this may occasionally be expedient in rendering the figurative terms of Hebrew Poetry.

But of course there are liberties assumed by Translators of uninspired or secular Poems, which are excluded from a Version of any kind, meant to convey the meaning of Holy Scripture. For instance, our Elizabethan Translator of Tasso, Edward Fairfax, has the following noble stanza, where the Poet describes the triumphant act of the leader of the Crusaders, in planting the Christian Standard on the walls of Jerusalem: B. xviii. 100.

"About his head he toss'd, he turn'd, he cast
That glorious Ensign with a thousand twines;
Thereon the wind breathes with his sweetest blast,
Thereon with golden rays glad Phœbus shines;
Earth laughs for joy, the streams forbear their haste,
Floods clap their hands, on mountains dance the pines;
And Sion's tow'rs and sacred temples smile
For their deliverance from that bondage vile."

Let this be compared with the corresponding stanza in the Italian; it will be seen that it contains a conception comparatively cold, that outward nature seemed reverently to adore the emblem, and the darts and arrows of the enemy were turned from it, or fell short of the mark, by some invisible agency. Our old countryman turns the attention from the standard, to the deliverance, of which it was the sign; and substitutes, for the fancies of the southern Poet, language of higher grace and dignity, which he had learnt from the sacred songs of Palestine.

To return, there is one further licence, of which the writer has availed himself in one doubtful passage. The mysterious beauty of the verse, Ps. cx. 3, is understood by the ancients to speak of the Nativity of our Blessed Saviour, ordained in the eternal counsels of God the Father, "His birth in the womb of His holy Mother," as Bp. Taylor explains the passage, "pure and virginal like the morning-dew." By Luther and others it is understood of the new birth of the children of Messiah's kingdom. "It is," says Luther, "with the birth of the children of this kingdom, as it is with the lovely dew, which falls in the early mornings of Spring;—no man can say how it is formed, or whence it comes, yet still it lies every morning on the grass." The writer sees, that there are probable reasons from the context to be urged for both these interpretations; and has therefore en-

deavoured to combine both, in the generous liberty of the rule acknowledged by St. Augustin, that there can be no opposition between one and the other, when both are true^p.

In the measures regard has been had to the prevailing laws of Sacred Music and Church Psalmody. It is known that several of the tunes in common use were composed by no vulgar Musicians; Tye and Tallis lent their early aid to the task; and among others John Dowland, the inventor of the melody, which has contributed so much to keep up the popularity of the Old Hundredth Psalm, appears in his life-time to have been famous, as Luther also was, for his admirable skill upon the lute^q. For the sake both of the tune and the pious simplicity of the words, this Psalm is retained in its place in the present Volume; but a second Version has been subjoined in honour to so noble a Psalm, and in a metre alike suited to the solemn words of praise. The style and argument of each Psalm, whether Prophetic, Didactic, or Historical, whether of Prayer or Praise, or humble Confession, has throughout influenced the choice of metres. Nearly a third of the whole Book has been rendered into the Common Measure, as it is called, the plain Iambic of the Ballad-Stanza; a metre, which in its form and cadence answers best to the simple parallels of Hebrew Poetry, and is available both for plaintive and more joyous melodies. About one

^p Confess. xii. c. 18.

^q Poems by Rich. Barnfield. 1598.

fifth of the Psalms are in Long Measure, the English Elegiac, which is also capable of expressing either cheerful praise or mourning; and thirteen, chiefly those of a penitential character, are in Short Measure. A few have been given in Iambic couplets, a few in stanzas of six lines, and two or three in what is called the Darwell Measure, or other varieties; but none without precedent.

There is only one kind of Iambic stanza, which may be looked upon as a novelty; but if it is so, it is one which will not create much difficulty in the way of musical arrangement. Seven of the Psalms are in stanzas of five lines, one of the changes on the older and simpler forms, introduced by our Poets who lived nearest to the age of the revival of learning, and with more varied effect than has been tried by their followers in the art. It is indeed a measure well adapted to express the language of devout affection; as will be conceded by those who are acquainted with the *Quintillas* of the Spanish Poets of the same period, and particularly the sacred Poems of Luis de Leon, who translated the XIIIth, the CXXXVIIth, and perhaps other Psalms into this kind of stanza, though in a measure more nearly resembling Milton's Ode on the Nativity. The different arrangements of the stanza, which will be found in the following pages, are all founded on good English precedents. Psalm XVII, and LXXIX, are in a metre of Sir Thomas Wyatt's. Psalm XXII, LVII, and LXIX, are arranged after

a stanza of Ben Jonson's. Of Psalm XLIX, and LVI, it is almost needless to say, that the examples are frequent in English Poetry, down to the time of William Wordsworth. A little musical skill will serve to adapt all these stanzas to different tunes of the usual Long Measure.

The present Version contains also many Psalms in Trochaic Measure, as more suited for Psalms of joy and praise. It is hoped that they will not deserve to be hastily condemned as a repetition of what a severe Critic has called "the tripping pastoral style" of Merrick. The metre is as capable of grandeur in our native tongue as it was in the language of Greek Tragedy; and the examples of several Hymns of the Latin Church, including the *Dies iræ*, the *Salve, Jesu, Rex sanctorum*, and others commonly attributed to St. Bernard, are sufficient to vindicate its Ecclesiastical use. That in some of its varieties it is well suited to the expression of the deeper emotions, may be seen from the Trochaic *Quintilla* of Sir Philip Sidney, a measure which has attracted the approving notice of good Critics, and in which the present writer has endeavoured to represent the xxviiith, cxlii^d, and cxliii^d Psalms. For this particular measure a friend has furnished him with appropriate Music, which may be obtained on application from the publisher of this Volume. The other Trochaic Psalms can easily be sung to tunes already in use.

Lastly, two Psalms, the xxxii^d and civth, are

in the Anapæstic Metre of the Old CIVth. The LXXVIth, from the similarity of its character to the 'Song of Miriam,' has been rendered in a Version adapted to that familiar melody.

With regard to the interpretation of the Sacred Text, the writer has not neglected to consult Translations in many languages, and the commentators ancient and modern, as far as his acquaintance with them extended, from the Latin and Greek Fathers to the works of Bp. Horne and Bp. Horsley. Among the latest he has frequently found much good critical aid from the pious German Divine, whose Commentary has recently been made public and translated into English, Dr. Hengstenberg of Berlin. But in doubtful cases he has wished to adhere as much as possible to the sense of our own Prayer-Book or Bible-Version.

Such as it is, the Translation is now submitted to the judgment of the Church of England, as it may be pronounced by those whose sentence will have weight in the decision. That there was need for such an effort, was the writer's earnest conviction when he undertook the task, which has occupied a large space of his leisure-hours for the last three years. If he should in any degree have succeeded, it will be a source of lasting thankfulness to the Giver of all good gifts: and equally so, if he succeeds only so far as to excite a more worthy hand and pen to execute the same labour more ably; for it is one, in which few persons will

rejoice more than himself to see himself outdone. In one case it will be his duty to reprint the work in a cheaper edition for congregational use: in the other he will console himself with the reflection, that it has given him rest from outward controversies, and intervals of no unprofitable meditation; thus satisfying the feeling, with which it was undertaken, and which may be expressed in the verse of an ancient bard, but in a sense beyond his thoughts:

“ Yet still the trembling harp I'll take,
Altho' no crown before me lies;
True toil its own reward shall make,
And wisdom's flow'r shall be its prize.”

The Book of Psalms.

IN ENGLISH VERSE.

I.

1. BLEST is the man, who ne'er hath stray'd
Where godless counsels guide,
Nor stood in sinners' path, nor sat
With scornful sons of pride :
2. But in the law of God hath found
His stedfast soul's delight,
Firm strength to cheer his day of toil,
And restful thoughts at night.
3. Like some fair tree, whose roots are spread
Where constant waters flow,
Whose boughs, that fear no summer's drought^a,
Their timely fruit bestow,

^a Jer. xvii. 8.

So, by those healing waters fed,
With dew of grace to aid,
His life shall bear its fruits of good,
His leaf shall never fade.

4. Far, far unlike the godless race,
Who know no strength nor stay,
Like chaff, which every wand'ring wind
Sweeps from the floor away.
5. Unconstant souls! they shall not stand,
When God in judgment tries;
Nor with the saints before His throne
In glad assembly rise.
6. For God, Who knows each heart's desire,
Shall bless the just man's way:
But the lost sinner's life and hope
In sorrow shall decay.

II.

1. How are the Gentiles all on fire^b!
What dream of pride their rage could move
2. Against th' Almighty to conspire,
Against th' Anointed of His love?
3. Earth's haughty kings have joined their hands,
And leagued in rude rebellion, say:
Up, let us rend in twain their bands,
And cast those galling cords away.
4. But He Who sits on heav'n's high throne
Shall mock their threats with scornful eye,
And strike with wild confusion down
The rebels who His pow'r defy.
5. His voice of wrath with sore affright
Their trembling guilt-sick hearts shall wring:
6. Yet on My Zion's holy height
Have I enthron'd My glorious King.
7. I will th' Eternal's word make known
To all the listening world abroad:
This day He said, Thou art My Son,
New-born in all the pow'r of God:

^b Sandys.

8. Desire of Me ; and I will give
The scatter'd nations for Thine own ;
All that on earth's far borders live
Shall bow before Thy awful throne :
9. O'er those who shall Thy yoke refuse
Thou shalt an iron sceptre sway,
Of power their stubborn force to bruise,
And dash to earth like potter's clay.
10. Now learn, ye kings, true wisdom's lore,
Ye judges, tame your thoughts of pride :
11. With reverent fear the Lord adore,
That fear with holy joy allied :
12. And kiss the Son, ere anger glows,
And lost in ruin's path ye stray :
For brief His hour of wrath to those
Who trust His love, and blest are they.

III.

1. MY God, how are my foes increas'd!
What multitudes against me rise,
2. Who say, Give we his soul no rest,
Whom God forsakes, and men despise^c!
3. But Thou, O Lord, art my defence,
Thy glorious shield is o'er me spread,
The shelter of my innocence,
The strength that rears my fainting head.
4. To Him I cried in my distress,
I sought Him by His heav'nly name;
And from His mount of holiness
His word of answering mercy came.
5. Then down in peace I laid my head,
And rose, sustain'd by pow'r divine:
6. No more those countless foes I dread,
That leagued against my peace combine.
7. Arise and save me, O my God,
Whose arm hath crush'd those beasts of prey:
8. Thy health, bright-beaming o'er the cloud,
Still guides Thy saints in life's dark way.

^c Sandys.

IV.

1. O GOD, the guardian of my truth,
Whose succour ever near,
Enlargement gave in every strait,
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.
2. Vain great ones, ye whose pride denies
My name its honour due,
What end awaits your empty hopes,
To men and God untrue ?
3. O turn and know ; the meek of heart,
Th' Almighty Lord defends ;
And to my pray'r His answering love
Unfailing succour sends.
4. O stand in awe, and fear to sin
Against His sovereign will ;
With your own heart on bed of rest
Take counsel, and be still.
5. O let your heart be right with God,
To Whom your offerings rise :
And rest your hope and trust above,
Beyond the glorious skies.

6. There are, who mourn with sick desires,—
For good denied repine ;
But, Lord, grant only that Thy love
May beam on me and mine.
7. Yea, while I pray, my heart hath felt
New joys within me born,
More gladd'ning than the vintage brings,
Or garners stor'd with corn.
8. And I will lay me down to rest,
And Peace shall spread her wings,
To calm my spirit, where I dwell
Kept by the King of kings.

V.

1. LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret pray'r!
2. To Thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair^d.
3. Thou in the dawn my voice shalt hear,
To Thee my wakeful eyes
Shall turn, and order'd vows ascend,
Before the day-star rise.
4. For Thou hast joy in saints alone,
No evil dwells with Thee;
5. The boastful scorner, proud and vain,
Shall from Thy presence flee.
6. Thou shalt destroy the false of heart,
With faithless words made vile;
And with Thy righteous hatred quell
The men of blood and guile.
7. But I will come, where in Thy house
Thy countless mercies flow:
Upon Thy mount of holiness,
With fear will meekly bow.

^d New Version.

8. Lord, guide me in Thy righteous truth,
For foes beset my way :
If Thou make plain the path I seek,
I cannot go astray.
9. Men false of tongue, of hollow heart,
For my destruction rave ;
Fair-spoken, while their wolfish throat
Is like the hungry grave.
10. By their own counsel let them fall,
In fulness of their sin,
Cast forth in wrath, who dar'd with Thee
Their impious war begin^e.
11. But let the true, who hope in Thee,
With shouts their joy proclaim ;
O gladden with Thy sheltering wing
The saints that love Thy name.
12. Yea, Lord, upon the righteous souls
Thy blessing shall descend ;
And Thy free mercy their sure state
As with a shield defend.

^e Oxford Psalter.

VI.

1. LORD, chide not in Thy wrath,
 Tho' I deserve it all,
Nor let Thy full displeasure's weight
 On me in terror fall.

2. Have mercy, gracious Lord,
 Ere yet my strength expire :
Heal me ; my bones with anguish ache
 Beneath Thy wasting ire.

3. My troubled heart is faint,
 With racking sorrows worn ;
4. How long wilt Thou my soul forsake ?
 O pity, and return !

5. O let Thy mercy come
 To visit and to save !
Who will in death remember Thee,
 Or praise Thee in the grave ?

6. The livelong night in groans
 I waste, till morn appears ;
The fountains of my streaming eyes
 Bathe all my couch in tears.

7. My weary sight grows old,
Enfeebled by my woes ;
Bedimm'd with age before its time,
In terror of my foes.
8. Yet shall not they rejoice,
Or make my soul their prey :
For God hath heard my sorrowing sighs,
And turn'd my guilt away.
9. My God hath heard my pray'r ;
The boon my soul doth crave,
His bounteous grace accords, and waits
To succour and to save.
10. Then let me faint no more ;
The foes that could affright
With sudden shame and overthrow
Shall vanish from my sight.

VII.

1. O LORD my God, my only hope,
I rest my trust on Thee ;
From foes whose wrath pursues my life,
O save and set me free.

2. Lest he, whose malice dooms me dead,
Who waits to see me die,
Should tear me with a lion's strength,
And none to rescue nigh.

3. Just God, if Thou hast seen in me,
The guilt that I abhor,
4. If I the friend who meant me peace
Have recompens'd with war,

And have not rather sought his good,
Who strove to work me woe,
And rescued him whom wrath had made
Without all cause my foe :

5. Then let my foe pursue my soul,
And take it ; let him tread
My life to earth, and low in dust
Defile my glory dead.

6. Rise, Lord, in wrath avenge my cause
Against th' oppressor's rage ;
As Thou for judgment didst Thy word
Of righteous truth engage.
7. Then shall th' assembled tribes Thy truth
And strong deliverance own ;
O for their sakes be Thou again
Exalted on Thy throne.
8. The Lord shall judge the tribes of men ;
All judgment, Lord, is Thine :
And I to Thy all-righteous doom,
My innocence resign.
9. Let harmful wrong for ever cease :
Be Thou the just man's Guide,
10. Thou God, by Whom the heart's desires
And inmost thoughts are tried.
- 11, 12. All-patient Judge, Whom sins of men
Provoke from day to day,
Strong refuge of the true in heart,
Thou art my help and stay.

Let sinners turn to seek His grace,
Ere yet His wrath shall flame,
Ere yet He whet His sword, and speed
His bow's resistless aim :

13. Sharp weapons wing'd with death await
In heav'n's high judgment-hall :
Where God's avenging arrows light,
The tyrants' pride must fall.
14. Behold, with toil the child of sin
Prepares his counsels vain,
In pain conceiving, doom'd to bear
More bitter fruit of pain.
15. In that deep snare for others spread,
Himself past help is laid :
16. On his own head the woe recoils,
His own destruction made.
17. O let me praise the righteousness
Of heav'n's eternal King,
And with adoring love untir'd
His truth and justice sing.

VIII.

First Version, altered from the Old Version.

1. O LORD, our Lord, in all the world
All glories that we see,
The majesty of earth and heav'n,
In silence speak of Thee.
2. E'en by the mouths of suckling babes
Thou wilt confound Thy foes ;
For in those babes Thy might is seen,
Thy graces they disclose.
3. When I behold the heav'ns above,
The wonders of Thy hand,
The moon and stars ordain'd by Thee
In order as they stand ;
4. O what is man, for Thee to bear
In memory or in mind ?
Why should'st Thou visit with Thy love
The offspring of mankind ?
5. For Thou hast made him little less
Than angels in degree ;
With honour and with glory crown'd,
As next to them and Thee.

6. All other creatures of Thy hand,
And all Thy works below,
To him Thy ruling word hath giv'n,
And at his feet they bow :
7. The flocks by dales or mountains fed,
The kine on every lea ;
8. The birds on wing, and tribes that range
The pathways of the sea.
9. O Lord, our Lord, Thy care for man
All these Thy works proclaim :
How excellent in all the world
The glories of Thy Name !

VIII.

Second Version.

1. LORD of earth's wide realms, alone
 Rich in mercy, great in might,
Thou hast set Thy glory-throne
 High above the heav'nly height.
2. In the weakest Thou art strong :
 Tender babes with upward gaze,
Stilling each injurious tongue,
 Turn to Thee their voiceless praise.
3. When I view Thy heav'ns outspread
 In their tracks of beauty bright,
Moon and stars as sentries made
 Duteous watch to keep by night,
4. Then my thoughts within me burn :
 What is man Thy grace to move ?
What can child of man return
 For his God's immortal love ?
5. Thou hast made his state to be
 Next Thine own angelic train,
High in honour rais'd by Thee
 O'er Thy lower works to reign.

6. Other creatures of Thy hand
All to him their service yield ;
7. Beasts that dwell by stream or strand,
Flocks in fold, or herds in field ;
8. Birds on wing, and tribes that glide
Thro' the pathways of the deep,
Or beneath the sounding tide
Haunts in caves of coral keep.
9. Lord, how excellent Thy might,
Which Thy wond'rous works proclaim !
Who can speak the depth or height
Of Thy boundless glory's Name !

IX.

1. LORD, with full praise of heart and voice
 Will I declare Thy wonders done ;
2. In Thee, my God, will I rejoice,
 My song shall seek Thy glorious throne.
3. My foes in terror turn'd to flight,
 Before Thy face shall fall and die :
4. For Thou maintain'st my cause and right
 From Thy just judgment's seat on high.
5. Before Thy chiding, awful Lord,
 Fall'n are the proud, their threats are o'er ;
 Their name as a forgotten word
 For ever and for evermore.
6. Destruction, O thou Enemy,
 Is now in endless death o'erthrown ;
 Low, as in cold oblivion lie
 The realms in thy fierce wrath undone.
7. But God, the Judge of heav'n and earth,
 Thron'd high with state unmov'd shall reign,
8. And to all tribes of mortal birth
 Pure laws of righteous truth ordain.

9. And when Oppression walks abroad,
His Name, a tow'r of refuge nigh,
10. Shall move each soul that knows its God
To His unfailing strength to fly ;
- His strength, who ne'er His own forsook ;—
11. Ye saints, to Him your songs prepare,
Who dwells on Zion's sacred rock,
Thro' all earth's tribes His deeds declare.
12. When Guilt has shed the guiltless blood,
He bids th' avenging spirit fly ;
In vain to man the wrong'd one sued,
But God had heard and mark'd his cry.
13. Lord, leave me not with foes forlorn,
Whose hate would make my life their prey :
Have mercy now, who help hast borne
When near to Death's dark gate I lay :
14. That I within fair Zion's port
In songs of praise may lift my voice,
May tell of Thee my Rock and Fort,
And in Thy saving health rejoice.
15. The heathen in the pit they made
Are caught, in nets themselves prepar'd ;
16. His righteous doom hath God display'd,
And in their works His foes ensnar'd.

17. Hell waits to seize the proud of thought,
The scorners who all law defy;
All who their God remember not
Shall deep in equal ruin lie.
18. But not in His recording book
Forgotten shall the poor complain;
The meek, who for His mercy look,
Shall never hope or ask in vain.
19. Rise, Lord: let man no more prevail;
20. Beneath Thine eye's all-piercing ken
Let heathens proud in judgment quail,
And know that they are dying men.

X.

1. THOU righteous God, why far away
Dost Thou Thy needful presence hide,
2. When Thy poor saints are made a prey
To tyrants in their godless pride?

O let them in their own false guile
Be caught, destruction seize their stores,
3. Who boast their lustful fancies vile,
And praise the wretch whom God abhors!

4. Disdainful souls, who think it scorn
To tread where humble saints have trod,
Who proudly mock when meek ones mourn,
And live without a thought of God!

5. Rais'd to oppression's prosperous height,
They see not waiting in the sky
Thy secret judgments out of sight,
And thus all pow'r of man defy.

6. "No, never shall our state remove,
No harm shall come to lay it low:"
7. Thus mount their vaunts to heav'n above,
And baleful mischief lurks below.

8. No murderer on his midnight stand,
That waits in corners for his prey,—
No thief hath readier eye or hand
In dens the guiltless poor to slay.
9. Yea, like a lion on the watch,
In secret dens they spread their toil ;
10. There wait th' unguarded poor to catch,
And rend them in the lust of spoil.
11. Lowly they crouch in humble guise,
But crouch, like mountain pards, to spring :
Thus all o'erpower'd in strange surprise
The poor their captains captive bring.
12. Their hearts have said amidst their wrong,
“ God heeds not ; God will never see.”
13. Arise, avenge, O Lord ! how long
Shall mourners plead in vain to Thee ?
14. Why should the scorner swoll'n with pride
In heart blaspheme Thy judgment-throne,
And say, that Thou Thy face dost hide,
And hast no care for evil done ?
15. This Thou hast seen : Thine eyes behold
All wrong that godless sinners do :
16. The poor man's refuge, fort and hold,
Lie in that thought, that God is true.

Thou art the friendless sufferer's Friend :

17. O quench the lawless thirst of ill ;
Cease not, till hateful discord end,
And not one foe resists Thy will.
18. 'Tis done, 'tis done ! For evermore,
For evermore our God shall reign :
The heathen's short-liv'd boast is o'er ;
They ne'er shall vex our land again.
19. Thou, Lord, hast heard the poor man's pray'r,
His meek desire, his humble fear :
Thou dost with grace his heart prepare,
And then his gracious suit dost hear.
20. Thou wilt assert the orphan's right,
And bid the strife of wrong to cease :
The lawless sons of earth-born might
No more shall rise to vex our peace.

XI.

1. WHY speak ye words of fear to me,
To whom my God is known ?
Why bid me flee, like trembling bird,
To waste or mountain lone^f ?
2. What tho' the false ones wait unseen,
Close-fenc'd from mortal view,
And aim their arrows on the string
At upright hearts and true ?
3. Shall then the resting-place of Truth,
The good man's corner-stone,
The strong abode of Righteousness,
Be evermore o'erthrown ?
4. No, God is in His holy home,
He rules enthron'd on high ;
The ways of every child of man
His watchful eyelids try.
5. He tries the righteous soul for good,
But hearts in evil strong
His Spirit evermore abhors,
And those that love the wrong^g.

^f Anglo Saxon Paraphrase.^g Oxford Psalter.

6. The day will come, when on their heads
His wrath in storms shall rain,
And like a snare bring to their lips
The fiery cup of pain^h.
7. For gracious is the living Lord
To them that love His grace;
And to the righteous soul unveils
The brightness of His face.

^h Hebrew.

XII.

1. O HELP me, Lord : the godly few
Are vanish'd and decay'd ;
And all o'erborne by fraud and wrong
The faithful fail and fade.
2. With guileful words to friend and mate
They act a treacherous part ;
Smooth flattery flowing from their tongue
Hides close their double heart.
3. God shall those flattering lips confound,
Those tongues so false and vain,
That would usurp this nether world
With boasts of proud disdain ;
4. That say, " The words we speak shall be
Of strength for good or ill :
Free choice is ours : what lord is he
That shall control our will ?"
5. Lo ! God hath answer'd : " Now, e'en now,
For My poor servants' woe,
For their deep sighs, that find no rest,
In sadness as they go ;

6. "I will arise, and bring redress :—
The reign of fraud shall cease ;
The swelling hopes of pride shall fall ;
The weary soul find peace."
7. O pure, most pure, the words of God !
Bright silver from the mine,
Sev'n times refin'd, was never known
With such fair light to shine.
8. Yes, Thou wilt keep Thy servants, Lord ;
Thou shalt their state restore :
Each guiltless soul against the world
Shall stand for evermore.
9. The proud, who grasp the world's wide pow'r,
Shall see with wond'ring eyes,
That he, whom men had made their scorn,
Had only fall'n to riseⁱ.

ⁱ There is a difficulty in the closing verse of this Psalm, as has been felt both by ancient and modern interpreters ; and it has occasioned a great variety of interpretations. The version given above follows one out of several old interpreters quoted by St. Chrysostom ; which is also the sense given by Hammond, and not unlike the meaning assigned to the passage by Bishop Horseley, and by Dr. Hengstenberg. If the Psalm were to close with nothing but a repeated complaint of the power of the ungodly, as Hengstenberg observes, it would be an unsatisfactory conclusion, and scarcely consistent with the expression of confidence in the preceding verse.

XIII.

1. How long wilt Thou forget me, Lord ?
 Shall life's brief span decay,
Whilst Thou from my grief-darken'd soul
 Dost hide Thy face away ?
2. How long with counsels unresolv'd
 Desponding shall I go ?
How long the pain that racks my heart
 Add triumph to my foe ?
3. Consider, Lord, and hear my pray'r,
 Revive my fainting breath ;
Enlighten my dim eyes, ere yet
 I sleep the sleep of death.
4. Let not my haughty foe prevail,
 And boast his conquest won ;
Nor those, who vex my soul, rejoice
 To see my hope o'erthrown.
5. Since I have plac'd my stedfast trust
 Beneath Thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health I yet shall see,
 My joy once more shall spring ;

6. And my glad tongue its grateful songs
 To Thee, my God, shall raise ;
Thy boundless love, Thy glorious Name,
 Shall be my endless praise.

XIV.

1. THE fool in his false heart hath said,
That God is but a name :
O hateful are their deeds, impure,
Pollute with sinful blame.
2. The Lord on all the sons of men
Look'd from His high abode,
If haply one wise heart were left,
That own'd the fear of God.
3. But no ! together all are lost,
In hateful sins undone ;
Not one is left who mourns for guilt,
Or strives for good,—not one.
4. Is then their sense and reason fled,
Their knowledge all astray,
Who feed on crimes like daily food,
And make My saints their prey ?
They pray not ; yet they quake with fear ;
5. Such terror conscience lends :
For God's own presence watching nigh
His righteous flock defends.

6. Ye mock the poor, whom God exalts,
 And with disdainful eye
Reject his counsel taught of God,
 His hope that rests on high.
7. Lord, who shall change our captive state,
 And raise our longing eyes
To see from Zion's holy mount
 The Hope of Israel rise ?
- O then no more shall tyrants reign,
 Or foes our peace destroy :
But Jacob's sons shall change their tears
 To lasting songs of joy.

XV.

1. LORD, who shall rest on that bright hill
Of holiness divine,
Within the tabernacle's gate,
Where Thou dost dwell with Thine ?
2. Plain is the way for him, whose life
Is clear from stain of wrong ;
Truth is the treasure of his heart,
Pure faith is on his tongue :
3. Who guards by slander undefil'd
His speeches as they flow ;
Nor with close guile, or rash reproach,
Will work his neighbour woe :
4. Who, lowly in his self-esteem^k,
Loves those who fear the Lord ;
Who keeps, though to his hurt or loss,
Unchang'd his plighted word :
5. Nor usury seeks, nor innocence
For gold would e'er betray :—
Who lives this life shall stand secure
E'en at the world's last day.

^k Prayer-Book Version.

XVI.

1. LORD, keep me, for I trust in Thee ;
 Be Thou my Guard and Guide :
Securely may I walk or rest,
 If Thou art on my side.

2. My soul the faithful word hath said :
 Thou, Lord, my Lord shalt be :
No good of mine I boast : all good
 Descends alone from Thee.

3. But with Thy saints I fain would dwell,
 The strong in virtue's might ;
There may my soul communion hold
 With pureness of delight.

4. Woe shall be theirs, who other gods
 With vows or gifts adore :
I loathe their idol-sacrifice,
 Their idol-names abhor.

5. Thou art my portion, Lord : from Thee
 My cup with joy o'erflows :
The safety of my guarded home
 Thy strong defence bestows.

6. Amidst a pleasant land was cast
For me the bounding line,
The goodly land of Jacob's God,
And Jacob's God is mine.
7. My soul shall ever bless the Lord,
Whose precepts give me light ;
Whose warnings fill my silent thought
In watches of the night.
8. Before me, wheresoe'er I walk,
I still behold Him near ;
While He upholds each step I tread,
No danger will I fear.
9. Therefore my heart is glad ; my tongue
In songs His Name hath blest ;
My flesh, from death's worst fear set free,
In constant hope shall rest.
10. Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell,
Where darkness has the power ;
Nor doom Thy Holy One to feel
Corruption's mortal hour.
11. The path of endless life and light
Thy mercy shall make known,
And bid me taste the joy that beams
From Thy eternal throne.

XVII.

1. LORD, hear the right : when I complain,
And pray with lips untaught to feign,
O hearken to my humble pray'r :
2. My sentence in Thy truth ordain,
And make my upright heart Thy care.
3. Lord, in the hours of darkness lone,
When toils and cares of day were gone,
Thou hast my thoughts in silence tried :
But dross of false deceit was none,
No utter'd word my heart belied.
4. Whate'er the deeds that men might do,
Led on by Thee in counsels true,
I shunn'd the fell destroyer's way :
5. O still my feet with strength endue,
Secure in Thy blest paths to stay.
6. Lord, I have call'd on Thee ; for Thou
Wilt hear Thy servant's humble vow,
Thy grace my heart's desire will give :
O with Thy willing mercy now
My undissembled words receive.

7. Shew forth the wonders of Thy love,
Whose healthful succour from above
Still waits to set Thy captives free ;
Whose arm from every foe that strove
Hath sav'd the souls that hop'd in Thee.
- 8, 9. Keep me from wasting tyrants nigh,
As crystal mirror of the eye
Within its fringed curtain laid :
Let me their deadly malice fly
Beneath Thy wings' o'ercovering shade.
10. Wrapt in gross caul of sensual pride
They have Thy righteous truth defied ;
11. And while their toils beset me round,
They scheme their treason undescried,
Their false eyes fixing on the ground.
12. Each ambush'd foe, that lurks to slay,
Like lion grim that scents his prey,
Is set his hateful watch to hold ;
Like lion's whelp in covert-way,
Late wean'd, with life's first hunger bold.
13. Rise, Lord, and disappoint my foe ;
Let him, who would my hopes o'erthrow,
By Thee be down in ruin hurl'd :
To Thee alone their sword they owe,
The men that rule this nether world.

14. Thine is the hand that rais'd them high,
Thou dost their heart's desires supply ;
Life and life's wealth they count for theirs :
15. With children to their wish they die,
And leave the good they sought to heirs.
16. Save me from them. My pray'r shall be
Thy presence, Lord of life, to see ;
And, after sleep from mortal pain,
To wake to Thee, and like to Thee
In Thy full joy to live and reign.

XVIII.

1. O God, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee ;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity :
2. My God, my rock, in Whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth ;
My hope, my refuge, and my shield,
The horn of all my health¹.
3. Whene'er to Thy all-glorious Name
My humble suit I made,
In all the perils of my foes
Thy grace was nigh to aid.
4. Fierce sorrows, strong as bonds of death,
Beset and clos'd me round ;
And lawless rage with torrent flood^m
My soul had well-nigh drown'd.
5. Sharp anguish bow'd me down with dread ;
As in the hunter's snare
My life drew near the gloomy grave
In bondage of despair.

¹ Old Version.^m LXX.

6. In deep distress I call'd on God ;
My voice of woe and fear
Pierc'd to His holy temple's court,
And reach'd His pitying ear.
7. Then was the solid earth all mov'd,
The rocks and mountains lone
In tremblings told of wrath gone forth,
From heav'n's eternal throne.
8. Then gloom and smouldering clouds out-brake
In token of His ire ;
The red flame glow'd before His face,
And darting brands of fire.
9. The Lord descended from above
He bow'd the welkin high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky :
10. Upon the rushing Cherubim^a
Full royally He rode ;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad^o.
11. Close-curtain'd in the deepest gloom
His secret place He made,
Black waters veil'd in thickest clouds
Hung round their sullen shade :

^a Plural in LXX.

^o Old Version.

12. Till with the brightness of His face
He bade the clouds retire,
And from their rifts descending pour'd
Sharp sleet and brands of fire.
13. Then gave the Highest forth His voice,
In thunder spake His ire,
Heard high in heav'n, while clouds outpour'd
Sharp sleet and brands of fire.
14. Before His arrows' gleaming show'r
His foes fled fast and far :
Where'er His darting lightnings fell,
All broken was their war.
15. Before Thy wrath, dread Lord of might,
The depths let in the day,
The pillars of the firm-set earth
Before Thee naked lay.
16. He sent His succour from above
To still that flood of woes,
To bear me safe, when round my head
The waste of waters rose :
17. And from my fiercest enemy
His mercy gave me rest,
From all the hateful band, whose strife
My labouring soul oppress'd.

18. Their hate well-nigh my life surpris'd
 In trouble's evil day ;
 But in their height of pride and pow'r
 The Lord was still my stay.
19. He led me from each narrow strait
 To where my steps were free^p :
 He led me ; for in all my griefs
 His favour beam'd on me.
20. As I was true of heart, my hand
 With foul deceit unstain'd,
 Such mercy from my gracious God
 My simple truth obtain'd^q.
21. For I have kept the laws of God,
 Have walk'd the perfect way,
 Nor ever with unstedfast souls
 Have madly gone astray.
22. His judgments and His righteous laws
 Were still before mine eyes ;
23. With upright will I shunn'd the sin
 That would my heart surprise.
24. For this, as I was true of heart,
 My hands with guilt unstain'd,
 The grace of my discerning God
 My simple truth obtain'd.

25. Just Lord, the soul that mercy loves
Thy mercy-gifts shall see :
The upright heart shall find the fount
Of upright truth in Thee.
26. To saints that walk in pure desires,
Thy pureness Thou shalt shew :
The breakers of their vows, from Thee
Shall breach of promise know.
27. Thy help is near th' afflicted poor,
To save, to guard and guide :
But Thy strong terrors dash to earth
The lofty looks of pride.
28. Thou art my light amidst the gloom,
When quench'd is moon and star :
29. Through Thee I scatter hosts, and force
The fenced walls of war.
30. How perfect is the way of God !
His word how purely tried !
How sure His strong defence to those
Who in His faith abide^r !
31. For who is God, except the Lord ?
What strength of rock or tow'r,
32. Save His, Who makes my way unblam'd,
And girds me round with pow'r ?

33. Through Him my feet, endued with speed,
 In chace outstrip the hind :
 Where mountain-heights like altars rise^s,
 I there His presence find.
34. Through Him my hands are nerv'd with
 strength,
 Their arms of war to wield,
 And bend the battle-bow of steel
 In trial of the field.
35. The buckler of Thy saving health
 My soul with strength sustain'd :
 Taught by Thy loving discipline
 My greatness I have gain'd^t.
36. Thou mad'st me room ; I freely pass'd,
 No step with faintness fail'd ;
37. I follow'd and o'ertook my foe,
 And in Thy strength prevail'd.
38. I turn'd not, till they lay o'erthrown ;
 With wounds of bitter pain
 Beneath my feet they press'd the ground,
 No more to rise again.
39. Girt round with Thy victorious strength
 I learnt my arms to wield :
 Thy pow'r subdued those rebel hosts
 That dar'd the battle-field.

^s Hebrew.^t Miles Smith.

40. Thy pow'r to me their stubborn necks
O'erthrown in ruin gave ;
41. They cried, to God they cried in woe,
But there was none to save.
42. Scatter'd as dust before the wind
I saw their strength decay ;
Down-trodden as in miry streets
The unregarded clay.
43. Lord, from each envious son of strife
Of those I call'd my own,
And o'er the tribes of heathen lands,
Strange tribes to me unknown,
44. Thine arm hath sav'd and rais'd me high :
They, when my name they hear,
Pleas'd shall obey, and aliens bend
Low feigning in their fear :
45. False aliens with their hopes shall fade,
And in their souls' despair
In vain to secret forts shall fly,
And find no safety there.
46. My fortress is the living God :
Be He for ever blest,
My strong deliverer, help, and praise,
My rock of health and rest !

47. My sure avenger, by Whose arm
To me the nations bow,
48. Who quells the lawless sons of pride,
Whose strength exalts me now.
49. For this, before the heathen, Lord,
My tongue in songs shall raise
Thy mighty Name, and evermore
Prolong the voice of praise ;
50. To Him, Whose strong deliverance lives,
Whose mercy still shall spring
To David,—still shall bless the line
Of His anointed King.

XIX.

1. LORD, the realms of light are telling
How from Thee their brightness came ;
Heav'n's wide welkin, glory's dwelling,
Doth its Maker's hand proclaim.

2. Day to day the tidings sending
Tokens new of wisdom brings ;
Night to night, its course attending,
Wafts the message on its wings.

3. Lands, which differing tongues dis sever,
All alike have heard the sound ;
4. Every where it speaks, and ever,
To the wide earth's furthest bound :

- Where the sun, at dawn appearing,
Makes this fairest world more fair,
High his burnished tent uprearing
In the brightest fields of air :

5. Where he comes with speed untiring,
As with giant's strength new-born,
Joyous in his new attiring,
From his bride-bow'r of the morn :

6. Where he soars in glory riding
O'er his stedfast path on high,
Light and heat to all dividing
Underneath the vaulted sky.
7. Lord, Thy law all-perfect turneth
Souls to truth that erring stray ;
There the child-like spirit learneth
Guidance pure in wisdom's way.
8. And Thy statutes, rules of rightness,
Hearts with joyful strength supply ;
Thy commands, as rays of brightness,
Cheer with light the mind's dim eye.
9. God's pure fear endureth ever,
Ever shall its fruit remain ;
God's decrees are truth, that never
Change can mar, or error stain.
10. Dearer far than gold their treasure,
Purest gold, in ingots stor'd ;
Sweeter to the taste their pleasure,
Than the wild-bee's mountain-board.
11. Warn'd by them, each faithful saying
Shall my watchful soul record ;
For to keep them by obeying
Is both duty and reward.

12. Who can count his secret errors ?
Lord, the unknown guilt I feel
Visit not with judgment's terrors,
But with cleansing mercy heal :
13. And let no presumptuous madness
O'er my soul dominion gain ;
Then my course shall end with gladness,
Undefil'd by deeper stain.
14. Let my words and meditation,
While in heart I walk with Thee,
God and rock of my salvation,
In Thy sight accepted be.

XX.

1. THE God of comfort hear thy vows
 In time of thy distress^u ;
The mighty Name to Jacob known
 Thy soul with comfort bless :
2. From Zion, where His Spirit rests,
 His present succour send ;
And watch thee from His holy courts,
 Thy weakness to defend :
3. Remember how thy vows were wont
 With offerings due to rise,
And with His glad acceptance meet
 Thy constant sacrifice :
4. Grant thee thy heart's desire, whate'er
 This troublous life may crave :
Each cherish'd counsel, be it thine
 To ask it and to have !
5. In joy for thy deliverance wrought
 The triumph we will share :
And He, Whose Name to victory leads,
 Accomplish all thy pray'r !

^u This Psalm, as is observed by St. Athanasius, appears to have been sung by the friends of David, who added their prayers to his, as he was offering sacrifice.

6. E'en now I know, th' Anointed King
 In God's own strength shall stand :
God hears in heav'n, and hears to save
 With His almighty hand.
7. Let others trust in battle-steeds,
 Or boast their chariots strong :
But we will speak of God alone,
 Our glory and our song.
8. Lo ! they are fall'n ; we stand unharm'd,
 To dare what man may dare :
9. Lord, save us still ; just King of heav'n,
 For ever speed our pray'r.

XXI.

1. LORD, in Thy salvation won,
In the strength Thine arm hath shewn,
With the joy of heart and voice
Shall Thy faithful King rejoice.
2. Thou his heart's desire hast blest ;
Thou hast heard his lips' request ;
3. Show'r'd unask'd Thy mercies down,
Firm hast set his glory's crown.
4. Oft he pray'd, with foes at strife,
To Thy pow'r to shield his life :
Thou a greater grace didst send,
Granting life that ne'er shall end.
5. By Thy safeguard glorious made,
With high majesty array'd,
6. He the endless joys shall know
Which from Thy blest presence flow
7. For in God he builds his trust :
God, the merciful and just,
Guards him, whence no foe can move,
In the fortress of His love.

8. Foes who seek his mortal harm
Shall not 'scape the Almighty's arm ;
By a pow'r they cannot shun
Caught, o'ermaster'd, and undone.
9. Like a furnace hot with flame,
God's fierce wrath their pride shall tame ;
Wither'd, like to fuel dry,
Shall their force burn out and die.
10. Like a tree, which storms uproot,
Shall they perish, branch and fruit :
Never shall their seed again
Bloom among the race of men.
11. For they plann'd with souls untrue
What their malice could not do ;
Schem'd in vain to seize the prey,
Lost in tangled mischief's way.
12. When Thy terror shall affright,
They shall turn in shameful flight ;
When Thine arrows arm'd with wrath
Gleam with vengeance on their path.
13. Lord of grace and majesty,
In Thy strength exalted be :
So in each victorious hour
We will sing and praise Thy power.

XXII.

1. MY God, my God, O look on me!
 Why thus forsaken and forlorn
 Do I in vain seek help of Thee?
 And Thou art silent, as in scorn
 Unheeding how with groans I mourn?

My God, from morn till latest eve
 With voice of loud lament I cry,
 With sad unrest I watch and grieve,
 While the still hours of night pass by;
 Nor peace may close my sleepless eye.

3. But Thou art holy, ever wont
 To dwell where saints Thy praise renew,
 Within Thy temple's hallow'd haunt;
 4. Our fathers' hope, who weak and few
 Yet sought Thy Name, and found Thee true.
5. They cried to Thee, and Thou didst aid,
 They sought Thee, and Thy help they found:
 6. But I am fall'n and lowly laid,
 Like the poor worm press'd down to ground,
 The scorn of all that watch me round.

7. Their heads with mocking signs they nod,
And with their darting tongues upbraid :
8. Where now, they say, thy trust in God,
And where the promise of His aid,
If thou His choice and joy art made ?

9. But Thou art He that took me forth,
When on the verge of life I clung ;
10. Thou wast my succour from my birth,
When yet a feeble infant young
Upon my mother's breasts I hung.

11. O go not from me far away ;
Grief comes, and there is none to save :
12. My foes, like bulls that stand at bay,
Where Bashan's wildest pastures wave,
13. Or angry lions, glare and rave.

14. My strength, like water, flows away,
My shatter'd bones asunder start :
Like wax before the melting ray,
The ebbing life-blood at my heart
Seems from its very fount to part.

15. Yea, like the shard in furnace flung,
My feeble frame is shrunk and dry ;
Close to my jaws my clammy tongue
Is cleaving, and the hour is nigh,
When I in dust with death must lie.

16. For dogs that wait for blood are round,
They press me close, a godless band :
With pointed steel my feet they wound,
Their iron rends each suff'ring hand,
17. While gazing on my pangs they stand.

- Beneath my strain'd and tortur'd skin
The eye may count each several bone ;
18. They share, as proud such spoils to win,
My parted garments one by one ;
Their dice are on my vesture thrown.

19. But go not Thou far from me, Lord,
O let my soul, by Thee renew'd,
20. Find rescue from the tyrant's sword,
My life's dear treasure from the brood
Of godless men, that hunt for blood.

21. O save me, ere I faint and fall,
By ruthless foes, like lions, torn ;—
Yea, Thou hast heard me, while I call,
Where round they thrust, with pointed horn
As gores the rushing unicorn.

22. I will declare Thy mighty Name
Where'er my brethren meet in pray'r ;
The praises of Thy truth proclaim,
Where Israel's full assemblies are ;
My thankful voice shall bless Thee there.

23. All Israel's sons who fear the Lord
Shall there His glorious pow'r confess ;
24. For He hath not my grief abhorr'd,
Nor hid His face from my distress,
But heard my pray'r, and turn'd to bless.
25. There shall my praise His presence seek,
Where the full choir their voices raise ;
26. There, with His fulness fed, the meek
Shall speak their heart's glad thanks in
praise,
Bless'd with His peace, and length of days.
27. From the wide world's remotest end
The willing tribes their gifts shall bring ;
All kindreds in His courts shall bend,
Restor'd to holy truth, and sing
28. Their only Potentate and King.
29. The rich, in plenty wont to fare,
Shall then a purer banquet crave ;
And the poor sons of want and care
Shall bow to Him, whose grace could save
From peril of the darksome grave.
30. And a new seed in strength and youth
Shall rise, to fill their fathers' room ;
31. And tell from heav'n His righteous truth
To later children yet to come,
New pillars in God's holy home.

XXIII.

1. MY Shepherd is the gracious Lord,
Amidst His flock I feed :
While I am His, and He is mine,
I cannot suffer need.

2. He leads me, where on Judah's hills
The pastures spring and blow,
And welling from the eternal fount
Glad streams of comfort flow.

3. He gives my troubled spirit rest,
Restor'd from sin and shame,
To paths of righteousness and peace
For His most holy Name.

4. Yea, tho' I walk in dreary vale
Of death's o'ercovering shade,
No evil will I fear, whilst Thou
Art near to bring me aid :

Thy rod and staff sustain my soul
To tread the dangerous way ;
Thy rod, in love to chasten me,
Thy staff, to be my stay^x.

^x Anglo-Saxon Paraphrase ; and Jeremy Taylor.

5. Before the foes who seek my harm,
My table Thou hast spread ;
With wine hast crown'd my cup, and pour'd
Sweet odours on my head.

6. Thy mercy and Thy goodness, Lord,
My help through life shall be,
Till in Thy house I find a home
For evermore with Thee.

XXIV.

1. GOD the Lord unchanging reigns
 To the wide world's furthest bound ;
He with light and life sustains
 All within the green earth's round.
2. He hath laid its groundworks deep,
 Where the restless sea-streams flow,
There its stedfast state to keep
 O'er the wat'ry depths below.
3. Who shall gain His presence blest,
 Where He makes His choice abode ?
Who ascend His hill, and rest
 In the joy that dwells with God ?
4. He who, pure of hand and heart,
 Innocence for arms hath worn ;
In whose words no guile hath part,
 Who in oath was ne'er forsworn.
5. He shall bring the blessing down,
 All that faithful pray'r may crave,
Crown'd with goodness not his own,
 But from God, Who hears to save.

6. Such are Jacob's truest race,
They who know their fathers' God,
They who seek His glorious face,
Where He makes His choice abode.
7. Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
He, Who could the conquest win,
At your golden threshold waits ;
Let the King of glory in.
8. Tell us, Who is glory's King ;
We but wait to hear the word :—
He, Whom we in triumph bring,
God of hosts, and mighty Lord.
9. Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
He, Who could the conquest win,
At your golden threshold waits ;
Let the King of glory in.
10. Tell us, Who is glory's King ;
We would hear again the word :—
He, Whom heav'n's bright armies sing,
Glory's King, and mightiest Lord.

XXV.

1. I LIFT mine heart to Thee,
My God, my Hope and Stay ;
2. O shame me not, nor leave my life
To scornful foes a prey.
3. The souls that wait on Thee
Defend, just Lord, from shame :
Let shame be theirs, who unprovok'd
Are bold to deeds of blame.
4. Enlighten, Lord, mine eyes
Thy gracious ways to see ;
O guide me where in paths of life
The faithful walk with Thee.
5. When lost in gloom I tread,
Thy star of truth display ;
Thou art my Saviour and my God,
On Thee I wait all day.
6. Forget not, Lord, Thy love,
Thy pitying care of man,
The thoughts of peace that dwelt with Thee,
Ere time on earth began.

7. The errors of my youth,
 And every deeper stain,
Forgive them, Lord, and let them ne'er
 To memory rise again.
8. His mercy and His truth
 The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
 And teaching them His ways^v.
9. The lowly and the meek
 He waits to guard and guide ;
And where the gentle walk with truth,
 Is ever at their side.
10. The souls, whose good desires
 His faithful statutes move,
Shall find in His blest paths of peace
 The God of Truth and Love.
11. Lord, for Thy mercy's sake
 I sue for grace to Thee ;
Tho' great my guilt, more great Thy grace,
 Which sets the guilty free.
12. What man is he, that knows
 The holy fear of God ?
Him shall He teach that chosen path,
 In which the just have trod :

13. Within his quiet soul
 Shall lasting joys increase ;
And children of his race shall hold
 The happy land of peace.
14. To saints that walk in fear
 Will God His counsels shew :
The bond of His blest truth is pledg'd
 To guard them as they go.
15. Mine eyes are fix'd on God ;
 From Him my help is found,
To walk unharm'd, while snares of death
 Beset my paths around.
16. Have mercy, Lord, and hear ;
 Behold me where I moan :
For I am poor and desolate,
 If left by Thee alone.
17. The troubles of my heart
 Upon me are enlarg'd :
O save me from the woes whose weight
 My soul hath overcharg'd.
18. O let Thine eyes regard
 My anguish and my pain :
Forgive me, and restore my soul
 To innocence again.

19. Consider, Lord, my foes,
How many and how strong ;
How fierce in hate they watch my steps,
How sworn to work me wrong.
20. Preserve my labouring soul ;
From evil keep me free :
Let me not sink in shame o'erthrown,
Whose trust is still in Thee.
21. Thou know'st my heart sincere,
My truth to Thee is known :
O let it be my safeguard, Lord,
Who wait on Thee alone.
22. And every pray'r I pray,
Lord, hear for me and mine :
Save from all woe Thine Israel's sons,
And keep them ever Thine.

XXVI.

1. LORD, judge my cause ; for I have walk'd
 With upright heart sincere :
In Thee I trust ; I cannot fall,
 While Thy strong help is near.
2. Lord, in Thy righteous balance try
 The wishes of my heart :
3. Thy love shall guide me ; from Thy truth
 My steps shall ne'er depart.
4. The vain have ne'er my counsel shar'd,
 Nor men of double tongue ;
5. I shun the bands of strife and spoil,
 The league of fraud and wrong.
6. Lord, when I worship in Thy courts,
 And heap Thine altar's fire,
Pure hands I'll bring, by harm unstain'd,
 And pure each heart's desire ;
7. That so the inward joy of praise
 My willing lips may move,
And I to list'ning saints may tell
 The wonders of Thy love.

8. Lord, I have lov'd Thy chosen home,
That doth all homes excel ;
The place, where Thy fair majesty,
And awful beauty dwell.
9. O leave not Thou my life a spoil
To men of cruel tribes,
10. Whose hands are prompt to deeds of blood,
Their right-hand full of bribes.
11. Still will I walk with heart sincere ;
Do Thou, whene'er I stray,
Restore me, and with mercy guide
In Thine eternal way.
12. 'Tis done : my feet on even ground
Stand firm, by Thee restor'd :
And with Thy saints my place shall be
To bless the living Lord.

XXVII.

1. GOD is my light : I will not fear,
Tho' all around be dark and drear :
God is my health : while He is nigh,
Far off shall harm and danger fly.

- God is my strength, my safety's tow'r :
2. The foes, who raging to devour
Came near, my life and hope to quell,
Struck down in wild disorder fell.

3. Tho' camping hosts my home invade,
My heart shall wait them undismay'd :
Tho' war's loud terrors range abroad,
My soul shall rest its hope on God.

4. One boon alone my need requires,
One grace from God my heart desires,
Since I have known the joy of pray'r,
And stood within Thy temple fair,

That in those courts I still may live,
While Thou the breath of life shalt give,
In beauty there and sanctity
To meditate and walk with Thee.

5. There hid in Thy pavilion blest
My troubled soul shall find its rest,
Close hid, and proof to every shock,
As on th' unseen eternal Rock.
6. And now Thy love shall raise my head
Above the foes around me spread ;
And I will joyful offerings bring,
And in Thy courts glad praises sing.
7. Hear, Lord, my pray'r, in mercy hear :
8. Whene'er I heard Thy warning near,
"Seek ye My face," I caught the word ;
Lo ! now I seek Thy face, O Lord^a.
9. Hide not that face, whose grace I pray ;
Cast not my pray'r in wrath away ;
Let not my soul forsaken be,
God of my help and health, by Thee.
10. When my dear father, mother dear
Forsake me, Thou wilt be more near,
And Thine eternal arms above
Spread o'er me with a mightier love.
11. O let Thy truth with me be found
To guard my steps ; for foes are round :
Plain be my path, nor let me stray
Lur'd from true wisdom's simple way.

12. O leave me not, like captive thrall,
Beneath imperious foes to fall ;
False witness they suborn, and breathe
Against my soul fierce words of death.
13. Faint had I fall'n with dread dismay'd ;
But one blest hope all fear outweigh'd,
The hope Thy goodness, Lord, to see,
Where dwells undying life with Thee.
14. O patient wait on God ; be strong,
Tho' righteous judgment tarry long :
The comfort of His healing pow'r
Thine heart shall cheer ; but wait His hour^b.

^b Oxford Psalter.

XXVIII.

1. LORD, my Rock, to Thee I cry :
Hear the voice of my complaining :
Lest, if Thou my suit deny,
Thro' rebuke of Thy disdain
I become as those that die.
2. Hear me, ere my life be gone,
Where I kneel, my heart out-pouring,
In the place where Thou art known,
Where the cherub-forms adoring
Bend around Thy mercy-throne.
3. Bid me not with those depart,
Whom no fear of doom restraineth,
Godless men, whose treacherous art
Fairest friendship falsely feigneth,
While revenge is in their heart.
4. Lord, do Thou their deeds repay,
All their mischief backward turning ;
Let Thy truth their actions weigh,
That, their fraud's just wages earning,
They may with their wrongs decay.

5. They have scorn'd in proud disdain
God's great acts, His truth forsaking :
Therefore God shall prove them vain,
Their false hopes in anger breaking,
Never to be built again.
6. Lord, on Whom my hope relied,
When I pour'd my heart before Thee,
Be Thy mercy magnified ;
Let my grateful songs adore Thee
For the help Thy love supplied.
7. Mighty God, my shield in war,
Strength in weakness, hope in sadness,
Great as Thy dear mercies are
Is my heart's exulting gladness,
Hymning forth Thy praise afar.
- 8,9. Lord, our strong salvation's tow'r,
Thine anointed's life defending,
Bless Thy people, as of yore,
With a Shepherd's faithful tending,
Feed and guard them evermore.

XXIX.

1. Sons of God, ye peers of light,
Mighty in your Maker's might,
To the God, by Whom ye live,
Worship, strength, and glory give :

2. Give to Him, the Good and True,
Honour, praise, and service due,
Where for ever, as ye bless,
Beauty waits on holiness.

3. Hark ! His voice is sounding loud
From the labouring thunder-cloud ;
O'er the floods and dark'ning lakes
Lo ! the God of glory speaks.

4. 'Tis the voice of God Most High,
Voice of pow'r and majesty :
5. Cedars by that voice o'erthrown
Strew the vales of Lebanon.

6. Yea, the mountains, at the sound,
 Like young steers in pasture bound,
 Lebanon and Sirion's horn
 Like the startled unicorn ^c.

^c It is scarcely possible that the *reem*, or unicorn of Scripture, can be the rhinoceros, or wild buffalo, as some late interpreters have supposed. There is much agreement in the ancient and modern accounts, from Aristotle and Cosmas Indicopleustes, to Sir John Barrow and Mr. Galton, and the modern travellers in Chinese Tartary, which describe a strong kind of antelope with a single horn in the forehead, as still existing in the tropical deserts of Africa, and the mountain-region of central Asia. It is said that a living unicorn was lately to be seen in a menagerie of the king of Nepaul; and the people of Tibet and bushmen of Africa equally attest its existence in their respective countries. And such was the description given by early Portuguese and Spanish travellers, as Luis de Urreta in his *Hist. of Ethiopia*, Valencia, 1610, p. 247. See Purchas's *Pilgrimage*, and Southey's *Life and Correspond.* ii. 241. So also it is represented in a fine Collection of Dutch Sacred Engravings, Pfeffer and Scheuchzer, plate 315. Amsterd. 1732: and so it was credited by our Elizabethan poets, Spenser, *Fairy Q.* II. v. 10; Shakspeare, *Jul. C.* ii. 1.

The animal rudely represented in an ancient Assyrian piece of sculpture, and called by Mr. Layard a rhinoceros, vol. ii. 435, is much more like an old heraldic unicorn, or those described by Ælian or Strabo. He has himself observed that the word *rain* is inscribed in some Egyptian sculptures over a figure of this kind of antelope. *Ib.*, p. 429.

There is little force in the objection of Gesenius, that the *reem* here must be of the same genus with the calf or steer in the same verse, and in what he says of the rarity of the unicorn. Wild animals go on diminishing, as the dominion of man is extended. There is no reason why it should not have been anciently common in Palestine; as even when Aristotle wrote, it does not seem to have been an uncommon animal: and it is evident that in the early times of the Old Testament the borders of Canaan abounded with "beasts of the field," dangerous and destructive to human life. *Lev.* xxvi. 22: *Deut.* vii. 22: *Job* v. 22, 3; xl. 20.

7. At His voice the clouds are riven,
Where the flashing fires are driven ;
8. At His voice the desert shakes,
Kadesh, thy vast desert quakes.
9. Hinds all trembling, when they hear,
Cast their young in pangs of fear :
Ancient forests, dark with shade,
Bare before His voice are laid.
10. In the temple of heav'n's King
Thousand tongues His glory sing :
He, Whose pow'r the flood restrains,
God as King for ever reigns.
11. Yea, He lives and reigns alone ;
From His firm abiding throne
He His people shall increase,
Arm with strength, and bless with peace^d.

^d Sandys, whose version has been consulted on some of the previous verses.

XXX.

1. I WILL extol Thee, Lord, Whose aid
Hath rais'd my head from deeps of woe,
And my proud enemy forbade
To triumph in my overthrow.
2. I cried to Thee: Thine arm did save,
Thou drew'st me from the shades of death;
3. When faint and verging to the grave,
Thy word recall'd my parting breath.
4. Ye saints, His praise with gladness tell;
Such songs His faithful mercies claim:
For ever in your memory dwell
His holy Truth's eternal Name.
5. One moment may His wrath abide;
His grace to man is life new-born:
The heart, that mourn'd at eventide,
Wakes up to joy and songs at morn.
6. Strong in my prosperous hour I said,
For ever shall I stand secure;
7. So firm my God my hill hath made,
With His dear favour fix'd and sure.

- But Thou didst check my thought too proud,
Thy look of love in love didst hide :
8. Then straight, with inward anguish bow'd,
To Thee in humble fear I cried :
9. What gain is Thine, if Thou shalt bring
My life to earth, past mortal care ?
Shall senseless dust give thanks and sing ?
Shall death Thy living Truth declare ?
10. O hear me, Lord ! great as my need
Let Thy sweet mercy's succour be :
To Thee my suppliant hands I spread,
Who have no other help but Thee.
11. Lo ! my weak frame, with woe unstrung,
Now chang'd with inward joy is light ;
My loins, with painful sackcloth hung,
Are girt with robes of gladness bright.
12. This God hath done, that in His praise
My tongue may never silent be :
O Lord my God, my heart shall raise
Glad songs of endless thanks to Thee.

XXXI.

1. IN Thee, O Lord, I trust ;
 Defend my truth from shame :
Redeem me with Thy love and pow'r,
 For Thy most righteous Name.

2. Bow down Thy gracious ear,
 And speedy succour send :
Be Thou my rock and fortress-tow'r,
 To shelter and defend^e.

3. Thou art my fort and rock,
 My strength in danger tried :
Thou, for Thy great and glorious Name,
 My steps wilt ever guide.

4. O draw me from the snare,
 Which foes have closely laid ;
Thou art my might and fortitude,
 My only hope and aid.

5. To Thy protecting hand
 My spirit I resign ;
Thou hast redeem'd me, Lord of Truth,
 And I am wholly Thine.

6. I loathe those idols vain,
That draw men's hearts from Thee,
From Thee, in Whom my trust hath been,
And shall for ever be.
7. I joy to tell Thy praise,
Who hast such mercy shewn,
Who would'st not cast me off in grief,
As one to Thee unknown ;
8. Who would'st not close me in
My foeman's thrall to be ;—
But bad'st me live like lambs that range
The mountain-pastures free^f.
9. Dread Lord, have mercy now :
Mine eyes for sadness fail,
My trembling heart and aching flesh
Beneath Thy terrors quail.
10. My life with sighing spent
Is wither'd, past, and gone ;
Sharp sorrow for remember'd sin
Hath worn me to the bone.
11. The cruel scorn of foes
With kinsmen's scorn I shar'd ;
And they who knew me fled my face,
As if with terror scar'd.

^f Hos. iv. 16.

12. I seem as one long dead,
From mind and memory flown :
Or like a broken shard, past use,
A wreck in corners thrown.
13. Beset with sland'rous tongues,
A horror haunts my way,
While thronging foes in league conspire
To make my life their prey.
14. Yet still my hope in Thee
Found rest from sorrow's load ;
One thought reviv'd my soul, that Thou
Art evermore my God.
15. My times are in Thy hand,
My sorrows and my joy :
Redeem me, for Thou can'st, from those
That would my peace destroy.
16. O let me, gracious Lord,
Thy beams of mercy see :
17. O leave me not in shame to mourn,
Who still have call'd on Thee.
18. Such shame be on my foes ;
The silence of the grave
Be theirs, who dare in proud disdain
Against Thy saints to rave.

19. O God of truth and love,
Let every tongue confess
To them that fear and trust in Thee
Thy mercies numberless!
20. Thy secret wings o'erspread
Ward off the world's proud wrongs;
They hear not, in Thy tent secure,
The strife of angry tongues.
21. O blessings on Thy Name,
Since I Thy truth have found,
Thy strength of wond'rous love, more strong
Than fenced ramparts round!
22. In haste of fear I thought
Cut off from Thee to die;
But Thou didst look on me and hear
My supplication's cry.
23. } Ye saints, whom mercy moves,
Tell forth with love His praise,
Who saves the true, but sternly just
The sons of pride repays.
24. And all, who hope in God,
Take up the cheerful song;
Be strong, and He shall keep your heart
In His protection strong.

XXXII.

1. O BLEST the man, redeem'd
From anguish and from fear,
Whose sins are pardon'd, never more
In judgment to appear!
2. O blest the man, to whom
Just God imputes no sin;
And no close guile, resisting truth,
Is found his heart within.
3. For while in silent grief
I kept my pain untold,
Consum'd away with daily moan
My bones grew faint and old.
4. Thy heavy hand laid load
Upon my feeble might
From morn till eve; as heat devours
The dew in summer's night.
5. Then I my sin disclos'd,
And call'd on Thee to save:
While yet I spake, Thy mercy heard,
And while it heard, forgave.

6. For this with early vow
To Thee Thy saints shall come,
Before the floods of wrath o'erflow,
And heav'n is dark with gloom.
7. Thou art my sheltering Rock
From trouble and from woe ;
Thou bidst me feel such joy of song,
As ransom'd captives know.
8. Thy warning voice I hear :
Thy guiding hand is nigh,
To lead me in Thy path of truth,
And watch me with Thine eye.
9. I hear, and I obey.
I strive not, as the vain,
Doom'd still to champ, like horse or mule,
Their iron curb of pain.
10. To godless sons of pride
Such sorrows shall abound :
But him, who builds his hope on God,
Shall mercy shield around.
11. Rejoice, ye righteous saints,
Whose Fort is found so strong :
Exult and sing, ye true of heart,
To God your joyous song.

XXXIII.

1. YE righteous, rejoice ; rejoice in the Lord :
 To men true of heart how comely is praise !
2. Let lutes and soft psalt'ries in joyous accord,
 And harps of ten strings swell the anthems
 ye raise.

3. Raise, raise your new song for mercy still new :
 Sweet skill rule each voice ; their sound be
 as one ;
4. Still praising the word of your God ever true,
 Adoring His works all in faithfulness done.

5. How rightful His rule, in equity sway'd !
 His mercy the earth with blessing supplies :
6. The word of the Lord the wide heavens hath
 made,
 The breath of His Spirit the hosts of the
 skies.

7. He gathers the waves heap'd high on the main,
 Clos'd in as with bars their waters are stay'd ;
The depths which the plummet may fathom in
 vain
 Like treasures of darkness before Him are
 laid.

8. Let earth fear the Lord! With awe and with fear
 Before Him the world's inhabitants stand!
9. He spake, and, as waiting His summons to hear
 It rose in its beauty, the work of His hand.
10. The heathen in vain against Thee have plann'd,
 Their counsel and might pass quickly away;
11. But, Lord, Thy blest will shall eternally stand,
 And rule the world's changes of time and decay.
12. That nation is blest, whose God is the Lord;
 The people by Him His heritage made;
Whose song is His glory, whose law is His word,
 Who wait on His promise to shield and to aid.
13. God looks from His throne; He scans from on high
14. Earth's numberless tribes: so piercing His sight,
Men's hearts can no darkness conceal from His eye,
15. The God of their spirits beholds them in light.
16. No king in his host for safety may trust;
 No champion of pride in strength of his arm:
17. The horse with his rider falls low in the dust,
 His speed is all feeble to rescue from harm.

18. The eye of the Lord, a safeguard more sure
 To them who in fear His mercy adore,
19. Shall watch, in death's terror their soul to
 secure,
 In famine their garners with plenty to store.
- 20,21. In Thee, mighty Lord, our Help and our
 Shield,
 Our heart's only trust, our gladness shall be;
22. To us be the light of Thy mercy reveal'd,
 As ever our hope builds its refuge in Thee!

XXXIV.

1. FOR ever will I bless the Lord,
For ever shall my tongue
Declare the wonders of His praise
With unexhausted song.
2. In God my soul shall make her boast ;
Meek-hearted saints shall hear,
And joy with holy joy, to know
Their strong Deliverer near.
3. O magnify the Lord with me,
Join heart and voice to sing,
And praise the Name, above all praise,
Of heav'n's eternal King.
4. I sought the Lord : my zealous pray'r
His favouring mercy bless'd ;
He snatch'd me from the storm of fear,
And gave my spirit rest.
5. The meek who look'd to Him in grief,
Have never look'd in vain :
Their faces sad with gloom have glow'd
With light and joy again.

6. Lo, where the poor to God hath cried,
And God hath bent His ear,
And sav'd him from heart-wearying straits,
From anguish and from fear.
7. The home of saints who fear the Lord
Is holy guarded ground,
Where angels for their rescue watch,
And camp unseen around.
8. O taste and see, how good is God ;
O seek the blessings stor'd
For trustful hearts, whose hope hath found
The safeguard of the Lord.
9. Ye saints of God, your service pay
With filial humble fear ;
No want is theirs, whose stedfast souls
His majesty revere.
10. The roving lions, strong for spoil,
May faint with hungry pain :
But they who seek of God their good
Shall never seek in vain.
11. Come near, my children ; let your hearts
A father's counsels hear ;
And learn of me the perfect way
Th' eternal Lord to fear.

12. What man is he that fain would live,
And days in joy prolong ?
13. Refrain thy tongue from words of blame,
Thy lips from guile and wrong.

14. Depart from ill ; let deeds of good
Grow with thine years' increase ;
And with unfaltering steps pursue
The paths of holy peace.

15. The watchful eyes of God above
Are on the just men's way ;
His willing ear is ever bent
To hear the pray'rs they pray.

16. But on the sons of guile He looks
With terror from on high,
To root their budding hopes from earth,
And bid their memory die.

17. God hears His saints, and bears their souls
From trouble's angry waves ;
18. His mercy heals the broken heart,
The contrite spirit saves.

19. Full many a tide of darksome grief
The righteous may endure ;
But in the Lord's redeeming might
His portion rests secure :

20. God's love his soul's frail dwelling-house
Shall keep with guardian care :
No maim shall wound it,—not one bone
Be bruis'd or broken there.
21. The wicked, when misfortune comes,
O'erthrown shall sink to dust,
And not a hope remain to cheer
The haters of the just.
22. But God preserves His servants' souls ;
No terror brooding round
Shall break the heart, whose constant trust
In God its strength hath found.

XXXV.

1. PLEAD Thou my cause, O righteous Lord,
 With men who strive my truth to wrong ;
And save me from the lawless sword
 Of foes in impious battle strong.
- 2,3. Hold firm Thy buckler, raise Thy spear,
 And check the fierce pursuer's road ;
And let my soul Thy watchword hear,
 “ I am thy Saviour and thy God.”
4. Let those, who seek to wound my life,
 In flight their own confusion find,
5. Borne backward in their pow'rless strife,
 Like chaff before th' inconstant wind.
6. Let angel-ministers of wrath
 Beat down their strength and bid them fly :
And dark and slippery be their path,
 While Heav'n's avenging hosts are nigh.
7. For they with causeless wrath have sought
 To make my soul their prize of spoil :
8. O, be the unpitying traitor caught
 E'en in his own unheeded toil.

9. Then shall my soul rejoice in Thee,
Whose arm such glad deliverance gave ;
Whose mercy, like a fountain free,
Flows forth unspent to heal and save.
10. My shatter'd bones shall find a voice
To praise Thy help with strength renew'd,
Who bidst the rescued poor rejoice,
Sav'd from the sons of spoil and blood.
11. False witnesses against me stood,
To charge my soul with guilt unknown :
12. With evil they return'd my good,
Till all my spirit's joy was gone.
13. Yet had I made their sorrows mine ;
And when they lay in sickness low,
I taught my soul in fasts to pine,
My flesh hard sackcloth's pain to know.
- The pray'rs, with which my heart had yearn'd,
Not unremember'd shall they be ;
But, to my bosom back return'd,
Tho' lost to them, shall live for me.
14. For I had pray'd, as if my vows
A brother's life had sought to save ;
As sad at heart, as one who bows
Low mourning o'er a mother's grave.

15. But now with fiery joy on flame
They met to wound my spirit's peace ;
Base sons of men without a name
Gor'd me with gibes, and would not cease.
16. The tribes, who sell their jests for bread,
Whose taunts with feasts their patrons pay,
On me their heartless mockery fed,
And gnash'd upon me where I lay.
17. And wilt Thou not, just Judge of right,
Regard these spoilers where they rave ?
O from the lions' wrathful might
My soul, my life's dear treasure, save.
18. So will I praise Thy glorious Name,
Where'er Thy saints their songs prepare ;
With thankful voice Thy truth proclaim,
Where Israel's full assemblies are.
19. Let not their false accusing tongue
Upbraid me when o'erthrown I lie,
Nor malice, proud with prosp'rous wrong,
Look triumph from their glancing eye.
20. For they are foes to words of peace,
And tales of treacherous fraud have plann'd
Against the sons of quietness,
The patient meek ones of the land.

21. Yea, oft with voices loud and high
They made my loss their gibe and jeer;—
22. Lord God of truth, Thy watchful eye
Hath seen it:—speak, be with me near.
23. Be with me, wake to judge my cause:
My God, my Lord, I fly to Thee;
24. Truth reigns in Thy all-righteous laws,
And waits to set the guiltless free.
25. Let them not say, their cherish'd will,
Their heart's close wish, is sought and won;
Or, prosp'ring in the spoiler's skill,
Gloat o'er me prostrate and undone.
26. Shame be their portion, shame and scorn,
Who in my loss base joy have found;
Like a familiar garment worn,
May close dishonour wrap them round.
27. The just, whose favour aids my right,
Let gladness keep unharm'd by woes;
Oft let their voice with joy recite
What gifts of peace the true heart knows:
- Yea, let them bless the God of peace;
28. And with them, Lord, inspire my tongue
To speak Thy righteous praise, nor cease,
While life shall yield the pow'r of song.

XXXVI.

1. WHEN the bold sinner, void of fear,
Urging his godless bent, is near,
 And dares God's wrathful doom ;
2. What thoughts within my heart arise,
While in the refuge of his lies
 He mocks at ill to come !

3. His words are vain and full of guile,
To wisdom lost in counsels vile ;
 The thoughts that vex his mood
4. Wake him to plot, while others rest ;
Fix'd is his choice in ways unblest,
 And evil made his good.

5. But Thy long-suffering mercy, Lord,
And truth that guides Thy faithful word
 For evermore remain :
Unseen by men, yet ever nigh,
Wide as the far-surrounding sky,
 In heav'n and earth they reign.

6. Thy righteous will, Thy judgment-doom,
From ages past to years to come
 Men's hearts shall try and rule,
Strong as the hills where streams have birth,
Secret as hidden caves of earth,
 Or deep's unfathom'd pool.
7. Great God, how precious is Thy care!
Both man and beast Thy pity share:
 The trustful heart shall sing,
And find an inborn rest, more sweet
Than shadowing cloud in noontide heat,
 Beneath Thy Mercy's wing.
8. They, who Thy bounteous love have tried.
With that free plenty satisfied
 Within Thy house shall dwell;
The gladness, where Thy pleasures flow,
Is more than thirsty travellers know,
 Who taste the desert-well.
9. For Thine is life's eternal spring;
Thou to the source of light wilt bring
 The souls that wait on Thee:
10. O still Thy gifts of love renew;
The pure in heart, the good and true,
 Let them Thy goodness see,

11. O save me from disdainful pride ;
Let no false hands in fraud allied
 My guileless soul surprise :—
12. 'Tis done ; th' ungodly and the proud
Are fall'n like meteors from the cloud,‡
 Cast down, no more to rise.

‡ Sandys.

XXXVII.

1. VEX not thy soul for men of pride ;
Tho' long their earthly bliss abide,
Let not thine envy rise :
2. As grass in summer's fresh array,
Or flow'r that fades ere close of day,
Man's glory blooms and dies.

3. Rest thou on God : with Him to guide,
Do good ; and, all thy wants supplied,
Untroubled shalt thou live :
4. So may thy days on earth be long,
And He Whose mercies fill thy song,
Thy heart's desires shall give.

5. Cast on the Lord thy load of care ;
The burden which thou canst not bear
His succour shall sustain :
6. Thy righteous Judge shall guard the right,
Make clear thy truth as morning light,
Thy faith as noon-day plain.

7. In silence wait the hour of grace,
When He shall turn to thee His face,
The hope of all thy pray'r ;
Let nought thy stedfast soul dismay,
No thought of sinner's gainful way
Betray thee to despair.

8. Leave off from wrath, bid anger part ;
Let no impatience fire thy heart
To act what thou shalt rue ;
9. Be sure, the vile from earth shall cease ;
But God shall bless with large increase
The patient soul and true.

10. Abide a little while ; full soon
The sinner shall be past and gone,
And not a trace remain :
11. Meek souls with glad enlargement blest
Shall find a heritage of rest,
Where peace shall with them reign.

12. Yea, let the foe vain warfare wage,
And gnash his teeth in impious rage
The just one to consume ;
13. Back shall the Judge his mischief turn,
Who marks where vengeance long forborne
Speeds on the hour of doom.

14. Let them their blood-stain'd brands unsheathe,
And aim their arrows wing'd with death,
 To lay God's poor ones low ;
15. At upright innocence to dart ;—
Their swords shall pierce their own false heart,
 And broken lie their bow.
16. One little portion of the good
Is more than all th' unrighteous brood
 Hold in their golden hoard :
17. Those arms shall loose their grasp in death,
While firm the upright stand beneath
 The safeguard of the Lord.
18. To God upon His heavenly throne
The days of all His saints are known,
 Their state shall ne'er decay ;
19. In perils they shall know no fear,
And food their fainting strength shall rear
 In famine's dismal day.
20. But God's false foes away shall pass,
As wanton lambs on richest grass,
 That only feed to die :
As the dumb beast on altars doom'd,
Whose life in smoky clouds consum'd
 Melts in the empty sky.

21. They borrow, to repay no more ;
But pity rules the good man's store,
Abounding still to give :
22. The bless'd of God possess the land ;
The curs'd, uprooted by His hand,
No more with men shall live.
23. The Lord is still the good man's guide,
God's love, still watching at his side,
Gives gladness on his way ;
24. Gives, tho' he fall, new strength to rise ;
His arm that every need supplies
Is still the good man's stay.
25. Old am I now, who once was young,
And life thro' years that men call long
Sees change of joy and moan :
Yet ne'er the good without redress,
Or good man's heirs in lone distress
Forsaken have I known.
26. From him, whose righteous pity lends,
A blessing to his seed descends,
A blessing guards their store :
27. O flee then, flee the guiles of wrong,
Do good, in mercy's cause be strong,
And dwell for evermore.

- 28,29. For evermore, with God to aid,
His saints and servants undismay'd,
With His protection nigh,
Shall dwell in homes of peace and rest ;
While root and branch, a race unblest,
The sinner's hope shall die.
30. The just man's speech of wisdom tells,
His tongue on deeds of judgment dwells ;
31. His heart, with Truth to guide,
Fix'd on th' eternal law of God,
Still leads his feet where saints have trod,
Where faith can never slide.
32. The sinner waits with busy pain
To work the just man's fall, in vain ;
For God is still his stay :
33. He will not leave His saint to quail
In tyrant's hateful hand, or fail
In judgment's solemn day.
34. Wait thou on God ; abide that doom,
To which the faithful hope to come ;
The righteous path hold on :
Then shall thy Judge exalt thee high,
And thou shalt see with awful eye
His foes for aye undone.

35. Time was, when I the proud had seen
Wearing his honours fresh and green,
Like laurels ever new :
36. I pass'd again,—the place was bare,
And not a sign to guide me, where
Those transient glories grew.
37. Go, mark the perfect man, and gaze
In silence on the closing days
Of the meek son of peace ;
38. For peace is there : but sunk in woe,
Cut off in final overthrow,
The sinner's strife shall cease.
39. Health to the just from God shall spring ;
In grief His comfort help shall bring ;
40. And when fierce foes assail,
Because to Him their souls are true,
His might shall quell that impious crew,
And save, and never fail.

XXXVIII.

1. SPARE, Lord, nor break in wrath
A soul bow'd down in thrall,
Let not Thy hot displeasure's weight
On me in terror fall.
2. For, oh, Thine arrows pierce
With anguish deep and long,
And pressing sore my feeble might,
Thy hand is wondrous strong.
3. The joy of health is fled,
Since once Thy terror came ;
No peace my spirit finds, nor rest
Restores my wasted frame.
4. My sins above my head,
Like rushing billows roll,
And with a load too great to bear
Press down my struggling soul.
5. The scars that guilt hath made
Are festering o'er the wound ;
My reckless days in folly spent
Such recompense have found.

6. Enfeebled sore and bent,
 With palsied steps I go,
From morn till dewy eve return,
 In deepest gloom of woe.
7. For with a foul disease
 My loins are compass'd round ;
My fainting flesh past cure, past help,
 Where not a part is sound.
8. Spent, bruis'd, without relief,
 My heart no more could bear ;
Worn out with agony I pour'd
 The moanings of despair.
9. Lord, my sick soul's desire
 To Thee is all confess'd :
No deep-drawn sigh unheard by Thee,
 That speaks my heart's unrest^h ;—
10. My heart that throbs within,—
 My strength that prostrate lies,—
The dimness that forbids the light
 To visit these sad eyes.
11. My lovers, neighbours, friends,
 Who once each counsel shar'd,
Stand off, by such prodigious woe
 From very pity scar'd.

^h Oxford Psalter.

12. While they that seek my life
 Task well their art to slay,
And talk of harmful fraud and guile
 Throughout the livelong day.
13. But I, as one who ne'er
 The sounds of morning heard,
Whose voice imprison'd from his birth
 Could speak no utter'd word ;
14. In dumbness seal'd my lips,
 Nor hearken'd or replied,
Content to bear reproach, as one
 With tongue untaught to chide.
15. For why ? my spirit's hope,
 Just God, finds rest in Thee :
And humbled let me wait, for Thou
 Shalt answer, Lord, for me.
16. Yet hear me, lest they boast,
 Who count my fall their joy,
And watch each erring step I make,
 As eager to destroy.
17. For now the lot is mine
 The penal scourge to bear,
And wheresoe'er I gaze, the form
 Of Sorrow haunts me there.

18. I own it, Lord, all due,
The sadness and the scorn ;
For my transgressions past I ought
In heaviness to mourn.
19. Yet, Lord, regard my foes ;
They flourish and are strong ;
And in their multitude they boast,
Who hatred join with wrong.
20. And they, who good with ill
Requite, are all allied
To work my downfall, since my choice
Is fix'd on virtue's side.
21. Forsake me not, dear Lord ;
O go not far from me :
22. For help and strength, and saving health,
I look alone to Thee.

XXXIX.

1. IN sad and silent thought I said,
Fearful of words that lead to wrong :
Let stedfast sufferance be my aid,
Let patience arm my guarded tongue :

And while the bad, who mock at fear,
In pride and impious scorn are nigh,
A bridle on my lips I'll wear,
Unmov'd to challenge or reply.
2. 'Twas done ; and silence held me still
E'en from good words that pleas'd before :
But grief and pain were mine, and ill
My soul that voiceless passion bore.
3. A fire within my breast was pent,
The flame in secret smoulder'd long,
Till at the last I gave it vent,
And thus it kindled on my tongue :
4. Lord, let me know my time and end,
Reveal the measure of my days,
That I may see to what they tend,
And how this fleeting life decays.

5. My years, by Thy appointment made,
Are like a hand-breadth, grasp'd and gone,
And hasten to that evening shade
When life and life's brief task is done.
6. Man walks as in a cheating cloud,
Beguil'd with shows, and toils in vain,
Nor knows what hand, where he hath plough'd,
Shall reap the harvest of his pain.
7. And now what hope, dread Lord, for me,
Except in Thy dear grace alone ?
8. Save me, nor leave a soul set free
Beneath the scorner's taunts to groan.
9. Lord, I was dumb beneath Thy will,
In mute obedience held my breath :
10. Withdraw Thy hand, nor chastening still
Bring down my sorrowing soul to death.
11. For when in visitings of wrath
Thy rod afflicts him, man decays,
Like robes beneath the fretting moth,
And not a wrack of beauty stays.
- For frailty is the name he bears,
A short-lived stranger, born to die :
12. Then hear me, Lord ; with Thy meek ears
O hearken to my sorrowing cry.

Turn not away, but let Thy peace
 Speak comfort to the tears I shed:
A little while, and I shall cease,
 And lay me down in earth's cold bed.

- A pilgrim, as my fathers were,
 I wait my summons at the door:
13. A little strength in mercy spare,
 Ere I depart, and am no more.

XL.

1. I WAITED long and sought the Lord,
Till He inclin'd His list'ning ear ;
At length He spake the gracious word,
He heard my cry, and calm'd my fear.
2. He brought me from the hollow pit,
Where weltering deep in mire I lay :
Firm on a rock He set my feet,
And turn'd my steps to safety's way.
3. And my glad lips He tun'd to praise
With words and songs unheard before ;—
New worshippers their voice shall raise,
And God's great love with fear adore.
4. O blessings on his lot secure,
Whose hope and trust with God abide,
Unheeding flattery's guileful lure,
Unshaken by the taunts of pride !
5. O Lord my God, how great and high
The wonders which Thine arm hath wrought !
How far remov'd from mortal eye
The secrets of Thy deep of thought !

I cannot speak their sum, or count
Thy mercies' number numberless :
All mortal reckoning they surmount,
All words that mortal lips express.

6. No offer'd gift or sacrifice
Didst Thou for sin of man desire,
No victim slain could pay that price,
No beast consum'd with altar-fire :

But Thou didst pierce my secret ear,
And mad'st me know Thy counsel's will ;

7. Then said I, Lord, behold me here,
I come Thy purpose to fulfil.

8. The law Thy book prescribes for me
Shall never from my soul depart,
With joy I read Thy truth's decree,
I bear it graven in my heart.

9. And where the full assemblies throng
Amidst Thy courts, I will not spare,
In flowing words, or voice of song,
Thy righteous goodness to declare.

10. In silent heart I will not seek
To hide unseen Thy truth alone ;
Thy saving health my tongue shall speak,
And make Thy constant mercy known.

11. O let that mercy round me shine,
 In sorrow beaming like the dawn ;
 For troubles numberless are mine,
 If Thy strong love be once withdrawn.

12. The crowding thoughts of sins o'erpast,
 My soul's recording pow'r confound ;
 In silent dread I stand aghast,
 My sad gaze fixing on the ground.

The hairs that grow upon my head
 Could memory number one by one,
 More quickly were the reckoning made,
 Than of the ill that I have done.

13. Lord, pity Thou my heart's distress,
 O haste to shew Thy succouring arm ;
 14. Let them with shame Thy pow'r confess,
 Who doom my soul to endless harm.

O turn them, Lord, to hasty flight,
 That wait my fall with longing eye ;
 15. With shame reward their fell despite,
 Who shout with joy when low I lie.

16. But let Thy gladness from above
 Beam on the saints who seek Thy ways ;
 Let them who Thy salvation love,
 Still hymn to Thee their grateful praise.

17. With anguish though my spirit bow,
Yet God on me hath care bestow'd:
My Helper and Deliverer Thou,
Make no long tarrying, O my God.

XLI.

1. BLEST is the man, whom wisdom guides
 To aid the child of need ;
In grief and trouble's evil day
 His God shall be his speed :
2. God's peace his earthly home shall bless,
 From strife and danger free ;
And from each foe that seeks his harm
 Shall God his safeguard be :
3. And when on bed of languishing
 His spirit faints with pain,
God's love shall watch the weary hours
 To comfort and sustain.
4. Thus, Lord, to Thee in grief I cried :
 Have mercy, Lord, on me ;
And heal a soul with sorrow pierc'd,
 That I offended Thee.
5. My foes, exulting in my woe,
 Speak proudly, Let him die,
And be the record of his name
 No more in memory.

6. Or if with fair disguise they come
 To see me where I mourn,
With gather'd malice arm'd, they speak,
 When back their feet they turn.

7. Whispering their mischief, where they meet,
 My ruin they devise :
8. So let him waste, abhorr'd, and fall'n,
 Fall'n never more to rise.

9. Yea, he, whose soul with mine was one,
 My friend, whom peace had made
To share my bread, forswore that peace,
 And scornfully betray'd.

10. But, Lord, do Thou Thy mercy keep,
 Though men are faithless all ;
That I to them may shew Thy pow'r,
 Restore me when I fall.

11. By this to my afflicted state
 Thy love Thou dost express,
That no fierce foe with heart of pride
 Prevails in my distress.

12. In safety now upheld, Thy face
 Beholding I adore,
And to the name of Israel's God
 Give glory evermore.

13. For ever bless'd be Israel's God:
O let the choir again
Take up the pray'r of endless praise,
And shout the loud Amen!

XLII.ⁱ

1. As the loud-panting hart, that hastes
 To gushing fountains free ;
So pants my eager soul, O God,
 To find its rest with Thee.

2. For Thee, O God, my living Well,
 My thirsting soul doth pine :
O when shall I behold Thy face,
 And walk with Thee and Thine ?

3. Tears are my food by night and day,
 While foes, by fear unaw'd,
Reproach me daily, Where are now
 The succours of Thy God ?

ⁱ This beautiful Psalm was, as it may be supposed, highly prized among the primitive Christians. St. Augustine tells us it was usually sung or chanted, when catechumens, or converts from heathenism, were hastening to the font for holy Baptism. "Tell me not," says St. Chrysostom to the poor hearer, "that your poverty deprives you of books, or that, if you have books, you want leisure to read. If you have only taught yourself to say, *Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks*, this Psalm alone is enough to teach you the beginning of all wisdom."

4. In musings, faint with hope deferr'd,
I pour my soul alone,
More sad, when memory calls to mind
The times of gladness gone ;

When joyous in the joyful crowd
Along the sacred way
I sought Thy house, with harp and song
To keep Thy festal day.

5. Why thus cast down, my dreary soul,
With sorrow's weight oppress'd ?
Why thus on waves of trouble toss'd,
Forgetting peace and rest ?

O hope in God ; keep firm thy trust ;
And He, Who guards the right,
Shall turn these tears to songs of praise,
And make thy darkness light.

6. Where'er with anguish faint I stray,
That hope my heart shall fill,
From Jordan's vale to Hermon's side,
And Mitzar's humble hill^k.

^k It is probable that David in these words speaks of the places of his sojourn beyond Jordan, when he fled from Absalom. See Hammond on this Psalm, and Hengstenberg.

7. Yea, though I hear, like deep on deep,
Thy sounding terrors roll,
And, like the storm-cloud on the wave,
Thy dread o'erwhelm my soul :
8. Yet still to Thee, from Whom my joys,
Like cheerful day-spring, flow'd,
In woe's dim night my song shall rise,
My life's unchanging God.
9. My pray'r to Thee shall still ascend
In all the ills I mourn :
My God, my Rock, O leave me not
To my oppressors' scorn.
10. Their keen reproaches like a sword
Pierce deep : by fear unaw'd
They daily taunt me, Where is now
The promise of thy God ?
11. O why cast down, my soul ? O why
With sorrow's weight oppress'd ?
Why thus in trouble's cheerless waste
An exile from thy rest ?

Hope still in God ; and thou shalt yet
His sure deliv'rance sing,
And praise the fount of all thy health,
Thy Saviour and thy King.

XLIII.

1. JUST God, against a godless race
Do Thou my cause befriend ;
From sons of mischief arm'd with guile
O save me and defend.
2. Thou art alone my saving Strength :
O leave me not forlorn,
Cast off in lonely heaviness
To feel the oppressors' scorn.
3. Send forth from heav'n Thy light and truth,
And let them guide me still,
Till where Thy presence dwells I rest,
High on Thy holy hill.
4. And I will press Thine altar near,
And harp and voice employ,
To tell Thy praise, O God, my God,
Thou gladness of my joy.
5. O why cast down, my soul ? why faint
With sorrow's restless load ?
Hope still in Him, my joy, my praise,
My Saviour and my God.

XLIV.

1. LORD, we have heard our fathers tell,—
The deeds in mind and memory dwell,
Thy wond'rous work in ages gone ;
2. How planted by Thy mighty hand,
The root of Jacob fill'd the land
From scatter'd heathens sought and won.
3. For not by sword, or arm of might,
They turn'd those alien hosts to flight,
No mortal strength was there to save :
4. The presence of Thy glorious arm
Did all th' opposing pow'rs disarm,
Thy grace the light of victory gave.
5. My God, my King, in Whom I live,
Once more the saving mandate give,
To Jacob speed Thy succours now :
6. In Thee, whilst Thou art on our side,
We trust to stem war's surging tide,
Not in our sword or battle-bow.

7. No bow of steel can help afford,
No strength of spear or burnish'd sword ;
8. Thy word alone the proud can tame ;
Thy might confounds th' oppressors' wrong ;
9. For this to Thee the victor's song
We sing, and praise Thy glorious name.

10. But now from Thee we stand afar,
No more Thy presence leads our war,
Our scatter'd hosts are backward borne :
11. Our vengeful foes have all their will,
And all their lust's desire fulfil
With spoils that from our homes are torn.

12. Like the dumb sheep beneath the knife,
We fall, to yield our forfeit life,
Or into heathen lands are driv'n :
13. Unpriz'd by Thee, and cast away,
Like vile and unregarded prey,
For which no worth of gold is giv'n.

14. Our neighbours turn our grief to scorn,
Their malice mocks to see us mourn ;
15. Our very name a by-word now,
We hear the heathen's taunting jest,
Blaspheming where the Lord hath bless'd
With scurril words and haughty brow.

16. With grief my face is bow'd to earth,
17. While slandering foes in frantic mirth
 Pour forth their threats of vengeful pride:
18. Yet not in depths of anguish laid
 Have we from Thee forgetful stray'd,
 Or God's eternal oath belied.
19. Our hearts unchang'd their purpose keep;
 O'er tangled wild, or weary steep,
 Our steps right onward urge their way:
20. Right onward, though by dale and fell
 We tread where fiery dragons dwell,
 And sullen shades of death dismay.
21. Should we to God forget our vow,
 And false and vain to idols bow,
 As aliens to our faith and name;
 O shall not He, before whose sight
 The heart's dark thoughts lie bare in light,
 Chastise our secret sin with shame?
22. Yea, for Thy sake we yield our life,
 As the dumb sheep beneath the knife;
 From day to day we count our slain:
23. All-gracious God, awake, arise,
24. O turn at length Thy pitying eyes
 On our dim grief and bondage-pain.

25. Our vital strength in dust o'erthrown,
Our frame with anguish bending down
Our bitter captive woes proclaim :
26. All-gracious Lord, arise, awake,
Redeem us for Thy mercies' sake,
And for Thy truth's eternal Name.

XLV.

1. My heart is as a fount of song,
The words of praise break forth and spring;
Like a quick writer's pen, my tongue
Speeds its glad task to greet my King.
2. O fairer far than sons of earth,
The grace that on Thy lips doth rest
Betokens One of heavenly birth,
Whom God's eternal love hath blest¹.
3. Gird, gird Thy sword upon Thy side,
In glory of dominion worn;
4. Ride forth, in prosp'rous triumph ride;—
Thy way shall meek-eyed Truth adorn.
5. Strange deeds of dread Thine arm shall shew,
And heart-struck to Thy feet shall bring,
Where'er Thy piercing arrows go,
The foes that would withstand our King.
6. Thy glory-throne, O God of might,
Stands fast, for ever to remain;
A sceptre that defends the right,
The sceptre of Thy changeless reign.

¹ Compare the words in St. Luke iv. 22. St. Basil.

7. Wrong didst Thou loathe, and truth didst love ;
For this Thy righteous God's decree
Gives that blest unction from above,
Whose joy no mate must share with Thee.
8. Thy robes, that breathe of rich perfumes,
Strong myrrh, pure aloes, cassia sweet,
Shall gladness waft from ivory rooms,
Where Thou shalt turn Thy sacred feet.
9. In jewels from Thy treasures told
Kings' daughters near Thy throne are seen :
At Thy right hand in Ophir's gold
Stands glorious Thy betrothed Queen^m.
10. O daughter, to my speech give ear ;
Regret not now thy father's home ;
The things thy childhood held most dear,
Let them no more in memory come.
11. In thy new life be all things new ;
Thy beauty then His eyes shall see :
He is thy Lord ; with worship true
Be His, and He shall joy in thee.
12. Lo, Tyre's rich daughter waits to bring
Her off'ring ; earth's rich tribes are there :
They wait, till thou before thy King
With favouring look shalt speed their pray'r :

^m Oxford Psalter.

13. But thy true glory dwells within,
Not such as outward eyes behold,
Tho' well thy beauty praise may win,
Deck'd with bright gems and purpled gold.
14. In broider'd robes before the King
They bear thee with thy virgin train;
The maidens thy compeers they bring
With joy and every pleasant strainⁿ,
15. They enter thro' the palace gate:
16. O bride, what happy lot is thine,
Not in thy sires, but children, great,
Mother of many a royal line!
17. Lord, to Thy Name our praise we turn,
And with remembering fear adore;
Till every tribe the song shall learn,
And tell Thy truth for evermore.

XLVI.

1. GOD, our spirit's hope and aim,
 Comfort in each grief and care ;
Where we name Thy glorious Name,
 Help and present strength are there.

2. God is with us ; and no fear
 Shall our stedfast hearts confound,
Though the mountains disappear,
 In the sea's dark centre drown'd ;

3. Though the solid earth remove,
 And the wild floods beat the shore,
Till the rifted rocks above
 Tremble to their wrathful roar.

4. There is near a peaceful spring ;
 And its waters borne abroad
Health and calm and gladness bring
 To the city of our God.

5. God is in the midst of her ;
 Vainly shall her foes assail :
Help shall dawn, as morning fair
 Dawns to chase night's shadows pale.

6. Though the nations rise afar,
And their battle-force array,
God's dread voice shall quell the war,
Melting all earth's pride away.
7. He, Who combats on our side,
Is the King of heaven's high pow'r ;
He, Whom Jacob glorified,
Is our Refuge and our Tow'r.
8. Come, behold what God hath done :
They, who rul'd in boastful state,—
They, with all their might are gone,
And their thrones lie desolate.
9. Wars, that fill'd the world with woe,
Part, and leave their tokens dire,
Shiver'd spear and broken bow,
Chariots heap'd in blood and fire.
10. God hath spoken : earth, be still,
Know Him for thy Lord alone ;
Yield before th' Almighty Will,
Worship at th' Eternal throne.
11. He, who combats on our side,
Is the King of heav'n's high power ;
He, Whom Jacob glorified,
Is our Refuge and our Tower.

XLVII.

1. Sons of men, with adoration
Songs of joy and triumph sing ;
2. Let the tribes of every nation
Praise with fear earth's awful King.
3. He shall reign, in might excelling,
Till His sway all kingdoms own,
Every foe in silence quelling,
At His people's feet o'erthrown.
4. From His hand our lot abideth ;
Here His glory haunts the ground ;
Here no foe the spoil divideth,
Where His love is watching round.
5. Lo ! He goes in pow'r ascending ;
Hark, the joy, the shout is there ;
Hark, the trumpet's voice is rending
All the silent deep of air !
6. Sing, O sing our King victorious !
Raise your chaunt, your anthems raise !
7. Tell His Name all-great, all-glorious ;
Bid each heart discern His praise°.

8. God is King ; His glory reigneth,
Where His truth is yet unknown :
He a changeless state retaineth
On His high and holy throne.

9. Soon all kings shall throng before Him,
Lord of all the pow'r they wield :
And with Abraham's sons adore Him,
Earth's Eternal Strength and Shield.

XLVIII.

1. GREAT is God, in pow'r excelling ;
Great the praise His mercies claim,
In the city of His dwelling,
On the mount that bears His Name :

2. Fairest hill that earth enfoldeth,
Whence to earth all gladness springs,
Where His court the Mightiest holdeth,
Fortress of the King of kings.

On the North her halls are lying,
3. There is God a refuge known ;
4. Banded kings, His might defying,
5. Came and saw, and they are gone.

6. Vain their strength and hosts assembled ;
Lost in terror and in gloom
With a woman's fear they trembled,
When her travail's hour is come.

7. God, as ships by tempests shatter'd,
Bound for Tarsis' golden shore,
With His wind their threats hath scatter'd
And their voice is heard no more.

8. We of old have heard, that ever
God upholds His holy home :
Now our eyes have seen it; never
Hither shall the spoiler come.
9. To Thy temple's holy station
When with duteous steps we move,
Still in solemn meditation
We will muse upon Thy love.
10. Be Thy Name in praise extended,
Lord, to each remotest land ;
With the song the deeds be blended
Of Thy strong and righteous hand !
11. Zion to new joys awaking
Of Thy righteous truth shall hear ;
Judah's maids, their timbrels taking,
Own their Judge and Saviour near.
12. Gaze on Zion, gaze, and measure
Tow'rs that laugh the foe to scorn :
13. Keep them stor'd in memory's treasure
For your children yet unborn.
14. Tokens of our King Immortal,
Meet our eyes where'er they range ;
He will guide us thro' the portal
Where we part with death and change !

XLIX.

- 1,2. O HEAR, and let the words go forth
 To rich and high, or poor and low :
To all the tribes of mortal birth
That dwell upon the spacious earth,
 Let the deep stores of wisdom flow.
3. Wisdom shall prompt the words I say ;
 My heart, as from a living spring,
4. Shall sacred proverbs bring to day ;
My hand the solemn harp shall play,
 My voice shall truth's dark counsels sing.
5. Why should I fear for lack of store,
 When treacherous sin and death are nigh
To dog my steps, till life be o'er ?
6. The proud have cause to tremble more,
 Who on their countless hoards rely.

7. For none, a brother's life to save,
 May with the righteous God atone :
8. Their souls a costlier ransom crave,
 There is no power against the grave
 In treasur'd gold or glittering stone.

9. No ! tho' they live full many a day
 Repriev'd, nor see the opening tomb :
10. One changeless lot of sure decay
 Bears fools and wise alike away,
 Another holds their wealth and home.

11. And yet with hearts beguil'd they dream
 Those homes shall last to countless heirs,
 Their halls for ever be the same ;
 And bid their lands to bear their name,
 As tho' that word could make them theirs.

12. But man in bliss may not abide ;
 Full soon in dust his honours fail :
 The beast, that fed at morn, and died
 At eve, was not more weak than pride,
 More brief than glory's boastful tale.

13. How gross the cheat ! yet sons as vain
 Succeed, and praise their idle thought :
14. How soon, like sheep in shambles slain,
 Death's silent prey, past mortal pain,
 They moulder with the things of nought !

O'er their fall'n state, when morn shall rise,
The just shall hold a holier sway :
While in the tomb their beauty dies,
Far from the gilded roofs that rise
Unconscious of their lords' decay.

15. God hath redeem'd my soul from woe,
And calls me to His realm of peace :
16. Then fear not, tho' with glorious show
Another rule this world below,
And see his sumptuous piles increase.
17. For when he dies, his hope must end ;
Earth's pride in death no more may bloom,
Nor glory to the dead descend,
Nor flattery's voice its greeting send
To break the silence of the tomb :
18. Tho' while he liv'd his gladsome days,
He seem'd in life to find his rest :
And, such the breath of mortal praise,
While yet thy joyous fortune stays,
Men's tongues will speak thee rich and
blest.
19. Soon darkling hence his soul shall pass,
And with his dead forefathers be ;
20. Fond fool ! how great soe'er he was,
The beast, that crops the dewy grass,
Is now of more account than he.

L.

1. THE Lord, the God of glory, calls,
 To earth His mandate sending,
From the sun's rise, to where it falls
 In western waves descending :
2. He shines reveal'd from Zion's seat,
Where glory and fair beauty meet,
 Upon His state attending.

3. Our God shall come, not silent now,
 In meekness long forbearing ;
But fiercest fire shall round Him glow,
 With storm His way preparing :
4. His voice the heav'ns and earth shall hear,
When He shall call His people near,
 His righteous doom declaring :

5. " Stand forth, My saints, with whom renew'd
 My bond of truth abideth ;
Whom My pure vow, confirm'd with blood,
 From heathen tribes divideth."

6. Such righteous summons from His throne
Shall heavenly hosts to earth make known,
When God in judgment chideth.
7. "Hear, Israel, hear: thy God am I,
The Lord of might unfading,
Who need no other witness nigh
To speak thy sin's upbraiding ;
8. Not for neglected sacrifice,
Or lack of guiltless beast that dies
Mine altar vainly lading.
9. I claim not thine un-render'd vow,
If thou no blood outpourest
Of goat in fold, or steer, which thou
In homestead safe securest :
10. The flocks on countless mountains fed
Are Mine, and wildest cattle bred
Amid the trackless forest.
11. Each fowl that dwells by waste or glen,
In rocky coverts hiding,—
The wild deer far from haunts of men^p,—
I know their lone abiding :

12. The wide world's fulness all is Mine :
How then should I with hunger pine,
Or need for man's providing ?
13. On the torn flesh of slaughter'd beast,
The debt of sin foreshewing,
Say, shall the God of spirits feast,
Or drink its life-blood flowing ?
14. Nay, but to Me thanksgivings pay,
Thine heart upon Mine altar lay^a,
And I will bless thy vowing.
15. Then, when in trouble's evil day,
Before My footstool kneeling,
Thou to thine highest God shalt pray,
Thy sad heart's grief revealing ;
I will not scorn thy earnest pray'r,
And thou with gladness shalt declare
The hand that brought thee healing."
16. But the false-hearted God shall chide,
With righteous anger moved :
" Why speak of laws in heart denied,
Of truth thou ne'er hast loved ?

^a Sandys.

17. Who ne'er correction's yoke hast borne,
 And turnest from those words in scorn,
 That have thy deeds reprov'd ?
18. Thou with false thieves, as soon as seen,
 Wast found in heart consenting ;
 And with adulterous souls unclean
 Base arts of lust inventing :
19. And thou hast edg'd thy tongue to frame
 20. The words that wound a brother's name,
 Unkind, and unrepenting.

Thus didst thou wrong the bond of blood ;

21. Whilst I, My wrath restraining,
 Kept silence, till thy scornful mood,
 All purer truth disdain'd,
 Defied high heav'n with shameless brow,
 As tho' thy God were such as thou,
 All falsehood and all feigning.

But I will bring to light thy shame,
 Thy secret frauds declaring,
 How oft thy lips profan'd My Name,
 To cloke thy guilty daring :

22. Hear ye, whose hearts forget your God,
 Hear, lest He send His wrath abroad,
 Your lives in terror tearing :

Turn to that Judge, from Whose award
Help can no more deliver :

23. The thankful spirit pays its Lord
Accepted service ever,
In ways of order'd duty free,
Knit in that bond of life with Me,
Which Time shall ne'er dissever."

LI.

1. HAVE mercy, O my God ;
By all Thy pitying care,
By Thy mild love surpassing bound,
O cast not out my pray'r.

2. The leprous stains of guilt
My burden'd soul dismay ;
O let Thy pardon flowing free
Wash my deep fault away.

3. Dread Lord, I own it all ;
A terror dwells within,
And sets before my trembling sight
The foulness of my sin.

4. Not for my wrong to man
I make my saddest moan ;
But that, forgetful of my God,
I sinn'd to Thee alone.

Thee, Thee, my God, alone,
I wrong'd, my Strength and Guide ;
And now must wait Thy doom, Thy word
In truth's just balance tried.

5. Behold, in sin conceiv'd,
Brought forth the heir of sin,
I grew, and from my mother's breast
The mortal taint suck'd in.
6. But Thou dost inward truth,
Without disguise, require ;
O with Thy wisdom's purest light
My secret heart inspire.
7. Thy cleansing hyssop bring,
And I its pow'r shall know :
Wash out my stain, and each dark spot
Shall be more white than snow.
8. O turn, and make me hear
Thy mercy's gladd'ning voice ;
That the vex'd bones Thy judgment brake
May yet again rejoice.
9. Hide, Lord, Thy piercing eyes ;
Too keen their angry ray :
Blot out, as with the veil of night,
The guilt too deep for day.
10. Make clean this heart defil'd,
My spirit's strength renew,
Restore it, ne'er to start from Thee
Unstable and untrue.

11. Nor from Thy presence, Lord,
An outcast bid me die ;
Deny me not Thy light of life,
Thy Spirit's succour nigh.
12. Restore Thy saving health,
The joy that with it lives ;
The freedom of a heart redeem'd,
Which Thy free Spirit gives.
13. Then will I lead to right
Lost sinners far astray ;
Their wandering souls shall turn to Thee,
And learn of me Thy way.
14. God of my life and health,
Remove the stain of blood,
And I will sing Thy righteous truth,
How just, how great and good !
15. Do Thou unlock my lips ;
And I my voice will raise
To publish to the list'ning world
Thine high exalted praise.
16. Choice offerings would I bring,
Didst Thou the gift desire :
But flocks and herds delight Thee not,
Nor smoke of altar-fire.

17. A lowly sorrowing soul
 Is God's true sacrifice ;
A broken and a contrite heart
 Thou, Lord, wilt not despise.
18. Dread Lord, on Zion's hill
 Thy wonted blessings show'r ;
Defend Thy Salem's peace, and build
 Her bulwarks, wall and tow'r.
19. Thy favour then shall meet
 The righteous vows we pay,
And we with joy our choicest herds
 Will on Thine altar lay.

LII.^r

1. MAN of might, in mischief strong,
Boast no more thy pow'r to wrong :
God is good, whose mercy still
Shields His suff'ring saints from ill.
2. Though thy tongue be keen to wound,
Keen as edge of steel new-ground ;
3. And in thy malicious mood
Evil thou hast made thy good ;
4. Though thy heart with falsehood stor'd
Hates to speak a truthful word ;
And it triumphs now in joy
That thy treason could destroy ;
5. God, who hears thy vaunts, shall soon
Beat thy mounting malice down,
Take thee hence, uproot thee, tear
From thy home, and upper air.

^r A Psalm of David, when Doeg the Edomite came and told Saul, David is come to the house of Abimelech. See the title in the Bible. A Psalm prophetic of the destruction of persecutors.

6. When the just thy fall shall see,
They, with fear, shall mock at thee :
“ This is he,” their songs shall say,
“ He who made not God his stay.
7. “ This is he, whom wealth’s excess,
And the lust of wickedness
Led from his true hope aside :
Lo, the end of faithless pride !”
8. But for me, God’s saints among,
Like an olive green and young,
Shall my hope take root and bear
Fruit in God’s blest house of pray’r.

- Evermore Thy mercy, Lord,
In my songs shall be ador’d ;
9. Ever what Thine arm hath done
Shall my tongue in praises own.

I will wait till I receive
All Thy words of promise give ;
And before Thy saints proclaim
My strong Refuge in Thy Name.

LIII.

1. THE fool in his false heart hath said,
That God is but a name :
O hateful are their deeds, impure,
Pollute with sinful blame.
2. The Lord on all the sons of men
Look'd from His high abode,
If haply one wise heart were found
To own the fear of God.
3. But no! together all are lost,
In hateful sins undone :
Not one is left, who mourns for guilt,
Or strives for good,—not one.
4. Is then their sense and reason fled,
Their knowledge all astray,
Who feed on crimes like daily food,
And make My saints their prey ?

They have not call'd on God, or known
His arm in terror near :
5. But oft amidst their vaunts of pride
Their souls have quak'd for fear.

They fear'd, where cause of fear was none ;
For God hath dash'd to ground
The foes that camp against the just :
Them shall His scorn confound.

6. Lord, who shall change our captive state,
And raise our longing eyes
To see from Zion's holy mount
The Hope of Israel rise ?

O then no more shall tyrants threat,
Or foes our peace destroy :
But Jacob's sons shall change their tears
To lasting songs of joy.

LIV.

1. ARISE, O God, and judge my cause,
Defend my soul from shame :
O save me in this hour of need,
For Thy most righteous Name.
2. Hear, Lord, and to the pray'r I pray
Incline Thy gracious ear :
With danger round O let me find
My strong Avenger near.
3. For strangers to Thy truth and me
Against my life combine ;
And tyrants league to work me woe,
Who mock at Thee and Thine.
4. Lo! Thou hast heard : their pow'r to harm
Thy presence shall control ;
Thy strength sustains, Thy mercy shields
The helpers of my soul.
5. The malice of my foes shall turn
To work their own annoy :
Thy truth, just God, alone has pow'r
To save or to destroy.

6. To Thee my willing heart shall bring
The vow my duty pays,
And praise Thy Name; for comfort lives
In acts of love and praise.

7. For Thou hast seen and judg'd the wrong,
Hast with deliverance bless'd;
And my sad spirit disenthral'd
Returns to peace and rest.

LV.

1. LORD, hear me ; grant my sorrow's boon ;
 Turn not Thy face in wrath away :
2. O heed me, how with grief foredone
 In sad unrest I mourn and pray.

3. Around, as in some field of flight,
 The threat'ning foes my soul alarm,
In treachery leagued with fell despite
 They come to seek my mortal harm.

4. A dimness o'er my sight is spread,
 A terror as of coming doom :
5. My trembling spirit faints with dread,
 And brooding horror's deepest gloom.

6. And Oh, I said, that, like the dove,
 I might escape these strifes unblest,
Mount the free tracks of air above,
 And flee away, and be at rest :

7. Then would I haste on wings afar,
And safe abide in desert lone,
8. There shelt'ring from the bitter war,
As glad as bird of tempest gone^s.
9. Divide their tongues, O God, as when
The sons of impious Babel strove ;
Destroy the league of godless men,
Sworn foes to peace and brethren's love.
10. For strife and wrath are in their halls,
And faction's rage that cannot sleep ;
11. Deceit and guile still haunt those walls,
And there their dreary night-watch keep.
12. For Oh, it was no open foe
With hatred undisguis'd and strong ;
For then I might have shunn'd the blow,
Or patient borne th' expected wrong :
13. But thou, my friend, compeer, and guide,
Whose heart was wont with mine to meet ;
14. With whom in counsel side by side
I sought God's house in converse sweet^t.

^s Spenser, F. Q. III. vii. 10.

^t David speaks of Ahitophel. 2 Sam. xvi. 23. The words are prophetic of the treason of Judas.

15. Let death their guilty wiles arrest,
And in the pit of darkness quell ;
For in their homes and in their breast
Deceit and lurking mischief dwell.
- 16,17. But as for me, at eve and morn,
And hour of labour's rest at noon,
To God my voice shall still be borne ;
And He shall hear and grant my boon ;
18. He shall my hunted soul release,
And the fierce waves of battle stem :
The hosts that come to bring me peace
Are more than they who camp with them^u.
19. Yea, He shall hear, and bring them down,
The Potentate from times of old :—
Because they have no changes known,
They stand in godless daring bold.
20. The false at heart hath broken truce,
Profaning friendship's holy name,
And on the sons of peace let loose
The hand no plighted faith could tame.
21. More smooth than milk his accents flow'd,
Close pent the war his bosom bare :
More soft than oil the vows he vow'd,
And yet a hidden sword was there.

^u 2 Chron. xxxii. 7, 8.

22. The burden of thy cares, my soul,
Thy God shall lighten or sustain ;
Cherish His saints, their foes control,
And bid them share His stedfast reign.
23. The blood-stain'd sons of guile, their life
Half-spent, shall find destruction's grave :
In Thee I trust to end their strife,
Just God, whose arm alone can save.

LVI.

- 1,2. HAVE mercy, Lord ; be Thou my stay
From foes who would my life devour :
The banded wolves, who scent their prey,
Are not more keen for blood than they,
Who vex my soul from hour to hour.
3. Yet, O Most High, for ever true,
These terrors root my trust in Thee :
4. Since first Thy glorious word I knew,
I fear not what weak flesh can do ;
Thy truth shall answer, Lord, for me.
5. Daily my simple words they wrest,
Their thoughts on deeds of mischief brood ;
6. Leagued in dark plots of guile unblest,
They give my weary feet no rest,
Watching to shed my guiltless blood.
7. Shall then their wrongs preserve them free ?
Thou shalt o'erthrow them ; Thou, dear Lord,
8. Dost all my toilsome wand'rings see ;
My tears are number'd all by Thee,
Like drops in precious vials stor'd.

9. Whene'er to Thee I make my pray'r,
My foes Thy fear shall scatter wide ;
10. Where Thy true word is with me, there
Is joy to still all grief and care ;
The strength of God is on my side.
11. I will not fear what flesh can do ;
In God I trust to end the wrong :
12. Thy vows, O God Most High, Most True,
Are on me ; and Thy praises due
Shall ever fill my thankful song.
13. Thy grace my soul from death redeems,
And sets my feet in safety's way ;
That from the world's unquiet dreams
I may awake, to drink the beams
Of light and life's eternal day.

LVII.

1. GREAT God, from Whom all mercy springs,
My hope hath rest in Thee alone :
In the glad shelter of Thy wings
I'll wait, till storms be overblown,
And my fell tyrant's fury gone.

2. My voice shall to His throne ascend,
And He, who hears to work my good,
3. His ministering help shall send,
And save me from the frantic mood
Of that fierce foe who seeks my blood.

His mercy and His truth are nigh,
They come with mighty succour stor'd,

4. Though as in lions' den I lie,
Midst fiery men, whose every word
Is keen as darting spear or sword.

5. O God, before Thy heav'nly throne
Let angel-hosts adoring bow ;
And be on earth Thy glory shewn,
Till to Thy name from men below
One mingled song of praise shall flow.

6. Their snares were in my footpath spread ;
My soul had sunk with fear dismay'd :
Yet little did their arts bestead ;
Lo ! in the grave which they had made
Themselves in death are lowly laid.
7. O God, my heart attun'd to song
All ill at rest its task delays ;
8. Awake, my glory ; let my tongue
With psaltery wake its hymn of praise
Before the dawning's earliest rays.
9. Thee will I sing, Eternal Lord,
Among the nations wide and far ;
10. Thy truth and love in sweet accord
Are brighter than heav'n's brightest star,
Above all height Thy mercies are.
11. Then Oh, before Thy heavenly throne
Let angel-hosts adoring bow ;
And let Thy truth on earth be shewn,
Till to Thy name from man below
One mingled song of praise shall flow.

LVIII.

1. SAY ye, whose tongues can speak so fair,
And laws of rightful truth declare,
Say, do ye act with equal faith,
Remembering mortal change and death ?
2. Nay, but the deeds in heart ye do,
Are all unrighteous and untrue ;
And where your hands by might prevail,
Force strikes the weights, and turns the scale.
3. These godless souls, since first to light
They came, have ever scorn'd the right ;
Estrang'd from truth, they lov'd to lie
E'en from the milk of infancy.
- 4,5. Their tongues with angry venom swell,
Like the deaf asp, that from its cell
No charmer's note can lure away,
How well soe'er he pipe and play.
6. Just God, behold their wrath, restrain
The madness of their fierce disdain :
Break their fell teeth, and tame the mood
Of the grim lion's savage brood.

7. Their flowing pride shall shrink as fast
As runnel-streams in summer's waste ;
And when their pow'rless bows they draw,
Their broken shafts shall fall like straw.

8. Their strength shall faint with toil foredone,
Like the dull snail in noontide sun ;
Like an untimely birth's decay,
That may not see the cheerful day.

9. Swifter than flame from wither'd briar,
That wraps the caldron's sides with fire,
The whirlwind-wrath of God shall come
To bear them, strong with life, to doom.

10. Then shall the just with joy behold
The hour of vengeance long foretold ;
And pass unharm'd the dangerous road,
Where late the sinner's life-blood flow'd.

11. And every son of man shall say,
God will the good man's deeds repay :
There is, there is a day to come,
When the just Judge the earth shall doom.

LIX.

1. LORD, shield me from my foes,
To Thy defence I flee :
O bid me stand upon the rock,
Where safety dwells with Thee.
2. O shield me from the wrong
Of tyrants fierce and proud ;
From men whose unrelenting wrath
Would slake its thirst in blood.
3. The mighty of the earth
Beset my steps around,
For no offence of mine, O God,—
In me no fault is found.
4. They run, they stand array'd,
Without offence of mine :
My God, arise, behold the cause ;
To guard the right is Thine.
5. Lord God, our fathers' hope,
Their alien hearts reprove ;
Nor let them know Thy mercy mild,
Who know not truth or love.

6. E'en now their day shall fade,
And wandering in defeat
Their souls shall pine, like dogs at eve,
That howl in every street.
7. Their angry threats burst out,
As fierce as flashing swords,
As tho' they deem'd no God was near
To judge their bitter words.
8. Yet, Lord, their words of pride,
By Thee in patience borne,
Are like the heathen's empty boasts,
Thy laughter and Thy scorn.
9. On Thee, my God, alone
I wait, and I shall be
In Thy strong refuge unremov'd,
In Thy deliverance free.
10. Thy favour, Lord, so great
Shall my glad soul surprise,
When victory's light long-sought shall dawn
To bless my fainting eyes.
11. Yet spare them, lest too soon
Their sin from memory die;
But let them live as exiles live,
And low in sorrow lie.

12. O God, our shield, whose truth
Their slanders have belied,
Let them in terror taste the pain,
The snare, of wrathful pride.
13. And let Thy wasting doom
Consume their strength away ;
So shall they know how Israel's God
The world's far ends obey.
14. E'en now their day is past,
And smarting from defeat
Their souls shall pine, like dogs at eve
That howl in every street.
15. In lonely terror lost,
With hunger wan and pale,
Still restless shall they roam for prey,
Till light and hope shall fail.
16. But I, ere yet at dawn
Day's eastern star shall spring,
Will praise Thy earlier mercy shewn,
And of Thy goodness sing :

For Thou hast scatter'd far
All troublous clouds away,
My Refuge and Protector still
In sorrow's evil day.

17. Thou art my spirit's strength,
To Thee my lips shall sing,
And hymn my succour found in God,
My Hope, and mercy's King.

LX.

1. LORD, Thou hast scatter'd us afar,
And broken all our strength for war ;
 O let Thy wrath to mercy turn :
2. Our land, beneath our troubles past,
Is rent, as with an earthquake's blast,
 Lord, heal the wounds for which we mourn.

3. Thy tribes in heaviness and gloom
Are trembling as in dread of doom,
 Amaz'd as with some deadly wine :
4. Yet Thou hast oft, Thine own to aid,
The banner of Thy love display'd,
 Thy faithful truth's victorious sign.

5. Let Thy right hand from heav'n above
Still guard the people of Thy love ;
 O save them for Thy mercy's name :—
6. Yea, Thou hast heard ; Thy answering voice
Hath made my inmost soul rejoice,
 As from Thy holiest place it came.

- For me the land each portion yields,
Shechem, and Succoth's tented fields,
7. Manasseh, Gilead, East and West ;
In Ephraim is my kingdom's might,
In Judah laws that guard the right
As in their seat of council rest.
8. The warlike sons of Moab now,
To lowest bondage forc'd to bow,
Bring water for their conqueror's feet ;
Fierce Edom fall'n must brook the scorn
To bear the task by foot-slaves borne ;
Philistia, learn thy lord to greet.
9. And who shall lead our host along
To gain that city fam'd for strong,
Or break the strength of Edom's tow'r ?
10. O who but Thou, who late so far
Didst scatter all our ranks of war,
Thou, Lord, alone our Head of pow'r ?
11. O help us still, when griefs oppress,
Be Thou our succour in distress ;
For vain the help that man bestows :
12. No danger shall our soul affright,
While God sustains and guards our right,
And lays in dust our fiercest foes.

LXI.

1. LORD, to my sad voice attending,
Grant my pray'r ;
2. See me lost in exile, bending
Low with care :
Bid me to my rock ascending
Find my wonted shelter there.
3. Thou hast been a Strength and Tower,
Lord, to me ;
Thou hast from the foe's fierce power
Set me free :
Still in danger's dreariest hour
I have cast my care on Thee.
4. Thou, in love my footsteps guiding,
Still wast near ;
In Thy dwelling's covert hiding
Safe from fear,
Underneath Thy wings abiding^x
I will wait Thy voice to hear.

^x "By the name of *wings* he means the power of God's providence. The friend of God, sheltering under them, never departs from the tabernacle of God, but dwells therein for ever." St. Athanasius.

5. Thou, my vows in mercy hearing,
 Help didst give ;
With Thy saints, in holy fearing
 Bad'st me live ;
Thou with them at Thy appearing
 Shalt my soul to rest receive.
6. To Thy King Thy glory giving
 Thou didst say,
He all mortal date outliving
 Shall bear sway ;
With the blest a crown receiving,
 He shall live and reign as they.
7. Lord, in love and truth before Thee
 Shield him well :
8. So each day where saints adore Thee,
 Where they tell,
How Thy Name of praise is worthy,
 Shall my voice their anthems swell.

LXII.

1. MY soul in silence waits on God :
 He is my Rock, my Strength alone ;
2. My saving health, my hope's abode,
 That ne'er by man shall be o'erthrown.
3. Trust not your pow'r for mighty wrong :
 Such force is but a tott'ring wall,
 A bulging bulwark, seeming strong,
 But hollow, trembling to its fall.
4. Ye fain would cast me down full low,
 Whom God hath rais'd to rule on high,
 False hearts, who bless in outward show,
 While in your hearts close curses lie.
5. My soul, be still, and wait on God ;
 He is my Rock, my Strength alone ;
6. My saving health, my hope's abode,
 That ne'er by man shall be o'erthrown.
7. He is my Glory, Strength, and Tower,
 Health of my life, and Refuge high :
8. Ye people, trust His saving pow'r,
 Seek His strong succour ever nigh.

Withhold not from His sight your grief,
Pour out your hearts before His throne;
He is our Refuge, our Relief,
Who can protect and heal alone.

9. Trust not in man, who cannot aid;
The mighty like the mean decays:
In trial of the balance laid
Their worth the emptiest breath outweighs.
10. Boast not the prize of guilty spoil;
The wealth that Rapine builds is vain:
If riches crown your peaceful toil,
Yet guard your heart's desires from gain.
11. Once spake, yea twice, th' Almighty Lord,
And by His awful voice made known,—
With tingling ears I caught the word,—
That pow'r and might are His alone.
12. And Thine, O Lord, is love with might:
And when the day and hour shall come,
Thou wilt each deed of man requite,
And equity shall guide the doom.

LXIII.

1. LORD, my faithful God, to Thee,
Ere the wakeful dawn's return,
2. Fain my eager soul would flee
From this land of drear sojourn :
From this realm of drought and fear,
Where no gladd'ning waters come ;
3. Yet I trace Thy glory here,
As within Thy holy home.

4. Life is sweet ; yet sweeter far
Than the joy of lengthen'd days,
Lord, Thy faithful mercies are :
Lo ! they fill my lips with praise.
- 5,6. Let me live to praise Thee still ;
Fed with love that cannot cloy,
I will feast, and take my fill,
Rapt in songs of thankful joy.

7. Still my thoughts have soar'd to Thee,
When I sought my lowly bed,
Soar'd, in meditation free,
While the night's dull watches sped :

- 8,9. For I knew my Help was nigh ;
Where Thy mercy's wing enfolds,
I will rest ; I cannot die,
While Thy strong right-hand upholds.
- 10,11. Foes, who seek to work me woe,
Soon to ruin's pit shall haste
Soon the sword shall lay them low,
Soon their homes shall foxes waste.
12. But the King in God shall boast :
Praise to subjects true shall be :
Dumbness seize the faithless host,
False alike to God and me.

LXIV.

1. LORD, hear Thy servant's pray'r ;
 My cries to Thee ascend :
From fear and danger of my foes
 Do Thou my life defend.

2. Whate'er their hate may do,
 From league of fraud conceal'd,
Or the blind rage of lawless might,
 Thy love my soul can shield.

3. What tho' their angry tongues
 Be keen as whetted swords :
And wing'd with death their arrows fly,
 Their wrath-embitter'd words.

4. What tho' in close disguise
 They aim amidst the gloom,
And wound the saints whom God approves,
 Uncheck'd by dread of doom :

5. Tho' strong in fence of guile
 They commune how to hide
Their hateful snares, and boast their art
 To triumph undescried :

6. Tho' stern and dark of mood
They lay their mines so deep,
Deep as the treacherous heart's abyss
Its guilty thoughts may keep ;
7. Yet God beholds from far ;
The bolt is on His bow,
Arm'd with the lightning-wings of wrath,
That thro' their souls shall go.
8. O'er-raught by subtle guile
In their triumphant wrong,
Fell Discord on themselves shall turn
Their own death-working tongue^y.
9. Then men shall fear and flee
The way these sinners trod,
By warier wisdom taught to trace
The secret hand of God.
10. And hope in faithful men
Shall spring for ever new,
And fill with joyful trust in God
Each faithful heart and true.

^y See Lord Clarendon's Contemplations on this Psalm, in his Essays, p. 532, 3.

LXV.

1. LORD, we wait, nor think it long,
 In Thy courts our voice to raise ;
Praise in silence, praise in song,
 Turns to Thee, whose name is Praise^z.
2. Thine the hymn, and Thine the vow,
 Which to Zion's hill we bear :
Soon earth's furthest tribes shall bow
 To the God that heareth pray'r.
3. Lord, forgive my past misdeeds,
 Let the load no more increase :
This my broken spirit needs ;
 Speak the word, and give it peace.
4. Blest, thrice blest, the man, whom Thou
 In Thy courts shalt choose to live :
There Thy mercies, as they flow,
 Peace, and health, and gladness give.
5. Just and righteous God, Thy dooms
 E'en in terror speak to save,
Hope of wide earth's furthest homes,
 And amidst the broad sea-wave.

^z Deut. x. 21.

6. Mountains, where the tempests beat,
At Thy will so proudly tow'r ;
Thou hast fix'd their stedfast seat,
Rob'd with majesty and pow'r.
 7. When vex'd Ocean's voice is loud,
When it roars with all its waves,
Thou canst still it, and the crowd,
That with noisier madness raves.
 8. Men from earth's extremest bound
Fear Thy signs, Thy pow'r they see :
Songs in all the sun's wide round
Rise at morn and eve to Thee.
 9. Where Thy steps on earth are seen,
Gladness comes to bless the soil ;
Fruitful slopes and valleys green
Cheer the sons of want and toil.
- Rains, the river-stores of God,
In their mist-clad fountains born,
Soften in the furrow'd clod,
Ere it grow, the kindly corn.
10. Yea, Thy blessing, Lord, is there ;
Where the timely rain-drops show'r,
Earth, in all her vales more fair,
Joys to feel Thy mercy's pow'r.

11. Thou art bounteous, Lord, for good ;
 Circling seasons wear Thy crown :
Thou art in the labouring cloud,
 When it drops with fatness down.

12. Where it drops, the pastures smile ;
 Lonely pastures, wild and wide,
Hills, that know no mortal toil,
 Wake to joy on every side.

13. There the flocks at large may stray,
 Where the slopes with herbage spring ;
While in dales in thick array
 Waving harvests laugh and sing.

LXVI.

1. EARTH, with all thy thousand voices
Praise in songs th' Eternal King :
2. Praise His Name, whose praise rejoices
Ears that hear, and tongues that sing.
3. "Mighty God, with dread surrounded,"
Thus your wondering song shall flow ;
"By Thy mighty pow'r confounded
Foes that feign with fear shall bow."
4. For from each far-peopled dwelling
Earth shall raise the glad acclaim ;
All shall kneel, Thy greatness telling,
Sing Thy praise and bless Thy Name.
5. Come, and hear the wondrous story,
How our mighty God of old
In the terrors of His glory
Back the flowing sea-streams roll'd :
6. Wall'd within the threat'ning waters,
Free we pass'd the fetter'd wave :
Then was joy to Israel's daughters,
Loud they sang His pow'r to save.

7. He, a pow'r eternal wielding,
Earth's wide nations sees and tries :
Rebel pride, to grace unyielding,
Falls, and ne'er may hope to rise.
8. Bless the Lord, who ever liveth,
Sound His praise thro' every land ;
9. Who our dying souls reviveth,
By Whose arm upheld we stand.
10. Thou, as silver in th' assaying,
Fiery trials bad'st us bear,
11. Snares around our footsteps laying,
Weak'ning our faint loins with care.
12. We have crouch'd to foes o'erriding,
We have toil'd thro' fire and flood ;
But to homes Thy love was guiding,
Where the soil, the rest, was good.
13. Now upon this cheerful morrow
I Thine altars will adorn,
14. And the gifts I vow'd in sorrow
Pay in joy's returning morn.
15. I will bring each choice oblation,
Fatlings fed by strand or stream,
Lambs from Sharon, calves from Bashan,
Rich as incense shall they steam.

16. Come, each faithful soul, who fearest
Him who holds th' eternal throne:
Hear, rejoicing while thou hearest,
What my God for me hath done.
17. When I made my supplication,
When my voice in pray'r was strong,
Straight I found His glad salvation,
And His mercy fill'd my tongue.
18. Had my heart's desire regarded
Thought of sin, or deed of blame,
Then had God's just wrath rewarded
My dissembling words with shame.
19. But His willing ear attended,
Still He hears the pray'rs I pray:
20. Praise be His, whose love befriended,
His, whose mercies ne'er decay.

LXVII.

1. LORD, since Thy love hath made us Thine,
From heav'n Thy mercy send ;
And let Thy light, which cheers us now,
Shine brightly to the end :
2. That so Thy way of righteous Truth
May thro' the world be known,
Thy saving health in every realm
Th' accordant nations own.
3. All praise be Thine, All-faithful God^a !
Beneath the sun's wide rays,
In every kindred, tribe, and tongue,
Be told Thy mercy's praise !
4. O fain will they rejoice, to whom
Thy saving health is known,
Secure that Thou, the righteous Judge,
Wilt rule them for Thine own.
5. Then praise be Thine, All-faithful God !
Beneath the sun's wide rays,
In every kindred, tribe, and tongue,
Be told Thy mercy's praise.

^a Aldhelm.

6. Then peace shall cheer our fruitful toil,
Our land with plenty flow ;
And God, our own true God, from heav'n
His blessing shall bestow.

7. Yea, God His blessing shall bestow ;
And when His truth they hear,
Earth's furthest tribes shall seek His grace,
Bow'd down with love and fear.

LXVII.

Second Version.

1. GOD of grace, O let Thy light
Bless our dim and blinded sight;
Like the dayspring on the night,
 Bid Thy grace to shine:
2. To the nations led astray
Thine eternal love display;
Let Thy truth direct their way,
 Till the world be Thine.
3. Praise to Thee, All-faithful Lord!
Let all tongues in glad accord
Learn the good thanksgiving word,
 Ever praising Thee:
4. Let them mov'd to gladness sing,
Owning Thee their Judge and King;
Righteous Truth shall bloom and spring,
 Where Thy rule shall be.
5. Praise to Thee, All-faithful Lord!
Let all tongues in glad accord
Speak the good thanksgiving word,
 Heart-rejoicing praise:

6. So the fruitful earth's increase,
Bounty of the God of peace,
Never in its course shall cease,
Thro' the length of days :

7. While His grace our life shall cheer,
Furthest lands shall own His fear,
Brought to Him in worship near,
Taught His mercy's ways.

LXVIII.

- 1,2. LET God, the God of hosts, arise,
And fast as thro' the morning skies
 The smoke on winds is borne abroad,
So let His scatter'd foes fly far,
And those, whom hatred arms to war,
 Perish before their angry God :
As wax before the scorching fire,
So let their ill-spued vaunts expire.
3. But let the just before their King
Their ceaseless songs of gladness sing,
 Exulting, while His name they bless ;
4. With songs their great Deliverer praise,
Who rode in triumph thro' the ways
 Of Elim's barren wilderness :
Extol Him, and with joy proclaim
The mighty God's mysterious Name :
5. The Father of the fatherless,
Who doth the widow's wrongs redress,
 The Dweller on the holy throne ;
6. Whose pity leads the wretch to dwell
In home of peace, the prisoner's cell
 Unbars, and stills the captive's moan :
Only the rebels' pride must toil
With portion scant in cheerless soil.

7. Lord, when Thy presence led our host,
As thro' the barren wild we cross'd,
8. The trembling earth its Maker knew,
The heavens all dark'ning overhead
In drops their watery fulness shed,
And Sinai, melting at the view,
Bow'd down, with wondering terror aw'd,
Before the face of Israel's God.

9. Then on Thy chosen heritage,
Their toil and hunger to assuage,
Thy gifts descended like the rain ;
The freshness of that strengthening show'r
Endued the weary souls with pow'r
And nerv'd them for their task again :
10. In desert wild Thy pilgrims poor
Dwelt as in homes of rest secure.

11. The Lord of hosts gave forth the word,
And Israel's maids the tidings heard ;
With timbrels in the dance they sung,
12. How kings, with mighty armies, fled,
In all their might discomfited ;
And how their princely spoils were flung
On the low earth, a captive prey
For feeble hands to bear away.

13. Ye, who amidst the kilns had lain,
And wrought the tyrant's task with pain,
 Bedimm'd with toil, with bondage worn,
Then saw fair Peace her wings unfold,
Her silvery wings bedropt with gold,
 Fair as the dove in rays of morn,
14. Fair as the snow on Salmon's height,
When God had turn'd those kings to flight.
15. The hill, where God hath set His love,
Is high all other hills above ;
 Not pleasant Bashan's heights excel :
16. What envy moves the mountains near ?
In vain their rival fronts they rear ;
 'Tis here our God delights to dwell.
Bow your tall crests, and vail your pride :
Here ever shall our God abide.
17. Here watch around, or soar on wing,
The legions of our heavenly King,
 More strong than battle-chariots far,
The countless seraphs, glittering bright ;
And with them comes in peerless might
 The God of glory and of war ;
As when reveal'd in lightning-flame
To Sinai's holy mount He came.

18. Thou art on high ascended, Thou
Hast led our captors captive now,
 Thou hast on man Thy gifts bestow'd:
E'en hearts, that once in rebel pride
Thy yoke of love had cast aside,
 Are now Thy Spirit's blest abode.
19. Praise we in songs, as praise we may,
That weight of blessings day by day.
20. He is our God, Salvation's Lord,
And life and death on His award,
 As servants of His will, attend:
21. Only the foes that will not bow
Shall sink in hideous ruin low,
 Whose sins hold onward to the end:
Dash'd down to earth their strength shall yield,
Like batter'd ranks in battle-field.
22. The Lord hath spoken: Yet once more
I will My ransom'd flock restore,
 As when from Bashan's hills they came,
As when they pass'd the deep sea's flood;
23. Their feet shall tread in tyrants' blood,
 Shed in a death of fear and shame:
And where the corpses press the ground,
The dogs shall lap the flowing wound.

24. Behold the solemn train of God,
How in the place of His abode
His saints their order'd service keep ;
25. The singers first, whose warbled voice
Answers the minstrels' stringed noise
With measured pause, or cadence deep ;
And Israel's maids their choirs among
Beat timbrels to th' accordant song.
26. O bless the Lord, adore with dread,
Whoe'er from Israel's fountain-head,
Your life's ancestral source, are born :
27. Lo! rulers of our state begin
To rise from youngest Benjamin,
Our council Judah's chiefs adorn ;
Princes and noble peers draw nigh
From Zebulun and Naphtali.
28. Lord, in our cause Thine hosts have fought ;
O strengthen what Thine arm hath wrought,
29. For Salem and Thy temple' sake ;
So far and wide each Gentile king
Shall to Thy courts his offering bring ;
30. And Thy rebuke their threats shall break,
And scatter each fierce tribe afar,
That love the madd'ning joy of war.

- Yea, the swart tribes so fierce erewhile,
 The dwellers by the reeds of Nile,
 To Thee shall tribute-silver pay;
 And those, who wild as mountain-bull,
 Or steer from richest pasture full,
 Have scorn'd all law, shall Thee obey :
31. Dark Egypt's chiefs Thou shalt command,
 And Cushites stretch the suppliant hand.
32. Sing then to God, each tribe and tongue,
 In every land His praise be sung,
 O praise the everlasting Lord :
33. O tell of Him, whose way unknown
 In highest heav'n tho' ages gone
 No thought can reach, or speech record :
 At the dread voice that speaks His will
 Let all the list'ning world be still.
34. Ascribe in songs to God alone
 The praise of Israel's conquests won,
 To Him whom clouds and storms obey :
35. O God, in wonder and in fear
 We tread the courts where Thou art near,
 And see Thy signs Thy pow'r display :
 Thy strength and pow'r on Israel rest :
 O be Thy Name for ever bless'd !

LXIX.

1. SAVE me, O God : to Thee I cry,
Who canst this flood of woe control :
Lo ! where the waters deep and high,
Near and more near their surges roll,
And haste to whelm my struggling soul.

2. Low in the mire I sink dismay'd,
My plunging feet no hold have found :
The horrid depths my life invade,
I hear the welt'ring billows round,
And death appals in sight and sound.

3. With weary heart I make my plaint,
O'erborne with sorrow's heaviest load ;
My throat is parch'd, my sight is faint,
While long beneath th' afflicting rod
I wait for my returning God.

4. The foes, whose malice dooms me dead,
In pow'r to harm are wond'rous strong :
More than the hairs upon my head
Are they, who, unprovok'd by wrong,
In league against the guiltless throng.

5. The spoil I ne'er had reft away,
I yielded to their threat'ning pride ;
So humbled in reproach I lay :
But, Lord, by Thee is all descried ;
My fault my folly cannot hide.

6. O let not them that wait on Thee,
Thou God, whom heav'n's bright armies dread,
Be brought to grief and shame for me ;
Do Thou uplift their drooping head,
Whose arm the tribes of Israel led.

7. For Thee in this deep shame I bow,
For Thee my face is sad with gloom ;
8. Each brother's eye avoids me now,
Cast off to bear an alien's doom
From children of one mother's womb.

9. My zeal for Thy lov'd house and Thee
Hath all my spirit's strength outworn ;
And they have pour'd their scorn on me,
Who on Thy Name have pour'd their scorn :
It is the meed my truth hath borne.

10. I wept, with fastings tam'd my soul ;
My penance to reproach they turn'd :
11. As one whose joy is chang'd to dole,
In sackcloth, garb of pain, I mourn'd ;
That silent grief with jests they spurn'd.

12. In seats of judgment at the gate
Grave elders meet my truth to wrong :
And where the drunkard meets his mate,
And madd'ning mirth lets loose the tongue,
My name is in their drunken song.
13. But Lord, I make my pray'r to Thee,
To Thee in this accepted hour ;
Let me Thy plenteous goodness see,
Thou Rock of Truth, Salvation's Tower
To all who trust Thy mercy's power.
14. O save me, as in sheltering ark,
From hateful men of cruel pride,
From storm of waters deep and dark^b,
15. From mire unsafe, and whirling tide,
That in its grave my life would hide.
16. Hear, Lord ; for when Thy mercy hears,
Men's drooping hearts with comfort glow ;
17. Scorn not Thy servant's humble tears,
But Thy transcendent goodness shew,
Thy look that scatters mortal woe.
18. Haste and redeem my captive life,
Ere yet by foes the prey is borne :
19. Thou know'st my suffering spirit's strife,
And how their words my soul have torn
With piercing gibe and haughty scorn.

^b Aldhelm, and Early English.

20. My inmost heart is rent in twain,
Pierc'd through with sorrow's deepest wound;
I look'd for pity's glance, in vain;
For comforters, but none I found,
No friend in all who hemm'd me round.
21. They heard my voice in torture call,—
Strange hands did strange relief prepare;
For food they gave me bitter gall,
And mock'd my parched lips' despair
With cheerless draught of vinegar.
22. O be their table never more
For them a board of peace or joy;
In their glad fare that pleas'd before
Let lurking sadness still annoy;
Their wealth itself their mirth destroy.
23. Quench'd be their eyes in endless night,
Let their bow'd backs with terror cower;
24. Expected vengeance still affright
Their troubled souls from hour to hour,
And Thy stern wrath their strength o'erpow'r.
25. O be their dwelling desolate,
Nor home be there by wand'rer found;
26. For in their unrelenting hate
They press Thy wounded saints to wound,
And with their vexing words confound.

27. Yea, let them fall in sin and shame,
Nor Thy sweet mercy's comfort see ;
28. Nor in Thy book of life their name
Be written, as the just shall be,
Ordain'd to reign in bliss with Thee.
29. But as for me, by misery worn,
Yet shall I find Thy succour nigh ;
Thy strength shall raise me when I mourn,
30. And themes of thankful songs supply,
Songs of Thy pow'r so great and high.
31. Those songs Thy service more adorn,
Than bulls prepar'd for sacrifice,
Pride of the herd with hoofs and horn ;
32. Ye meek ones, hear, and lift your eyes,
Heirs of a life that never dies.
33. Seek, seek your God, who hears the poor,
Who marks His saints with bondage tried ;
34. That mighty Lord let heav'n adore,
And earth, and waters rolling wide,
And all that moves in Ocean's tide.
35. For God will guard His holy hill,
And Judah's cities rear again ;
Our streets shall peaceful dwellers fill :
His saints who love Him there shall reign,
And see their seed in joy remain.

LXX.

1. LORD, haste to shield me in distress,
Uplift me with Thy succouring arm!
Let them with shame Thy pow'r confess,
Who doom my soul to endless harm.
2. O turn them, Lord, to hasty flight,
That watch my ill with longing eye;
3. With shame reward their fell despite,
Who shout with joy when low I lie.
4. But let Thy gladness from above
Beam on the saints who seek Thy ways;
Let them, who Thy salvation love,
Still hymn to Thee their thankful praise.
5. With anguish tho' my spirit bow,
Yet God on me hath care bestow'd;
My Helper and Deliverer Thou,
Make no long tarrying, O my God.

LXXI.

1. IN Thee, O Lord, I trust ;
 Defend my truth from shame ;
2. Redeem me, grant my spirit rest,
 For Thy most righteous Name.

- Incline Thy gracious ear,
 And speedy succour send ;
3. Be Thou my Rock and Strong Abode,
 To shelter and defend.

- Thy promise Thou hast pledg'd ;
 Thou art my Rock and Tower :
4. O let me dwell secure with Thee
 From tyrants' cruel power.

5. For Thou hast been my Hope
 From youth to manhood's prime,
6. And when a helpless babe I lay,
 Unheeding life or time.

E'en from my mother's womb
 Thy mercy set me free ;
Thy arm upholds me ; gracious God,
 My praise waits still on Thee.

7. Amazement at my griefs
Has seiz'd the careless throng ;
But Thou art still unchang'd, with Thee
I know my Refuge strong.
8. O let my full heart speak
Thy glorious power to save
In songs at dawn, till day shall set
Beneath the western wave.
9. O cast not off Thy care
In life's uncheerful days,
Forsake me not in weary age,
When man's brief strength decays.
10. For why ? my busy foes
Are watching for my fall :
One hateful spirit guides their speech,
One counsel sways them all :
11. "Abandon'd by his God,"
They say, "behold him lie :
Come, let us make his life our spoil,
While none to help is nigh."
12. My God, be near me now ;
O shield me with Thine arm :
13. Let shame and ruin seize the foes,
Who seek my mortal harm.

14. Hope still shall stay my soul,
My songs unspent shall tell
15. Thy truth, Whose deeds of mercy done
All number's pow'r excel.
16. Thy strength, Eternal Name,
Shall guard and guide me on :
Where'er I go, my praise shall tell
Thy righteous truth alone.
17. My soul was taught by Thee
In childhood's wondering hour :
I keep the lesson yet, and live
To speak Thy endless pow'r.
18. And hear me, O my God,
O hear me, when I pray,
That ne'er my unregarded age
May feel Thy love's decay ;
- But with my hoary hairs
Give grace to praise Thee more,
Till children's children learn the song,
And Thy dread pow'r adore.
19. Thy righteous truth, O Lord,
As heav'n, Thy throne, is high :
With Thy Almighty wonders done
What mortal strength may vie ?

20. The woes Thou bad'st me bear,
 The dying spirit's pain,
Were harbingers of life restor'd
 From earth's dark caves again :
21. Yea, Thou shalt bid me live
 As souls that dwell in joy,
With honours from Thy hand, and peace
 That time shall ne'er destroy.
22. With psaltery and with harp
 Thy truth my voice shall sing,
And hymn the holy power of God,
 The might of Israel's King.
23. Glad mercy shall unlock
 My lips with praise to flow ;
And my free soul shall feel more joy
 Than ransom'd captives know.
24. My tongue shall tell Thy truth
 From morn to setting day ;
For shame, o'erwhelming shame, is theirs,
 Who seek my hope's decay.

LXXII.

1. God, to whom all hearts are known,
 To the King Thy judgments give ;
Arm with grace th' anointed Son
 In Thy truth to reign and live.
2. Then with godlike righteousness
 He shall give Thy people laws,
Right defend, and wrong redress,
 Guard the needy suff'rer's cause.
3. Thro' the mountain-holds of war,
 Lawless discord then shall cease :
Hills their quiet fronts shall rear,
 Beacons of the reign of peace.
4. He shall save the sons of woe,
 Shield the simple souls from wrong,
Lay th' oppressor's fury low,
 Tho' his arm of pride be strong.
5. Men shall fear Thee, while the sun,
 And the moon with dewy ray,
To long ages, as they run,
 Bring returning night and day.

6. Welcome shall His coming be,
 Welcome, as the summer-show'r,
Dropping where the new-shorn lea
 Droops beneath the noontide's pow'r.

7. Righteous Truth shall flourish then,
 While He holds His stedfast reign :
Plenteous Peace shall dwell with men,
 Long as moons shall wax and wane.

8. Ocean's shores shall all be won,
 Furthest lands His realm shall be,
Where the ancient rivers run
 From their fountains to the sea.

9. Tribes that dwell in desert wild
 Bending low their Lord shall greet :
Foes by mercy reconcil'd
 Kiss the dust beneath His feet.

10. Kings from Tarsis' golden shore,
 Island-kings, their gifts shall bring ;
Sheba's spice, Arabia's ore,
 Borne by kings shall grace our King.

11. Yea, to Him all kings shall bow
 At His high and solemn throne ;
All earth's tribes their Lord shall know,
 All His rightful service own.

- 12,13. He shall save the sons of want,
Hear the helpless sufferers' pray'r ;
With the grace His love shall grant
Turn to joy their hearts' despair.
14. He shall scatter fraud and wrong,
Simple souls shall guard with right ;
Keep their lives with safeguard strong,
Dear in their Deliverer's sight.
15. Living Lord! to Him be paid
Blest Arabia's sands of gold :
Pray'r to speed His reign be made !
Daily be His glories told !
16. High upon the mountain-brow,
Where the scantiest crops had grown,
Waving fields shall spring and blow
Thick as trees on Lebanon :
- And the cities, rich with peace,
Shall with peopled streets abound,
Joyous, as in Spring's increase
Flow'ring grass that clothes the ground.
17. He shall reign from East to West,
With the sun the world possess :
Tribes and tongues, whom He hath bless'd,
Him with answering praise shall bless.

18. Ever blest be Israel's Lord,
 Who alone hath wonders done!
Be His glorious Name ador'd,
 While unnumber'd ages run!

19. Blest for ever be our God!
 Be His glory shewn to men
Wide as earth is spread abroad!
 Speed the pray'r, Amen, Amen!

LXXIII.

1. THY goodness, Lord, to Israel's sons
For ever honour'd be ;
Thy goodness to the souls that trust
With pure intent in Thee !
2. Yet while the faith was faint and frail,
That should have been my guide,
Like men that walk in slipp'ry paths,
My feet began to slide^c.
3. For why ? I grudg'd to see the proud
Their prosp'rous state prolong,
4. Unharm'd by binding pains of death,
In life's firm fulness strong.
5. The troubles of our mortal state
Have pass'd them harmless by ;
The plagues that light on other men
To them approach not nigh.
6. For this their dazzling chains of pride
Around their necks they bear :
The mien of haughty violence
Is in the garb they wear.

^c From the Paraphrase of Lord Surrey.

7. Their full eyes swoln with wild excess
All modest truth outbrave :
Uncheck'd their thoughts rush out, whate'er
Their tyrant lusts may crave.
8. They vaunt their base corruptions loud
With gestures bold and high,
And threat, as tho' the thunder spoke
Beneath the troubled sky.
9. Against the highest throne of heav'n
Defiance they have hurl'd ;
And with their fierce imperious tongue
Usurp this nether world.
10. And thus are simple souls beguil'd,
In fraudulent arts untried,
And drink with all their eager thirst
The flowing draughts of pride :
11. Till, passing on to bolder guilt,
God's care their lips deny ;
How should our acts engage His thoughts,
Whose home is far on high ?
12. Such is the prosperous state of men,
Sworn foes to truth and peace ;
Their course they hold in ease secure,
Their guilty stores increase.

13. Then said I, Vain is all my care,
That would my heart sustain
In strength of pure desires, and wash
My hands from sinful stain :
14. Still am I scourg'd, without offence,
With daily griefs out-worn ;
And chastisements unceasing come
With each return of morn.
15. But then I school'd my soul's unrest :
If such my thought should be,
My hasty murmurings, O my God,
Had wrong'd Thy saints and Thee.
16. Thus, Lord, my harass'd soul was toss'd
In musings to and fro ;
No wit of mine could pierce so far
Thy secret dooms to know^d :
17. Till to Thy holy place I came ;
Thy Spirit then my Guide
Unveil'd Thy awful judgments' depths,
And taught the end of pride :
18. How all the guilty' wealth they rear
Is like the dangerous wall,
That on the shelving precipice
Stands trembling to its fall :

^d Surrey.

19. And when Thy voice the sentence gives,
 Before a moment's thought
The terror comes, and they are left
 Among the things of nought.
20. As when some fond deluding dream
 Has with the senses play'd,
So from the peopled haunts of men
 Their shadowy glories fade.
21. So did I with consuming thoughts
 My goaded spirit load,
22. Like the dumb beast to reason lost,
 In presence of my God.
23. Yet still I held on Thee, and Thou
 Wast near, my Hope and Stay,
Thy right hand strength'ning still my steps
 In life's entangled way.
24. Yea, Thou with wisdom's light serene
 Wilt ever guide me on,
And, all my trials past, wilt greet
 Before Thy glory-throne.
25. For whom have I in heav'n, but Thee,
 On whom my hope may rest ?
What help on earth to seek, if once
 With Thy protection blest ?

26. My trembling flesh and aching heart
Their weakness still deplore :
But Thou, Lord, art my weak heart's strength,
My portion evermore.
27. The proud and vain, who stray from Thee,
Shall soon in death descend ;
Divided in their spirit's love,
Deep ruin waits their end :
28. Whilst, taught by Thee my own true good,
I seek Thy holy place,
And my full heart shall speak in songs
The wonders of Thy grace.

LXXIV.

1. AND are we, Lord, cast off to die,
 Whom once Thy pitying Spirit led?
 To pine, as flocks in desert dry,
 Who in Thy bounteous pastures fed?

Shall Thy fierce wrath for ever burn?

2. Shall they, whom once Thine arm set free,
 Again in iron bondage mourn,
 In anguish, unredeem'd by Thee?

Remember, when of yore Thy hand
 Put on its strength our tribes to save,
 Thy love to Jacob gave this land,
 Thine own great Name to Zion gave.

3. Haste, haste Thy steps, ere all be laid
 In ruin'd heaps to rise no more:
 Thy house Thy foes their spoil have made,
 4. And there like famish'd lions roar.

There o'er Thy temple-courts they rear
 For signs their conquering standards high:

5. And reckless, as in forest drear,
 Their craft the busy woodmen ply,

6. So break they down with axe and mace
The carved cedar wrought so fair :
7. Strange fire defiles the holy place,
And heaps the walls in ruin bare.

8. "Let all be waste," the spoilers cry ;
Fierce are the hearts that prompt the words :
Through all our land in ashes lie
The houses that were once the Lord's.

9. The signs, which told that God was near,
The prophets' visions, all are past ;
No knowledge guides the heaven-taught seer
To warn how long these woes shall last.

10. Just God, how long shall foes to peace
Oppress our suffering souls with shame ?
When shall their proud revilings cease,
Their taunts that wound Thy sacred Name ?

11. Why, as within his vestment's fold
His arm a resting warrior lays,
Dost Thou Thine arm's defence withhold,
While all around the spoiler preys ?

12. For Thou art King : we felt of yore
Thy saving strength amidst our land ;
13. And where the seas with sudden roar
Were parted by Thy mighty hand ;

- Where men, like dragons fierce of mood,
 Struck down amidst the waters died,
 Those crested heads of serpent's brood,
 Who Thine almighty wrath defied.
14. Leviathan, his pride defac'd,
 Lay stranded with the nameless dead;
 The hungry tribes that roam the waste
 Upon those batter'd corpses fed.
15. Thy grace unbarr'd the fountain-head,
 And floods unseen by mortal eye:
 When Thy dread voice the mandate gave,
 The rain-swoln river's bed was dry^e.
16. The day is Thine, the night is Thine;
 The light, the sun, Thy voice obey:
17. Thy bounds the sea-girt earth confine,
 The winter-night, and summer's day.
18. Just God, the Judge of all below,
 Regard the scorner's hateful tongue,
 Regard the vain and impious foe,
 Bold in rash words Thy truth to wrong.
19. Thy turtle-dove, that knew Thy voice,
 Taught near Thy hallow'd home to stay,
 O save her life amidst the noise
 Of ruthless fowlers arm'd to slay.

^e Jos. iii. 15.

20. Forget not, Lord, the poor too long ;
Thy plighted truth, O guard it well ;
For earth's abodes are dark with wrong,
Where cruel men and tyrants dwell.
21. Let not th' oppress'd return with shame,
Let souls enthrall'd Thy mercy know :
22. Maintain Thine Own eternal Name,
And still the mad blaspheming foe.
23. Forget not, Lord, their cries of rage,
Their thoughts of pride to fear unknown :
The tumult of the fools, that wage
Wild war against th' Eternal Throne.

LXXV.†

1. BEFORE Thy presence, Lord, we come,
For Thee our praise prepare ;
The near defence of Thy great Name
Thy mighty works declare.
2. I wait th' appointed time from Thee,
It shall not linger long,
When I shall judge the righteous cause,
And shield the meek from wrong.
3. Earth melts away, earth's dwellers faint,
Their strength is all o'erthrown ;
Earth's solid pillars trembling stand,
Upheld by me alone.
4. I spake unto the mad ones, Check
The madness of your scorn ;
And to the proud ones, Bend your pride,
That rears its angry horn ;
5. Bow down that sullen pride, that rears
Its haughty crest so high ;
Restrain that neck untam'd, so prompt
To question and reply.

† This Psalm is probably, like the next following, of the time of Hezekiah, and he speaks in it, but with words to be understood prophetically, of One greater than himself.

6. For not from Eastern climes, or isles
 Beyond the Western tide,
Or where the Southern sun-beams fall
 On moorlands waste and wide,
7. Comes height of pow'r and mast'ring sway :
 Just God is Judge alone ;
His doom appoints the captive's cell,
 Or builds the conqueror's throne.
8. A cup is in the hand of God ;
 Red glows the wine within :
His doom for sinners' lips prepares
 The penal draught of sin.

The madness of their triumph past,
 The grief and fear remain :
With trembling heart condemn'd they drink
 The palling dregs of pain.

9. But I, while time's long years shall flow,
 Will tell His truth abroad,
And with unwearied lips declare
 The praise of Jacob's God.
10. And I will break the horn of pride,
 That would all law defy :
The horn of righteous pow'r alone
 Shall rise and rule on high.

LXXVI.^h

1. JUDAH, the God whom thy fathers ador'd,
He is the Conqueror, He is the Lord.
2. Great is His glory, all glory excelling,
Declare it in Salem, the home of His rest,
Declare it in Zion, the mount of His dwelling,
The fort that His love hath with victory
blest.
Judah, the God whom thy fathers ador'd,
He is the Conqueror, He is the Lord.
3. Where are the spoilers? O where is their
pride?
Theirs, who the might of His glory defied?
Far o'er the field their dead corpses are lying,
All scatter'd their arrows, and broken their
bow;
Where sword and bright buckler were grasp'd
by the dying,
The voice of the night-wind breathes lonely
and low.
God of our fathers, our Refuge alone,
Thine is the praise of the victory won.

^h A Psalm of Thanksgiving on the overthrow of Sennacherib.

4. Lord, in the day of Thy glory and power,
How vain is the strength of the robbers'
hill-tow'r!
5. Where the stout-hearted? the host without
number?
The hands never weary in grasping the prey?
All spoil'd of their spoils, Death has lull'd
them in slumber,
No more to awake at the dawning of day.
6. Lord, at Thy chiding their vaunts were dis-
may'd,
And rider and steed in Death's slumber are
laid.

7. God of our fathers, we praise Thee in fear :
O who in Thy wrath shall before Thee
appear ?
8. Where the fierce heathen Thine anger was
scorning,
On high the dread voice of Thy judgment
was heard ;
Earth trembling in silence lay hush'd at the
warning,
9. Joy mov'd the meek hearts that had watch'd
for Thy word.
10. Lord, to Thy glory man's fierceness shall
turn,
Like spoils of the vanquish'd by conquerors
worn.

11. Ye, who to God in His dwelling draw near,
O pay your glad vows, when our tidings ye
hear.
12. Lo! how the threats of proud princes re-
straining,
As vine-dressers tame the wild growth of
the vine,
His arm is exalted in majesty reigning,
And kings to His might all their glories
resign.
Bring your glad presents, for judgment is
near,
And worship the God Who is worthy your
fear.

LXXVII.

1. MY voice to God with earnest cries
 Shall tell the grief I bear ;
My voice shall rise before His throne,
 And He shall hear my pray'r.

2. In anguish I have sought the Lord ;
 My hands all weak with woe
All night in ceaseless pray'r I raise ;
 My soul no rest can know.

3. I think of God ; but pain o'erwhelms
 The thoughts that heav'nward rise ;
My spirit only speaks in moans,
 My hope within me dies.

4. A terror of Thy chast'ning wrath
 Withholds mine eyes from sleep ;
And sorrows, passing pow'r of words,
 My lips in silence keep.

5. I ponder on the days long past,
 Which stor'd in memory dwell,
Those ancient years, whose records old
 Our sires to children tell.

6. I call to mind, how once in joy
By night I pour'd my song:
I commune with my heart, and search
The thoughts that in me throng.
7. Will God for ever cast away
The souls He once held dear?
No more with His returning love
Our sad entreaties hear?
8. What! is His mercy number'd now
With things for ever past?
And shall His faithful promise fail,
Whose days the world outlast?
9. Hath He, the God of endless grace,
Left off His grace to shew?
Or in His anger seal'd the fount
From whence all mercies flow?
10. My soul makes answer, This my doubt
From mortal weakness springs:
Time cannot change th' Eternal's years,
Th' unchanging King of kings.
11. His wond'rous acts and works of old
Shall in my memory dwell:
12. On them my heart shall meditate,
Their praise my tongue shall tell.

13. In all Thy counsels, God of truth,
Thy holy tokens shine :
O where shall man a helper find,
Whose arm is like to Thine ?

14. Thou didst of old Thy glorious might
To heathen tribes make known ;
15. The seed of Jacob, Joseph's sons,
Safe guarding for Thine own.

16. The waters saw and knew their God ;
In haste they fled afraid ;
The weltering floods in Ocean's bed
Their floor all naked laid.

17. The clouds rush'd down in echoing show'rs ;
A deep and solemn sound
Was heard, while thro' the welkin fell
Thy gleaming arrows round.

18. Thy voice in eddying thunders roll'd,
The lightnings far and near
Lit up the wide earth's breast, and shook
The solid world with fear.

19. Thy way is in th' unfathom'd sea ;
Their Maker's steps alone
Can walk th' abyss of mighty waves,
To mortal gaze unknown.

20. There didst Thou guide Thy chosen flock
To cross th' untrodden sand,
By Moses and by Aaron led
Beneath their Shepherd's hand.

LXXVIII.¹

1. HEAR, O my people ; to my words
 In list'ning silence bend :
Let doctrine, like a law of life,
 Into your hearts descend.
2. Deep wisdom veil'd in parables
 My tongue shall now unfold ;
And pour, as from a welling fount,
 Dark riddles heard of old.
3. The stories of an age long-past,
 Which we have heard and known,
The witness our old fathers gave
 Of God's deliverance shown.
4. We will not hide the mighty truth,
 But tell, from sire to son,
The praises of the Lord our Strength,
 The wonders He hath done.
5. Our God hath will'd, that of His works
 The record should abide,
And bade our fathers by that lore
 Their children's steps to guide :

¹ A Psalm of the age of David, and composed, as the title implies, by the famous Asaph, not, as some which have the name prefixed, by a later Psalmist.—*Hengstenberg*.

6. That so their heirs in time to come
Like wisdom might adorn ;
And they too hand the doctrine down
To offspring yet unborn.
7. That they in God might fix their hope,
Obey whate'er He bade,
Nor let His wondrous works o'erpass
From their remembrance fade :
8. Nor be as their forefathers were,
Of faithless stubborn mood,
Of hearts unready, unresolv'd,
Unstedfast to their God.
9. Like Ephraim's sons, who, arm'd for war,
And train'd to bend the bow,
In day of battle turn'd their back,
And fled the coming foe.
10. They brake their holy league with God,
Rejected His command ;
11. Forgat His wondrous signs, and deeds
Of His almighty hand :
12. What marvels in their fathers' sight
His arm, in pow'r reveal'd,
Had wrought in Egypt's hateful land,
And Zoan's palmy field.

13. He cleft the sea, and bade the waves
 Before their feet retire ;
14. Led them by day with pillar'd cloud,
 By night with light of fire :

15. Riv'd the hard rocks amidst the waste,
 And from their stony urn
16. Gave rills to cool His people's thirst,
 As from a flowing bourn.

17. Yet heap'd they sins on sins, ere yet
 Those desert sands were past,
Provoking His majestic might,
 Who led them thro' the waste.

18. They sought for flesh to glut their lust,
 And, lost to holy dread,
19. " Shall God," they said, " in hungry wilds
 The plenteous table spread ?

20. "'Tis true, He smote the rock, and streams
 Gush'd down its flinty side :
But can He give His people bread,
 Or flesh for food provide ?"

21. God heard it, and on Jacob's sons
 His fury glow'd like flame ;
And fierce on Israel's faithless tribes
 His wrath in terror came :

22. Because, untaught by mercies shown,
Their fearful hearts misgave,
Nor trusted His all-ruling strength
To succour still and save.
23. He bade the welkin from above
Unbar its secret doors,
And rolling clouds from heav'n to earth
Rain down their living stores.
24. The manna dropp'd like dew, and brought
To men the bread of heav'n :
25. Food from the realm where angels dwell
To feed their want was giv'n.
26. Forth at His call the east-wind blew,
The south-wind felt His pow'r ;
27. Flesh rain'd like dust, and fowls on wing
Fell round like sandy show'r.
28. Within their camp, about their tent
The plenteous fare was strown ;
29. They ate to full contentment fed,
Their heart's desire was won.
- 30,31. But while they fed, God's speedy wrath
Chastis'd those souls untrue,
Struck down the pride of Israel's youth,
Their doughtiest champions slew.

32. Yet still they sinn'd, unwarn'd by ill,
Nor gave His works belief:
33. Till God in helpless toil consum'd
Their days, their years in grief.
34. Then, when He slew them, they return'd,
And rais'd to Him their cry,
35. Remember'd their Salvation's Rock,
Their Helper, God most high.
36. But 'twas lip-flattery all; their heart
Their faithless tongue belied:
37. Unstable, in His holy truth
Unpractis'd to abide.
38. Oft full of mercy, He forgave
Their sins, and did not slay;
39. Oft pass'd His anger by, and bade
His rising fury stay.
40. His love bethought, how frail their flesh,
Their breath of life, how vain,
Like passing wind, that flits away,
And ne'er returns again.
41. Amidst the howling wilderness
In many an evil hour
They turn'd to tempt the living God,
The Might of Israel's pow'r:

42. Forgetful how His glorious hand
Had been their strength and shield,
43. With wonders wrought in Egypt's land,
And Zoan's palmy field :
44. How He had made His terrors known
In Nile's deep-rolling flood,
And turn'd those waters sweet to taste
To rankest streams of blood.
45. Devouring flies He sent in swarms,
And frogs to plague their soil ;
46. The harmful worm and locust ate
The increase of their toil.
47. Storms broke their vines, sharp frosts destroy'd
The shady sycamore ;
48. Hail smote their herds, their flocks in field
His fiery thunders tore.
49. He bade the fierceness of His wrath
Uncheck'd its course to keep ;
And sent to vex their troubled souls
Dark angels from the deep.
50. He gave the reins to anger's force,
Nor spar'd their souls from death :
But closed them in, a prey, to breathe
The red Plague's wasting breath.

51. And smote wide Egypt's eldest-born ;
Struck down at dead of night
Cold in the tents of Mizraim lay
The hope of all their might.
52. But with the morn His own, like sheep,
He led from their distress ;
His flock with Him their Shepherd cross'd
The pathless wilderness.
53. Safely He led them on their way
From fear and danger free ;
And whelm'd the foes that sought their harm
Beneath the surging sea.
54. He brought them to His holy bound,
His sacred mount and throne,
The ground which His victorious hand
Had purchas'd for His own.
55. His pow'r the heathen dispossess'd ;
The homes that once were theirs,
Their tents and lands, by lot assign'd
To rest with Israel's heirs.
56. Yet tempted they their Mightiest God,
Thought scorn His truth to know ;
57. Chang'd from their bent, as chang'd their sires,
False as a warping bow.

58. Their altars on the mountains rear'd,
Fed with unhallow'd fire,
Their idol-gods of wood and stone,
Provok'd His jealous ire.
- 59,60. He heard their idol-vows ; His truth,
With deep abhorrence mov'd,
Abandon'd to profaning war
The tents He once had lov'd.
61. From Shilo's hill He doom'd His Ark
A captive spoil should go,
62. His sacred strength to heathen hands,
His glory to the foe.
63. He laid His people low in death
Beneath the conqueror's sword,
And on His chosen heritage
His wrathful vengeance pour'd.
64. Fire took their youth ; no songs were heard
In maiden's wedding-train :
65. Their priests had fall'n ; nor widows mourn'd
The funerals of the slain.
66. Then wak'd the Lord of hosts in strength
Of majesty divine :
No giant springs so strong from sleep,
Or reinforc'd by wine.

67. His foes, embolden'd in their pride,
His arm of vengeance found,
And smote them, where perpetual shame
Might fix the rankling wound.
68. Thenceforth no more with Joseph's sons
He found a place approv'd ;
69. But chose in Judah Zion's hill,
The mount which He hath lov'd.
70. And there His Temple's walls He rear'd,
And built His palace high,
On groundworks deep, as firmly set
Earth's strong foundations lie.
71. And of the tribe of Judah one
He chose the crown to wear,
E'en David, while the fleecy flocks
Were yet his youthful care.
72. Thence, while the teeming ewes he watch'd,
He brought him forth to feed
His own inheritance, the flocks
Of Jacob's chosen seed.
73. He fed them, God's own shepherd-king,
From God's appointed hour ;
And rul'd with faithful heart and true,
While prudence temper'd pow'r.

LXXIX.

1. O God, the heathen close us round ;
Unaw'd they overleap the bound,
Where Thou Thy holiest home hast made :
Sad Salem, once with glory crown'd,
Is now in wrecks and ruin laid.
2. The bodies of Thy servants slain
Are strown amidst the battle-plain
To gorge the vulture's famish'd brood :
Thy slaughter'd saints, O sight of pain !
Are torn, the wolves' and foxes' food.
3. The blood of dying and of dead,
Like unregarded water shed,
Thro' Salem's streets is streaming far :
Hard is their flinty funeral-bed,
No pitying hands their grave prepare.
4. Our name is now a word of scorn ;
With bitter taunts our souls are torn,
Reproach is in each neighbour's eye :
5. Lord, in Thy fiery wrath o'erborne
Shall we in endless anguish lie ?

6. O pour Thine anger's burning show'r
 On tribes that never own'd Thy pow'r,
 Nor knew Thy Name, nor fear'd Thy doom ;
7. The heathen, who in rage devour
 The land of faithful Jacob's home.

8. Nor in Thy memory, Lord, retain
 The record of our wand'rings vain,
 Our fathers' wand'rings, or our own :
9. But let Thy mercy cleanse the stain,
 And heal the guilt for which we moan.

Lord, for Thy Name avert the woe :

10. Why asks in scorn the alien foe,
 Where is the God the Hebrews fear ?
 O let them, taught by judgment, know
 Our God, His saints' Avenger, near.

- Avenge, dread Lord, Thy servants' blood,
 11. And let the souls in bondage bow'd
 With Thee find comfort when they sigh :
 Preserve, O Helper great as good,
 The sons of misery doom'd to die.

12. And to our neighbour-foes requite
 With sev'nfold pow'r their angry spite
 And tauntings of Thy glorious Name :
13. So we, Thy flock, Thy grace and might
 To unborn ages will proclaim.

LXXX.

1. SHEPHERD of Israel's flock, and Guide,
Who didst the sons of Joseph lead,
Like sheep, in Elim's desert wide,
O hear in this our hour of need :
2. Shew forth Thy strength, as Thou wast wont
On cherubim enthron'd to shine,
Before strong Ephraim's battle-front,
Manasseh's host, and Benjamin.
3. Turn us again, dread Lord of might,
Let our glad eyes Thy mercy see ;
And we will walk in joy and light,
Restor'd to life and health in Thee.
4. Dread Lord, whom heav'n's bright hosts obey,
How long shall Thy fierce anger burn ?
How long Thy sorrowing people pray,
And wait in vain their pray'r's return ?
5. Thou bidst them for their food to take
The bread of misery steep'd in tears,
With plenteous tears their thirst to slake,
While sorrow's toil the heart outwears.

6. Yea, Thou hast made each bord'rer round
 Beset us as the prize of strife :
 The voice of scorn is in the sound
 Of threats that chase our hunted life.

7. Turn us again, dread Lord of might,
 Let our glad eyes Thy mercy see ;
 And we will walk in joy and light,
 Redeem'd to life and health in Thee.

8. Thy care a vine from Egypt brought
 To flourish here beneath Thine hand ;

9. Thou didst the heathen plants uproot,
 And bad'st it rise and fill the land :

Thou gav'st it room, and strength to grow,
 It struck its roots, its leaves out-spread :

10. The mountain-sides and slopes below
 Were cover'd with its fruitful shade.

Boughs, like the cedar's goodly beams,
 Grew round her where in strength she stood :

11. Westward she reach'd the salt sea-streams,
 Eastward, Euphrates' rolling flood.

12. O why hast Thou her fence o'erthrown,
 That each way-wanderer strips her fruit ?

13. Wild deer her clusters trample down^k,
 And savage boars her stem uproot.

^k Aldhelm.

14. Turn Thee again, dread Lord of might,
Thy gracious look from heav'n incline ;
Visit, and save from rude despite
The remnant of this wasted vine.
15. Regard the vineyard once by Thee
Secur'd, and planted by Thy hand ;
The Branch, by Thee ordain'd to be
The Strength and Glory of the land.
16. It falls,—the flames its life devour,
Sharp steel its boughs on earth has strown ;
They lie in ruin, Lord of power,
Before Thy terror's glance undone.
17. O grant us yet Thy help to see,
Regard the Man of Thy right hand,
The Son, by Thee ordain'd to be
The Strength and Glory of the land.
18. So shall we keep the perfect way,
Secur'd from recreants' sin and shame :
O bid us live, and we will pay
Our vows in blessing to Thy Name.
19. Turn us again, dread Lord of might,
Let our glad eyes Thy mercy see ;
And we will walk in joy and light,
Redeem'd to life and health in Thee.

LXXXI.

1. SING we, sing we merrily ;
To our Rock of Strength on high
Sing we, sing we merrily :

To the God of Jacob sing ;
2. Take the psalm, the tabret bring,
Strike the harp of pleasant string.
3. Let the breathing trumpet call
Israel's children one and all,
To our solemn festival.
4. 'Tis the joyful time, the day,
When the moon's returning ray
Doth th' appointed sign display.
5. 'Tis the law of Jacob's Lord
Still by Israel's tribes ador'd ;
Joseph's sons receiv'd the word,

When they came, a wondering throng,
'Scap'd from foes of foreign tongue,
'Scap'd from Egypt's fraud and wrong.
6. God recounts His deeds of yore :
" I remov'd that burthen sore,
Which in pain thy fathers bore :

“I in that afflicting day,
When they trod the toilsome clay,
Cast their tyrant’s yoke away.

7. “Israel, in that hour of gloom
To Mine ears thy cry did come
In My thunder’s secret home.

“Then again I sought to prove,
If My truth their hearts might move
At the waters where they strove :

8. “‘Hear, my people, blest and free,
This the faithful bond shall be
Evermore ’twixt Me and thee :

9. “‘Heathen gods of wood and stone
Thou shalt ne’er adore or own ;
10. I am thine, thy God alone :

“‘I, Who led with cloud and fire
From the house of bondage dire,
I will meet thine heart’s desire.’

11. “But My people turn’d astray,
Scorn’d My voice, forsook My way ;
Israel would no more obey.

12. “So they found the ill they crav’d,
Lost to Me, Whose arm had sav’d,
To their hearts’ fond lusts enslav’d.

13. "O that they had heard, nor known
How the disobedient groan,
Lost in error and undone!
14. "Then in hasty ruin low
Had I laid each haughty foe,
Who now triumphs in their woe.
15. "Then on haters of the Lord,
Shunn'd, detected, and abhorr'd,
Had the showers of vengeance pour'd :

"But for them, with large increase
Had I built their state in peace,
Nevermore to fail or cease.

16. "Yea, their God, Whose arm hath led
Thro' the desert wilds outspread,
Still their hungering souls had fed :

"Still had sent them bread from heav'n,
Still the honey'd draught had given
From the Rock in mercy riven."

LXXXII.

1. GOD stands where judges doom for God ;
For Him the sword they bear :
God marks those earthly gods, and tries
The sentence they prepare :
2. "How long will ye pervert the right,
And make th' oppressor strong ?
How long with partial favour aid
The sons of fraud and wrong ?
3. "Defend the weak and fatherless ;
Assert the poor man's cause :
Hold firm, to guard the desolate,
The shield of righteous laws.
4. "To needy souls in deep distress
Be as a sheltering tow'r,
A refuge strong for innocence
From tyrants arm'd with pow'r."
5. They will not heed ; beset they stray
With gloom of darkness pale :
Those pillars of this world below
In strange disorder fail.

6. I said that ye were gods on earth,
 And sons of God Most High :
7. But ye shall fall like common men,
 Like mortal princes die.

8. Arise, dread God, and judge the world,
 Till every realm and throne
Thy portion'd heritage shall be,
 And all be made Thine own.

LXXXIII.¹

- 1,2. ALL-PATIENT God, awake, arise ;
For lo ! Thy foes Thy pow'r despise :
While Thou art still, their cries are strong,
And pride uplifts their hateful throng.
3. With artful guile their trains are laid,
Their league against Thy saints is made,
Thy saints, who innocent and free
Have dwelt unseen in peace with Thee.
4. 'Come,' say they, 'let our arms o'erthrow,
And lay their doom'd dominion low :
Let Israel's glory rais'd so high
Sink down, and lost to memory die.'
5. One is their aim ; their heart is one ;
Against our God their threats are thrown :
6. This Edom's tented warriors boast,
And the wild crew of Ishmael's host.

The race of Hagar's servile blood,
Sons of the foes our sires subdued,

7. Moab and Ammon, re-appear,
And Gebal's mountain-tribes are there.

¹ This Psalm is probably of the time of Jehoshaphat. See the history
2 Chron. xx.

- There Amalek's fierce remnant stands,
 Tyre and Philistia join their bands :
8. Assur sustains the cruel plot,
 And aids the alien sons of Lot.
9. Lord, let them know Thy wrathful might,
 As erst the spoiling Midianite ;
 As Jabin's host, that dy'd with blood
 The breadth of Kishon's ancient flood :
10. As Sisera, when with battle-car
 And prancing steeds he led the war,
 Fled, while his thousands left a prey
 At Endor mouldering corpses lay.
11. Make Thou their nobles so to fare,
 As Oreb and as Zeb whilere ;
 And let their vaunting princes all
 Like Zeba and Zalmunna fall.
12. They vaunted how their arms should come
 To seize th' Almighty's cherish'd home.
13. My God, as dust by whirl-blast driv'n^m,
 As stubble borne on winds of heav'n,

^m The Hebrew word here is variously interpreted. The writer follows a suggestion of an observant Traveller in the East. "To-day, at noon, we saw to our right under the sun a column of whirled sand, forming a tall pillar perhaps one hundred feet high in the air, close and somewhat compact at first, but afterwards more thin and dispersed. Another, but more thin and lower, passed close behind. Such probably is the *wheel* spoken of Ps. lxxxiii. 13. See Isaiah xvii. 13." 'Land of the Morning,' by H. B. W. Churton, p. 163. This appearance was seen in the Arabian Desert.

14. Or, as in drought of summer-days,
When by chance-fire the mountains blaze,
The moorland-heath and forest fair
Vanish on wings of fiery air ;
15. So with Thine anger's whirlwind-sound
Pursue them, and with storms confound :
16. Bow down their face with deepest shame,
That they may fear and seek Thy Name.
17. Or, if they scorn to yield, forlorn
Let them to cureless woe be borne ;
18. That men Thy peerless pow'r may own,
Earth's Highest God and Lord alone.

LXXXIV.

1. GREAT God, how pleasant is the place,
Where Thou Thy saints dost bless !
How fair Thy gracious porches rise
In awful loveliness !

2. My spirit faints with keen desire
To view Thy blest abode ;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

3. There hath the sparrow found a home ;
No fowler there will wrong ;
The swallow, free of flight, builds there,
And rears her callow young.

Safe-shelter'd by Thine altars near
They rest each weary wing :
Thou art the Refuge in distress,
My faithful God and King.

4. O bless'd are they, who in Thy house
Still spend their peaceful days,
Still raising in the solemn choir
Their happy songs of praise.

5. And bless'd are they, whose secret strength,
Where'er their journey be,
Is Thy pure law, the stedfast heart
Up-guiding still to Thee :
6. Who journeying thro' the vale of woe,
Where all is drear and dry,
Find cisterns fill'd with rain from heav'n,
And living fountains nigh.
7. Thus on they pass from strength to strength,
And still approach more near,
Till all on Zion's holy mount
Before their God appear.
8. Thou God, at Whose unerring will
The heav'nly armies move,
O hearken to my pray'r, and send
An answer from above.
9. Thou, Who didst shew Thy shield of pow'r,
When Abraham walk'd alone^a,
Look down on Thine Anointed's face,
And guard him for Thine own.
10. For in Thy courts a single day
'Tis better far to bide,
Than seek a thousand days for rest
In all the world beside.

^a Gen. xv. 1.

Fain would I wait, where bedesmen poor
Thy outmost threshold press^o,
Ere dwell in curtain'd halls of pride,
And their false happiness.

11. For God, our Sun and Shield, will here
His grace and glory give;
No blessing will His hand withhold
From them that purely live.
12. Dread Lord, Whom heav'nly hosts obey,
Thrice blest alone is he,
Whose hope finds anchor unremov'd
For evermore in Thee.

^o See the Version of the LXX. Ἐξελεξάμην παραρριπτέισθαι, κ.τ.λ.
And compare Acts iii. 2. This is the sense given in the marginal note
of our Bible.

LXXXV.

1. GRACIOUS Lord, with mercy yearning
Thou hast heard Thy people's moan ;
Thou, Thy captives homeward turning,
Art with them once more at one :
2. Thou hast cleans'd their guilty stain,
Ne'er to charge their souls again.

3. Thou hast turn'd Thee from Thine anger,
Made Thy fiercest wrath to cease ;
Where we walk'd in dread and danger,
Thou hast sent us calm and peace :
4. Thou, whose grace hath set us free,
Turn and stay our hearts on Thee.

5. Wilt Thou still, Thy wrath retaining,
Lengthen'd wrath from age to age,
While our mortal lives are waning,
Ne'er with joy our grief assuage ?
6. Lord, revive our life again,
Let Thy joy repair our pain.

7. Grant us, Lord, Thy strong salvation,
Shew Thy beams of mercy near :

8. Lo ! I bend in adoration,
Waiting Thy mild voice to hear :
Thou wilt soon from doubt release,
Thou wilt speak Thy word of peace :

Peace to all whose souls are holy,
Peace to all who own Thy fear :

Let them turn no more to folly,
9. With Thy saving health so near,
When Thy glory comes to reign
In our happy land again.

10. Mercy now and Truth are meeting,
Never shall their union cease ;
Righteousness in joyous greeting
Gives to Peace the kiss of peace.

11. Truth shall make earth's roughness even,
Righteousness shall beam from heaven^p.

12. Yea, our God, all good bestowing,
Shall our land with plenty bless :

13. Righteousness, before Him going,
While our following feet shall press,
Shall its guiding signs display,
Marking out the heav'nward way.

LXXXVI.

1. Bow down Thine ear, All-gracious Lord,
For I am weak and poor :
No other help, no grace but Thine,
Can work my sorrow's cure.
2. Preserve my soul, for I am Thine,
Whose mercy made me free :
O grant me life to serve Thee still,
Whose trust is built on Thee.
3. Have mercy, Lord ; to Thee in pray'r
Each day my spirit flies :
4. Grant comfort to the labouring soul,
That fain to Thee would rise.
5. Thou art the good and gracious God,
The Help in grief and care :
Whoe'er in trouble cries to Thee,
Thy mercy meets the pray'r.
6. O listen to the meek desires
That move my lips to pray :
7. Still have I found Thy answering word
In trouble's needful day.

8. Among the lords whom heathens fear,
O who is like to Thee ?
How may their works compare with Thine
In heaven and earth and sea ?
9. The time shall come, when tribes and tongues
From every clime and shore
Shall own Thy glory, and with vows
Their Maker's Name adore.
10. For Thou art great, majestic dread
Surrounds Thy peerless throne ;
Thou, Thou dost work with wond'rous power,
Eternal and alone.
11. Teach me Thy way ; and I will walk
Where Thou with truth shalt guide,
Bound in heart-bonds of holy fear,
Which time shall ne'er divide.
12. With all my heart, O Lord my God,
Thy praise I will proclaim ;
For ever speak in thankful songs
Thy glory's changeless Name.
13. The greatness of Thy mercy shown
Is more than words can tell,
Who didst my struggling soul set free
From snares of death and hell.

14. Lo! aliens to Thy truth and fear
 Against my life arise :
And tyrants league to work me woe,
 Whose pride Thy pow'r defies.
15. But Thou, Eternal God, art true,
 The gracious King of kings,
From Whom, as from its Fount unspent,
 Long-suffering mercy springs.
16. O let that mercy flow to me,
 That strength in troubles known ;
That love that beam'd in sorrows past
 To cheer Thine handmaid's son.
17. Shew forth some happy sign of good,
 That foes with shame may see,
Taught by that token sure, that Thou
 Wilt help and comfort me.

LXXXVII.

1. HIGH rais'd upon the holy hills
Her sure foundations stand,
2. Belov'd of God above all homes
Of Jacob's happy land. .
3. O Zion, glorious things to come
Of thee thy prophets sing,
Thou dwelling-place and earthly rest
Of heav'n's eternal King.
4. Dark Egypt's sons and Babylon
To thee shall soon be known ;
The Tyrian and the Philistine
Be number'd with thine own.

Lo ! from Arabia's shores afar,
The region of the morn,
New names to Zion's mount are come,
New souls to God are born.

5. The birthright of thy citizens
Glad strangers now shall share,
All born anew to God, Who builds
Their home of comfort there.

6. And in the records of His book
 Each name shall be enroll'd,
And of each soul to life new-born
 The faithful number told.

7. The children of the song shall come,
 The pipe and tabret bring,
And living founts of health and joy
 In thee shall ever spring.

LXXXVIII.[¶]

1. LORD God my Saviour, night and day
 To Thee I cry, nor cease or spare ;
 O turn not Thy meek ear away,
 But bend in mercy to my pray'r.
2. O hear, ere life and hope be past ;
 My soul bows down o'ercharg'd with woe ;
 The dreaded hour approaches fast
 To bear me to the dead below.
3. They count me now in earth's dark bed
 Laid low, and past all mortal pain,
 A man, whose manly strength is fled,
 At large, but rank'd among the slain :
4. Like those, who wounded and o'erthrown
 In anguish wait their last decay^r,
 By Thee cast off, as never known,
 Rent from Thy succouring hand away.
5. Thou in the darksome pit profound
 Hast bid my soul forlorn to lie,
6. Where Thy dread wrath besets me round,
 And all Thy terror's waves are nigh.

[¶] In this Psalm some use has been made of Lord Surrey's paraphrase and Milton.

^r Bp. Horsley.

7. My faithful friends, whose sweet accord
Once cheer'd me, now in terror flee ;
8. In prison-gloom I lie abhorr'd,
Fast-bound, nor hoping to be free.
9. In helpless sorrow my dim eye
Hath fail'd me :—Lord, each rising day
To Thee I stretch my hands on high,
To Thee with constant duty pray.
10. Wilt Thou shew wonders on the dead ?
The slain,—shall they to life up-spring ?
11. The grave, and cold destruction's bed,
Shall they Thy truth and mercy sing ?
12. Say, shall the marvels of Thy hand
In death's dark mansions be display'd ?
Thy justice, in the gloomy land
O'ercast with dull Oblivion's shade ?
13. Nay, but on Thee, ere life be spent
My daily pray'r shall still attend ;
My cries the dawn of morn prevent,
And to Thy mercy-throne ascend.
14. And wilt Thou cast me off in wrath ?
For ever turn Thy face away ?
15. Still shall Thy terrors haunt my path
From youth to manhood's latest day ?

16. Thine anger's fire hath o'er me past ;
I shrink beneath the withering wound :
17. Like wave on wave when roars the blast,
Thy threats my fainting soul confound.

18. Lover and friend Thou hast remov'd,
Who once spake comfort in my woes :
They fly me now whom I have lov'd,
And shades of darkness round me close.

LXXXIX.

1. THE mercies of the Eternal Lord
For evermore shall fill my song ;
The praises of His faithful word
I will from age to age prolong.
2. My heart believes, my tongue declares :
Thy truth and mercy, fix'd above,
Are constant as the starry spheres,
That in their duteous circles move.
3. For Thou hast said : " My lips have sworn,
And made my stedfast purpose known ;
4. In the sure seed from David born
For ever will I build His throne."
5. For this Thy truth, with wondering love
The heav'ns thro' all their hosts shall glow ;
And from the choir of saints above
Songs of adoring praise shall flow.
6. For who in all those realms of light
May God's supreme dominion share ?
What son of glory or of might
May with His peerless pow'r compare ?

7. The spirits blest, who first in grace
Gaze on His secret presence near,
With reverence throng that holy place,
And their meek eyes withdraw with fear.

8. Lord God of hosts, Thy glorious might
Let heaven and earth adoring own ;
Thy truth is as the beaming light
Around Thine everlasting throne.

9. The raging of the wide wild sea
Thy ruling pow'r can wield at will :
The mounting billows stoop to Thee,
And the loud surge is calm and still :

10. And broken, like a batter'd corse,
By Thee was Pharaoh's wrathful pride ;
And scatter'd with resistless force
Each foe that Thy strong arm defied.

11. By Thee the beauteous earth was made,
For Thee the heav'n's bright glories shine ;
Thou hast the world's foundations laid,
Its strength, its fulness, all is Thine.

12. Thou bad'st the North in clouds to rest,
The South with fires of noon to blaze ;
Tabor and Hermon, East and West,
Rise as glad beacons of Thy praise.

13. Great God, we praise Thy arm of might
Still seen in strong protection nigh:
We praise Thy hand, that rules in right
Above all pow'r exalted high.
14. It is a place of judgment pure,
Where Thou hast set Thy stedfast throne:
Mercy and truth, in union sure,
Like heralds, make Thy presence known.
15. O, blessings on their heads, who hear
The solemn trumpet's stirring call;
A brightness as of God is there
Gladd'ning the joyous festival.
16. In God all day shall they delight,
His righteous truth their boast shall be:
17. Thou, Lord, art still our Tow'r of might,
Our horn of strength is firm in Thee.
18. It is our stedfast confidence,
Our hope that still anew shall spring:
The Holy One is our defence,
The God of Israel is our King.
19. Thy saints of old have heard Thy voice
In visions, when dark night was round:
"Amidst the people of My choice
I have a help for Israel found;

20. “ A champion, whom no foe shall spoil,
My servant David, long foreknown ;
His head My consecrating oil
Hath bless'd to grace him for My own.
21. “ My hand shall all his pow'r sustain ;
The shield of My unwearied arm
22. Shall make his foe's fierce onset vain,
And all th' oppressor's rage disarm.
23. “ Before his face the sons of strife
Shall fall with plagues of death o'erborne ;
24. My truth and love shall shield his life,
My Name shall raise his glory's horn.
25. “ His sceptre shall command the flood,
The river-streams, and broad sea-wave ;
26. His pray'r shall call Me, Father, God,
And Rock of Strength to guard and save.
27. “ He, in My Firstborn's godlike might,
Above the kings of earth shall reign :
28. My mercy shall defend his right,
My oath of peace his state maintain.
29. “ For evermore his seed shall live,
Till earth's brief date of change be past ;
The years that to his throne I give
Like heaven's unnumber'd days shall last.

30. "But if his sons My law forsake,
And from My path of judgment stray ;
31. If they My righteous statutes break,
And will not My commands obey ;
32. "Not unrebuk'd their sin shall be,
Nor shall they 'scape th' avenging rod ;
Caught in their guilt, they shall not flee
The scourge of their offended God.
33. "Yet the firm kindness of My love
I will not in My wrath belie ;
34. Nor My pledg'd word of truth remove,
Like words of men to change and die.
35. "My firm unchanging oath is past,
To faithful David have I sworn :
36. For evermore his seed shall last,
For evermore his crown be worn.
37. "His throne enduring as the sun,
Or like the moon in heav'n shall be ;
And while unnumber'd ages run,
Bear witness to My truth and Me."
38. But now, as one despis'd, abhorr'd,
Thou dost th' anointed heir confound :
39. Thou hast withdrawn Thy promise, Lord,
His crown hast humbled on the ground.

40. Like an unguarded vineyard's wall,
His broken forts in ruins lie :
41. With scorn his foes behold him fall
A spoil to each that passes by.
42. Thy pow'r hath nerv'd the adverse host ;
They joy to see him faintly yield :
43. His battle-sword its edge hath lost,
And stems no more the doubtful field.
44. The lustre of his kingly state,
Bedimm'd with woe, is past and gone.
And dash'd to earth, all desolate
Is laid his unregarded throne.
45. Thou, Lord, hast spoil'd him of his youth,
And quench'd in shame his prime of days
46. Still wilt Thou hide Thee, God of truth ?
Still bid Thy fiercest wrath to blaze ?
47. Still wilt Thou doom to cureless grief
My life's brief hours, that yet remain ?
Still shall we pine without relief,
As tho' Thy gifts of life were vain ?
48. Remember, Lord, how short our span ;
How speeds the hour, when none can save !
O, where the pow'r or art of man
To ransom from the darksome grave ?

49. Forget not, Lord, Thine ancient love,
Thy word of truth to David sworn:
50. O let our griefs Thy pity move,
The scorns we long in heart have borne:
51. The scorns that vex Thy chosen's path,
The sland'rous shafts of haughty men:—
52. Blest be our Help from mortal wrath,
The living Lord! Amen, Amen!

XC.

1. LORD, Thou art evermore
 Our strong defence and stay,
While man's brief ages, one by one,
 Arise and pass away.

2. Ere in its mountain-seats
 The stedfast earth abode,
Lord of unchanging majesty,
 For ever Thou art God.

3. But man is as a flower
 Whose root is in the grave,
Who waits Thy word to render back
 The breath Thy Spirit gave.

4. With Thee a thousand years
 Are like a day's swift flight,
Or like unheeded hours that pass
 In silence of the night.

5. Thy power as with a flood
 Bears man's brief state away,
Or bids it like a morning dream
 Depart before the day :

6. Or like the flowering grass,
That green at morning blows,
But withers from the mower's scythe
Cut down ere evening close.
7. For faint before Thy wrath
Our feeble spirits wane,
Our life wears onward to its end
In terror and in pain.
8. To Thee our guilty deeds,
In night and darkness done,
Are all reveal'd in piercing light
More clear than mid-day sun.
9. If Thy fierce anger burn,
Our days grow dim and old,
The sum of years is number'd out,
The weary tale is told.
10. Our mortal date is fix'd
At threescore years and ten;
If to fourscore we labour on,
Life is but sorrow then.
11. O, who regards Thy power?
If men Thy warnings hear,
Thy wrath relents to see them bow
In reverent awe and fear.

12. O teach us, Lord, to count
Life's sum, how fast it flies :
How all too brief to learn Thy truth,
The wisdom of the wise.
13. How long, O Gracious Lord,
Shall we Thy mercy pray ?
O turn again, relenting turn,
And cleanse our guilt away.
14. Early, O Lord, we come
Before Thy mercy-throne,
O let Thy mercy-streams restore
Our souls with thirst foredone.
15. And for those evil days,
When sorrow still was nigh,
O let Thy comfort holy joys
In double share supply.
16. And let the peace that springs
On this Thy healing morn
Unfailing of Thy glory tell
To children yet unborn.
17. The beauty of our God
O let it round us shine,
Our life's whole work to consecrate,
And make our spirits Thine.

XCI.

1. WHO makes the Highest his retreat,
His refuge with the King of kings,
Shall bide secure in storm or heat
O'ershadow'd by th' Almighty wings.
2. And this the vow my soul hath made :
My God my Tower of Strength shall be :
No terror, Lord, shall make afraid
The heart whose hope finds rest in Thee.
3. Where fowlers spread their train to kill,
Or slander waits with venom'd breath,
4. Those outstretch'd wings shall hide thee still,
That Truth shall shield thy soul from death.
5. No terror in the dead of night,
No shaft that flies in light of day,
6. No pestilence in gloom shall smite,
Or fiery stroke of noontide-ray.

7. Tho' thousands and ten thousands near
 On either side shall fall and die,
At home in safety shalt thou hear
 The rushing plague come sweeping by.
8. Only thine eyes shall see what end
 O'ertakes the sinner's faithless way,
9. While God thy weakness shall defend,
 And on that Rock thy hope shall stay.
10. And therefore shall no evil thing
 Approach thee on thy guarded path;
No harm that flies on secret wing
 Come near thy home to work thee scathe.
11. For of thy life is care in heaven,
 And angels watch thy footsteps round,
12. To bear thee thro' the ways uneven,
 Lest the rude flint thy foot should wound.
13. Thou on the venom'd asp shalt tread,
 The beasts of spoil shalt boldly meet,
Crush the fell dragon's prostrate head,
 And lay the lion at thy feet.
14. Yea, God hath said: Because on Me
 Is fix'd My faithful servant's love,
In danger I will set him free,
 And raise him to My rest above:

15. In trouble to his pray'r will lend
A willing ear, with succour nigh
Still prompt to rescue and defend,
And with My grace exalt him high.

16. Long shall he live, and calm content
Shall ripen with his years' increase,
And to his age-worn eyes be sent
My vision of perpetual peace.

XCII.

1. Joy and blessing wait on praise :
O my God, with joyful tongue
To Thy Highest Name I raise
This my glad thanksgiving song.
2. Joy it is at dawning light
Still to tell Thy mercies new :
Joy, to muse in silent night,
How my Guardian God is true.
3. Joy, whene'er with solemn words
Tones of harps and psalteries meet ;
Tones that wake the tenfold chords,
Tones from lute-strings low and sweet.
4. For Thy deeds of mercy done
All my pow'rs of song employ ;
Deeds, whose wonders far outrun
Words of praise or thoughts of joy.
5. Glorious Lord, what pow'r is Thine ?
Who can pierce the secret deep,
Where, as gold in pathless mine,
God's unfathom'd counsels sleep^s ?

^s Job xxviii.

6. Men to heav'nly knowledge blind,
 Dark amidst the blaze of day,
 Feeble fools of empty mind,
 Cast Thy pearls of truth away.
7. When, as meadows in spring-tide,
 Godless men their glories wear;
 When their hopes are in their pride,
 Like the bloom of gardens fair;
 Yet no fruit the bud shall give^t,
 Root and branch their hope shall die:
8. But Thy word, dread Lord, shall live,
 Like Thy changeless throne on high.
9. They shall perish all, undone,
 Scatter'd, never more to meet,
 Scatter'd, where their course they run,
 In the mazes of deceit.
10. But Thy arm my glory's horn
 High shall raise, in power to be
 As the crested unicorn
 In his mountain-fastness free:
 Oil of joy shall cheer my face,
 Beaming forth in gladness bright,
 Symbol of the dews of grace
 From the God of truth and light^u.

^t Hos. viii. 7.^u 1 John ii. 27.

11. What mine eye desir'd with pain,
While my foes were gathering round,—
What mine ear had sought in vain,
In their fatal fall is found.
12. Like the palms that never fade,
Saints shall live, till time be gone ;
Like the cedars' lasting shade
In the bowers of Lebanon.
13. They, whose root is firm below,
Boughs of health shall spread abroad,
In the Lord's own house to grow,
In the courts of Israel's God.
14. Fruits in age their strength shall bear,
Undecay'd by change or time,
Ever green and fresh and fair,
As in years of life's sweet prime.
15. God, my stedfast Rock and Tower,
Thus Thy truth is seen to reign,
Righteous Truth of changeless power,
Undefil'd by shade of stain.

XCIII.

1. God rules in realms of light,
 Enrob'd with glory round,
 With majesty of might,
 As with a girdle, bound :
 He shall restrain
 The world He made,
 Nor change invade
 His stedfast reign.;

2. Thy throne, more old than Time,
 Stands fast, as long of yore,
 Above earth's stormy clime
 Firm-fix'd for evermore :

3. Tho' men may rise
 In wrathful mood,
 Like Ocean's flood
 That threatens the skies.

- Tho' round us fierce and loud
 The madd'ning tumult roar,
 Loud as vex'd Ocean's flood,
 That shakes the sounding shore ;

4. Tho' earth may fly
 Before the noise,
 More dread Thy voice,
 O Lord Most High !

- Thy voice in chiding heard
Shall bid the discord cease ;
5. Thy true and glorious word
Shall bring perpetual peace ;
And saints shall see
Fair Holiness
For ever bless
Their home with Thee^x.

^x "The beginning of the preaching of the Gospel was attended with a tossing of the waves : but now the Lord of the sea has rebuked the rushing wind, and it has sunk to a gentle breeze ; the waves are silent, and there is a great calm."—*Theodoret*.

XCIV.

1. RIGHTEOUS Lord, to Whom belongs
Recompense of mortal wrongs,
Righteous God, awake, arise :
2. Judge of all the earth appear ;
Let the proud Thy sentence hear,
Who Thy truth and pow'r despise.

3. O how long, all-patient God,
Shall the sinner scorn Thy rod,
Fenc'd in guile, in mischief strong ?
4. O how long Thy saints oppress,
With imperious wickedness
Boasting of triumphant wrong ?

5. Lo ! Thy people mourn o'erthrown,
Fierce oppression strikes them down,
Where the land, the throne, is Thine :
6. Widows mourn, and strangers cry :
Not an arm to shield is nigh,
Where the dying orphans pine.

7. Yet they say, in impious thought,
Jacob's God regards it not,
Unreprov'd our deeds shall be :
- 8, 9. Vain and blind ! Shall He not hear,
Who in wisdom fram'd the ear ? ~
He, who made the eye, not see ?
10. He, whose warnings strike with dread
Heathen tribes in error bred,
Shall He not chastise His own ?
He, from whom the heav'n-born flame,
Heart-enlight'ning knowledge came^y,
Are your hearts to Him unknown ?
11. Nay, He knows how vain is man ;
Vain the sinner's thoughts that plan
To disturb His righteous sway :
12. Blest is he, and blest alone,
Who Thy chast'ning love hath known,
Taught by pain true wisdom's way.
13. He shall find His rest in Thee,
Till the suffering souls are free,
Till the days of grief are flown ;
Till the dangerous snare below,
Where secure the godless go,
Unawares shall drag them down.

14. For our God will ne'er disown
Those whom once His love had known,
 Them His grace shall still sustain ;
15. Till in judgment's kingly seat
Truth with pow'r again shall meet,
 And true hearts shall share her reign.
16. Who is on the rightful side ?
Who will stem the shock of pride,
 Arm'd with me in day of strife ?
Who will stand with single heart,
Bold on truth's unfriended part,
 Trusting to his hand his life^z ?
17. Lord, Thy present help alone
For my soul the rescue won :
 Darkness soon my light had quell'd,
Silent death my voice had tied ;
18. But Thy mercy at my side
 My unstedfast steps upheld.
19. When the crowding throngs of care
Urge my spirit to despair,
 When the waves of sorrow roll,
Then, as peaceful morning bright
Dawns to still the troubled night,
 Dawns Thy comfort on my soul.

^z Judg. xii. 3.

20. Can Thy righteous Truth be won
To maintain th' oppressor's throne,
His, who evil makes his good ?
21. Lo ! array'd his armies stand,
Truth to banish from the land,
And condemn the guiltless blood.
22. Rest, my fears ; my sorrows cease :
God hath set my chair of peace
On His Rock of Refuge high ^a :
23. In their own false mischiefs caught,
In the woes that they have wrought,
He shall bid the tyrants die.

^a Aldhelm.

XCV.

1. O COME, rejoice in God, and sing,
On high your voices raise ;
Send up to your Salvation's Rock
The gladness of your praise.
2. With early service seek His face
Within His blest abode,
And tell in psalms of joyful sound
Your gladness in your God.
3. Let the loud harp its strains ring out
Accordant to the words :
Great is our God, th' Eternal King,
The Sovereign Lord of lords.
4. Earth's secret caves and centre deep
His hand fix'd fast and made,
And the strong mountains where they stand
With stedfast might array'd.
5. The sea is His : His word call'd forth
Wide Ocean's watery store,
And for its firm-set barrier spread
The dry and sandy shore.

6. O come, and let us humbly bow
 With fear and reverence meet ;
Low bending let us fall, and kneel
 At our Creator's feet.

7. He is our God ; and we are His ;
 The flock His hand hath led :
He is our Shepherd, we His sheep,
 In His free pastures fed.

8. And now this day His mercy pleads :
 If ye His voice will hear,
O harden not your wandering hearts
 Against His holy fear.

9. Remember well the day of strife
 When wrath was seen to lower,
And your old fathers tempted Me,
 And saw My works of power :

10. When forty years they griev'd their God,
 And erring went astray,
Till judgment wak'd against a race
 That would not learn My way ;

11. And in My hour of wrath I swear,
 Uncontrite and unblest,
They shall not see the land of joy,
 Nor share My promis'd rest.

XCVI.

1. RAISE the psalm : let Earth's adoring,
Through each kindred, tribe, and tongue,
To her God His praise restoring,
Raise the new accordant song :
Hallelujah! Amen.

2. Bless His Name, each furthest nation,
Sing His praise, His truth display ;
Tell anew His high salvation
With each new return of day.
Hallelujah! Amen.

3. To the heathen far asunder
Tidings of His glory bear ;
Let them hear His deeds of wonder,
And adore the love they share.
Hallelujah! Amen.

- 4, 5. Idol-gods, the brood of error,
Cannot hear, or lend their aid :
His alone are strength and terror,
Who the heav'ns and earth hath made.
Hallelujah! Amen.

6. Majesty and grace before Him
 Wait to guard His holy seat;
 In His courts, where saints adore Him,
 Peerless strength and beauty meet.
 Hallelujah! Amen.

7. Yea, ascribe to God, each kindred,
 Pow'r and strength and honour due:
 Let your gifts no more be hind'ed
 To the Only Good and True.
 Hallelujah! Amen.

8, 9. In His courts of fairest splendour,
 Beauteous in their holiness,
 Holy be the vows ye render,
 Fear be with you, while ye bless.
 Hallelujah! Amen.

10. Tell it out beneath the heaven
 To each kindred, tribe, and tongue,
 Tell it out from morn till even,
 In your unexhausted song,
 Hallelujah! Amen.

Tell, that God for ever reigneth,
 He Who set the world so fast,
 He Who still its state sustaineth,
 Till the day of doom to last.
 Hallelujah! Amen.

11. Tell them, that the day is coming,
When that righteous doom shall be :
Then shall heav'n new joys illumine,
Gladness shine o'er earth and sea.
Hallelujah ! Amen.

Yea, the far-resounding Ocean
Shall its thousand voices raise ;
All its waves in glad commotion
Chaunt the fulness of His praise :
Hallelujah ! Amen.

12. And Earth's fields, with herbs and flowers,
Shall put on their choice array,
And in all their leafy bowers
Shall the woods keep holiday^b :
Hallelujah ! Amen.

13. When the Judge to Earth descending
Righteous judgment shall ordain ;
Fraud and wrong shall then have ending,
Truth, immortal Truth, shall reign.
Hallelujah ! Amen.

^b Aldhelm.

XCVII.

1. THE Lord is King: let earth be glad:
Let the wide sea and every isle
With their great Maker's glory clad
In light and joy look up and smile.
2. Dark clouds His secret place enfold,
To sight of mortal eyes unknown:
Pure righteousness and truth uphold
His unremov'd eternal throne.
3. Swift fire, His harbinger of wrath,
Is ready, where He bids, to fly,
And ever on its burning path
His shrinking foes must fall and die.
4. O, who hath seen His lightnings hurl'd,
That flashing gleam, so wide, so clear,—
When the low earth and solid world
In pangs proclaim their Maker near?
5. The stedfast hills, like melting wax,
In rolling torrents down are pour'd:
Amaz'd the eye adoring tracks
The footsteps of earth's mightiest Lord.

6. Yea, the wide heav'ns high overspread
The righteous pow'r of God declare :
Earth's tribes, in all her regions bred,
May read His constant tokens there.

7. Woe then to those, who blindly vow
To idol-gods of wood or stone :—
O let the godlike angels bow
Before their Lord and ours alone.

8. Zion hath heard the solemn song,
With joy hath heard : and where they meet,
Judah's glad daughters haste and throng
With timbrels and with anthems sweet :

9. For they have known that Thou art King,
And humbly to Thy judgment-throne
Their psalm of praise in duty bring,
And Thy unquestion'd glory own.

10. Where is the soul that loves the Lord,
That loves the light His mercy gave ?
Abhor the sin by God abhorr'd ;
And trust His succour still to save.

11. Light sown in hearts, where Truth holds sway,
In fruit of gladd'ning joy shall spring :
12. Ye righteous keep your joyous way
And your high God adoring sing.

XCVIII.

1. RAISE the psalm to God all-glorious,
Tell the wonders He hath done ;
How His holy arm victorious
Hath a deathless conquest won :
Hallelujah ! Amen.

2. He, His mightiest grace declaring,
Bids the nations hear the sound ;
Righteous Truth, the tidings bearing,
Shines to earth's remotest bound.
Hallelujah ! Amen.

3. Love, foreshown in ancient token,
He to Israel hath renew'd :
He the heathen's bonds hath broken,
And their eyes with light endued.
Hallelujah ! Amen.

4. Sing to God, Whose praise rejoices
Faithful hearts, and tunes each tongue :
Earth, with all thy choir of voices,
Raise aloud the duteous song.
Hallelujah ! Amen.

5. Now, your notes with harp-strings blending,
Psalms in softer concert sing ;
6. Now, the air with trumpets rending,
Shout your joy in God your King.
Hallelujah ! Amen.
7. Let the far-resounding ocean
All its thousand voices raise ;
Waves, that throng in glad commotion,
Chaunt the fulness of His praise.
Hallelujah ! Amen.
8. Let each shore repeat the story ;
Tell your joy, ye floods and rills ;
And as beacons of His glory,
Rise, ye firm and sunbright hills.
Hallelujah ! Amen.
9. [For your Judge in glory cometh,
Turning earth's sad loss to gain ;
Back restoring, while He doometh,
Righteous Truth's eternal reign.
Hallelujah ! Amen.

XCIX.

1. GOD is King : ye nations, tremble,
While your awful Lord ye greet ;
In His courts, where saints assemble,
While He holds His solemn seat,
Thron'd on cherubs,
Bow, thou earth, beneath His feet.
2. God is great, in Zion reigning
High above all tribes and tongues,
Unremov'd His state maintaining ;
3. To His Name, that fills our songs,
Great and awful,
Holy fear with praise belongs.
4. Pow'r is Thine, O King Most Holy,
Pow'r with judgment firm array'd,
Pow'r, that loves to right the lowly ;
Truth in purest balance weigh'd
Thou for ever
Hast Thy law for Israel made.
5. Praise ye then our God, and lowly
At His footstool bending down,
Bless His Name ; for He is holy :
6. Thus of old His truth was known
To His chosen ;
Thus His strength did Moses own :

- Thus His priests, His ephod wearing,
 Aaron and his sons, ador'd ;
Thus His seer, His message bearing,
 Samuel, call'd th' Eternal Lord ;
 Ever near them,
 Answering by His gracious word.
7. From the pillar'd cloud that led them,
 To the tribes that sought His Name,
He, Whose love in deserts fed them,
 Did His laws of peace proclaim :
 Words of gladness
 To each faithful soul they came.
8. And Thy pity, Lord, relenting
 Heard them, when they made their moan,
Of their idol-sins repenting,
 Vain devices of their own,
 Vain inventions,
 Which had call'd Thy judgments down.
9. Praise our God, His greatness telling,
 Praise His mercy's endless store :
On the mount, His holy dwelling,
 His eternal truth adore.
 King of glory,
 Thou art holy evermore !

C.

From the Old Version.

1. ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2. The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make :
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3. O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4. For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

C.

Second Version.

1. LET all the peopled earth
To God their voices raise ;
All tribes of mortal birth,
With gladness tell His praise ;
To Him alone
Your offerings bring,
Rejoice and sing
Before His throne.

2. O turn, your God to own,
The Lord, by Whom ye live ;
Not man, but God alone
The gift of life could give :
Beneath His care
We feel no need,
Like flocks we feed
In pastures fair.

3. O hasten to His gates,
Where saints with praises meet,
The courts, where blessing waits
The living Lord to greet :
Your thanks proclaim,
And tell aloud,
How good is God,
How great His Name !

4. For O, the Lord is good ;
His mercy, as of yore,
Ere ocean heav'd its flood,
Stands firm for evermore :
His truth shall reign
With lasting peace,
When time shall cease
To wax and wane.

CI.

1. MY song shall be of mercy mild,
Mercy with judgment reconcil'd :
Just Lord of truth and grace, by Thee
O let my words accepted be.

2. Let heavenly wisdom at my side
My way in true obedience guide :
O visit, Lord, my home, and prove
My vow of undivided love.

3. No lure that tempts to deeds unright
Shall lead astray my wand'ring sight :
No faithless sin in secret plann'd
With guilty gain defile my hand.

4. Far be from me the froward will,
By me disown'd each lust of ill :
5. Close-working slander, and the eye
Of pride, shall ne'er approach me nigh.

6. But faithful sons of peace shall come,
To bless my peaceful court and home :
The good, who keep the perfect way,
Shall there a happy service pay.

7. No harbour there be left for guile,
Or tongues that treacherous lies defile :
8. O perish far their impious brood
From realm and city of our God! ^c

^c This Psalm, which is entitled in the Hebrew a Psalm of David, appears to have perplexed some modern Commentators, as if the holy resolutions were scarcely borne out by the royal Psalmist in those days when "the sons of Zeruah were too hard for him." It is a good solution which is offered by Theodoret, that David spoke by prophecy in the spirit of Josiah, to whose character the prayers and vows seem admirably to correspond.

CII.

- 1,2. LORD, hear my mournful pray'r ;
With answering mercy soon
Bow down Thine ear to my complaint,
And grant my sorrow's boon.
3. My days of joy, like smoke,
Have flown in air away ;
And like a brand upon the hearth,
My fever'd bones decay.
4. My heart is smitten down,
Like herbage parch'd and dead ;
And my sick soul, bereft of hope,
Forgets its needful bread.
5. My feeble strength is gone ;
So worn, so pale, and thin,
I scarce retain the bones that strive
To pierce their fence of skin.
6. Withdrawn from sight of men
In solitude I moan,
Like pelican in wilderness,
Or owl in desert lone :

7. And oft before the dawn
 My lonely watch prolong,
 Like the sad bird that sings on roofs
 Its solitary song^d.
8. My foes with wrathful hate
 Against my peace are sworn ;
 Their fierce reproaches all day long
 Oppress my name with scorn.
9. No bread or joyous wine
 My weary spirit cheers ;
 I feed on ashes now, and drink
 The bitter cup of tears.
10. And why? Because on me
 Thy wrath's sore burden lies,
 More hard, since Thou hast overthrown,
 Whose love had made me rise.

^d In the Prayer-Book and Bible-Translation this bird is called "a sparrow." But the Hebrew word is one that denotes any kind of bird that flies. See Gen. vii. 14, ad f. and Psalm cxlviii. 10. And the habits of the sparrow are not solitary, but gregarious : it is not apt to sit still, but is restlessly in motion, in whatever part of the world it is found. A late observant Naturalist supposes the bird here described to be the solitary thrush, a species not found in this country, but common in more southern climates, where it frequents the roofs of buildings, and often makes its nest in old walls or ruins. The song of this bird may be heard at early hours, and resembles the mellow tones of a flute, with much variety of notes, and expressive of melancholy. Hence the Spaniards call it *Tordo loco*, the mad, or melancholy, thrush ; and it is perhaps indicated by an old Spanish Translator of the Bible, who renders the verse, "Fuy como *paxaro solitario* sobre techo." *Paxaro loco*, or *paxaro solitario*, in Spanish, is a name given to this species of thrush ; and proverbially to a lover of solitude.

11. My days with swift decline
Are hast'ning to their fall,
Like shades that post at eve, or grass
That withers on the wall.
12. But Thou, Almighty Lord,
Unchanging is Thy sway :
The memory of Thy Name shall last
To ages far away.
13. And Thou wilt yet arise
To change sad Zion's doom :
E'en now the days of woe are past,
The hour of mercy come.
14. For her Thy servants mourn,
To see her walls o'erthrown ;
A voice that pleads for pity speaks
From every mould'ring stone.
15. The heathen and their kings,
Thy glory, Lord, shall fear,
16. When once reveal'd from Zion's tow'rs
That glory shall appear :
17. When to the poor's complaint
He turns with pitying care ;
Nor with averted face rejects
The lone one's faithful pray'r.

18. Then history evermore
Shall tell our state restor'd ;
New nations. call'd by Him to life,
Shall rise and praise the Lord.
- 19,20. For He in heav'n hath heard
The captive's groaning cry,
And waits to loose the sons of woe
In thraldom laid to die ;
21. That they in Salem's courts
His mercies may declare,
22. When earth's far kingdoms come to serve
The God of Israel there.
23. Yet, Lord, Thou bid'st my hope
To struggle long with fears :
Thine arm hath bow'd my strength to dust,
Cut off my life's short years.
24. Too soon on man's brief days
The shades of evening haste ;
Lord, bid me not to die, ere yet
My noon of life be past.

Thou art for evermore :
Long time, that all outwears,
Approaches not Thy changeless reign,
Thy countless sum of years.

25. Of old the solid earth
Thy pow'r in beauty laid ;
Thy hands the vaulted heav'n above
In majesty array'd :
26. Yet they, when comes their end,
Shall perish, as they rose :
But Thou shalt last ; no tide or time
Thy glorious rule shall close.

Like garments old and worn
Their frame shall shrink decay'd :
27. But Thou dost sway all change, Thy years
Shall never fail or fade.

28. And saints Thy state shall share,
Who now Thy truth adore ;
In Thy blest presence they and theirs
Shall dwell for evermore.

CIII.

1. MY soul, with all thy pow'rs to God
Thy love and praise unwearied give ;
2. O let His mercy-gifts bestow'd
For ever in thy memory live :
3. Who hears thy pray'r, and grants relief,
Removes each stain of guilt away,
And heals the spirit's secret grief,
That wastes its strength with slow decay.
4. Who sav'd thee from the darksome grave,
The baleful bonds of Death unbound ;
And, greater grace; the life He gave
With love and endless mercy crown'd.
5. Who bade thy fainting soul be strong,
And gave thee, in His bounteous might,
Such joys as when thy days were young,
Such strength as bears the eagle's flight.
6. He is the Avenger of all harm,
Who rights the righteous cause alone ;
7. Who made His truth with mightiest arm
To Moses and to Israel known.

8. He is the Lord, Whose name is Love,
Still slow to wrath, and swift to spare :
9. His voice of chiding from above
Still speaks a Father's pitying care.
10. He would not cast us off, abhorr'd,
Who watch'd to call His wand'ers in ;
Our guilt with equal pain reward,
Or match the sorrow with the sin.
11. As high as heaven, Thy bright abode,
Is o'er our place of sojourn here,
So high and deep, all-gracious God,
Thy love to souls who own Thy fear.
12. Far as the region of the East
From chambers of the setting day,
So far Thy grace from souls releas'd
Hath borne the load of guilt away.
13. The yearning pity, wont to move
A father to his erring child,
Is like our God's all-pitying love,
To contrite sinners reconcil'd.
14. He knows how soon our lives decay ;
How soon this weary mortal frame
Must join again its kindred clay,
Laid low in earth from whence it came.

15. Our fleeting days that come and pass,
 And soon to Death their glories yield,
Are but as spring-time with the grass,
 Or wild-flower in the blooming field :
16. The summer-wind that o'er it blew
 Away its short-liv'd blossoms bore ;
And where it late in beauty grew,
 The place remembers it no more.
17. But Thine unchanging mercy, Lord,
 Our children yet unborn shall see,
18. While they and theirs, with blest accord,
 In glad obedience walk with Thee.
19. The Lord in heaven, His highest home,
 Hath fix'd His seat of peerless sway :
Whate'er His righteous counsels doom,
 The pow'rs of heav'n and earth obey.
20. Praise Him in your rejoicing song,
 Ye, who, whene'er His voice is heard,
Swift angels, excellently strong,
 Speed the glad errands of His word.
21. Praise His high Name, rejoice and sing,
 Ye hosts in heavenly beauty bright ;
And ye that wait or serve on wing,
 Delighting in your God's delight.

22. Praise Him all ye His works, that fill
The realm His righteous sceptre sways;
And thou, my soul, unceasing still
Send up the duteous song of praise.

CIV.

1. MY soul, praise the Lord; speak good of His
Name :
O Lord, our great God, with love and with fear
Our psalm shall Thy greatness adoring proclaim,
Where might and fair beauty in concord appear.
2. The glory of heav'n at noontide display'd,
The vesture of light attiring the morn,
Reveal with what lustre Thy throne is array'd,
The beams which Thy presence with brightness
adorn.
3. His chambers in air, the floors of the sky,
The rains, ere they fall, in fastnesses bind :
The clouds are His coursers; He speaks, and they
fly ;
He walks in His swiftness on wings of the wind.
4. His errands were sped by angels of light,
Fleet-wing'd as the flame His mandates to bear^e;
5. When earth's solid groundworks He laid in their
night,
The waste and the changes of Time to outwear.

^e Hengstenberg, feeling here the difficulty of connecting this verse with the context, proposes to translate it, "He maketh the winds His angels, and the flaming fire His servants." He is aware of the objection to be made from the use of this text by St. Paul, Heb. i. 7. May not the mention of the angels have been suggested to the sacred poet by a recollection of their presence at the work of the Creation? Job xxxviii. 4—7.

6. The deep-rolling flood Thy mandate obey'd;
The tide in its flow o'er earth was outpour'd:
There, spread like a shroud, the still waters were
stay'd
On heights of the mountains awaiting Thy word.
7. Thy voice of rebuke in thunder spoke forth;
They shrank fast away, afraid at the sound,
8. And sought the hill-springs, hid in caves of the earth,
And flow'd at Thy sending down valleys profound.
9. Thou gav'st the command; their uproar was still;
The bound fix'd by Thee they might not pass
o'er:
They kept their deep channels restrain'd at Thy will,
And earth with dark waters was cover'd no more.
10. In high mountain-dales they run, as they ran
When first from their springs new-born they
arose:
11. There beasts roam that know not the dwellings of
man,
There drink the wild asses the wave as it flows.
12. Hard by the clear flood the birds of the grove
Sing joyous in shade: how glad is their voice!
13. He waters the hills from His rain-stores above,
And bless'd with His bounty earth's borders rejoice.

14. For cattle His care bids pastures to grow,
 And herbs made for man fair gardens adorn :
15. For man the vine's clusters their gladness bestow,
 Joy shines in the olive, strength springs in the corn.
16. Ye trees of the Lord, unnurtur'd by men,
 Still green is your sap, your years are unknown,
 Ye Lebanon-cedars, that rise in the glen,
 Where first your great Planter your birth-seed
 had sown.
17. There safe are the birds that build on the bough,
 The stork finds a home unharm'd on the pine ;
18. The wild goat hath rest on the chill mountain-brow^f,
 The coney in rocks where they burrow and mine.
19. Thou madest the moon her seasons to keep,
 The sun knows his hour to darkness to yield :
20. Then fierce from their lairs, where at noontide they
 sleep,
 The beasts of the forest roam forth o'er the field.

^f The animals here mentioned seem to be introduced as indicating the wonders of Divine Providence in making the most cold and barren regions of the earth subservient to the use and support of some species of living creatures. "Il y a dans la partie la plus haute de Caucase trois espèces de chèvres sauvages. . . . L'espèce, qui porte chez les Géorgiens le nom de *djihhiwi*, erre en troupeaux sur les montagnes ; elle ressemble à la chèvre commune, sinon qu'elle est beaucoup plus grande : elle a les cornes très-longues. Ces chèvres grimpent sur les rochers les plus escarpés, où aucun autre animal ne saurait atteindre. Dans l'hiver, elles se placent sur les plus hautes cimes des montagnes, leurs naseaux tournés au vent ; car elles sont insensibles au froid le plus rigoureux." Klapproth. Voyage au Caucase. ii. 453.

21. The lion's wild brood roam darkling for prey ;
They roar, and to God their cravings are known :
22. But hush'd are their cries with the first rising ray,
And they to their caverns departed and gone.
23. When back to their brakes the spoilers are fled,
And calm in the dawn the fields are at peace,
Man's turn comes to rise from the rest of his bed,
To toil in the morning, at evening to cease.
24. How infinite, Lord, the works of Thy hand,
With beauty and might in wisdom array'd !
Thy riches alike fill the breadth of the land,
25. And shine in the wide-rolling Ocean display'd.
26. Ships glide on the wave : the deep water's brood
Beneath them in shoals all numberless stray ;
Leviathan, hugest, the lord of the flood,
Rolls, spouting the surge in his pastime of play.
27. All wait on Thy hand their needs to supply ;
28. They feed, and are fill'd ; the bounty is Thine :
29. Uncheer'd by Thy favour in trouble they lie ;
Their breath Thou withdrawest ; their lives they
resign.
30. Thou sendest abroad Thy Spirit once more,
Whose succours with life all creatures sustain :
Earth wakes up in gladness and strength as before,
And all teems with freshness and fulness again

31. These glories unspent shall never grow old ;
Thro' all His wide reign, in depth and in height,
His excellent greatness in wonders is told ;
For ever our God in His works shall delight.
32. One look of His pow'r the earth might remove,
One touch wrap the hills in smould'ring and
flame,
As when, with His terror's dread signs from above,
In sight of our fathers to Horeb He came.
33. As long as I live, my song to His praise
Shall rise ever new, His gifts to record :
34. While memory delights me, or language obeys,
Each word and each thought be of joy in the Lord.
35. The sinners, whose hearts no faithfulness know,
Uprooted from earth shall perish in shame :
But ever my song shall in thankfulness flow,
My soul praise the Lord ; O speak good of His
Name^ε.

^ε No Christian, who meditates upon the wisdom and goodness of God declared in the wonders of Creation, will conclude without such a prayer as that of Lord Hatton or Bishop Taylor on this Psalm : " O Lord God, when all Thy creatures praise Thee in their manner, let not us, whom Thou hast made in dignity next to angels, disturb the blessed order of creation by our sins and irregular disobedience."

CV.

1. O PAY your vows to Israel's God,
And where beneath the sun
Are tribes that know not Israel's God,
Proclaim His mercies done.
2. O be not silent in His praise ;
Let psalms, with harpings sung,
And words that tell His wondrous pow'r,
Be ever on your tongue.
3. Praise ye the holy Name, whose praise
Gives gladness to the voice :
Let trusting hearts in weal or woe
Firm-knit in God rejoice.
4. Search the true annals of your state,
Till sons from fathers learn
The records of their Rock of Strength,
And ancient love return.
5. Remember all His mighty deeds,
His pow'r in judgments shown,
6. O Abraham's seed, and Jacob's sons,
Made by His choice His own.

7. He is the Lord our God, whose pow'r
 In judgment-deeds afar
 Beams forth from eastern climes to realms
 Beneath the western star.
8. For ever hath He kept His truth,
 His word no change can stain :
 His blest command from sire to son
 For ever shall remain ^h
9. That word, which He to Abraham gave,
 His oath to Isaac sworn ;
10. His law that Jacob heard and held,
 Ere Israel's sons were born ⁱ.
11. God spake : To thee a home of rest
 In Canaan will I give ;
 The land's wide border shall be yours,
 And here your heirs shall live :
12. When they were feeble yet and few,
 13. And roam'd, as strangers roam,
 From land to land, from realm to realm,
 A tent their only home :

^h " *The word which He commanded to a thousand generations.* The round number is used for *all generations*. As long as one generation of man shall succeed another, so long is it *commanded* that man must live by faith." St. Augustin.

ⁱ The Psalmist appears to speak of God's promise as a command and a law, as is well explained by St. Augustin, because every promise implies a law or precept. And, as he says, " the precept or command is faith, that the just may live by faith ; and to this faith is promised an eternal inheritance."

14. He suffer'd none to work them wrong,
But bade high kings beware :
15. Touch not My saints, and harm not those
Whose lips My truth declare.
16. He call'd for dearth : man's feeble strength
Beneath that wrathful sign
Bow'd low, its staff of bread now lost,
In penury to pine :
17. But one His care had sent before,
That men His grace might know,
His servant Joseph, falsely sold,
And doom'd to dwell in woe.
18. His feet the baleful fetters bound,
And in that house of dole
The galling links, that bruis'd his flesh,
Sent bondage to his soul :
19. Until th' appointed hour was come,
The captive's cause was heard,
A captive tried, as gold in fire,
By God's prophetic word^k.
20. Then went he free : the people's king
Unbarr'd his cell of pain,
21. And bade him, next in kingly grace,
In palace-halls to reign ;

^k Oxford Psalter.

22. To rule his household and his store,
His princely train at will
To bind, and make his ancients wise
With truth's diviner skill¹.
23. Then Israel too to Egypt came ;
A pilgrim's home he found,
Where first the wand'ring sons of Ham
By lot had mark'd the ground.
24. There God increas'd the patriarch's race,
And strong their numbers grew,
25. Till the false aliens' hearts were chang'd,
And prompted deeds untrue.
26. Then once again our God of grace
New guides to Israel gave,
Moses and Aaron, chosen saints,
With wond'rous might to save.
27. They came, and shew'd His works of pow'r,
And dealt His signs around
Amidst the wrathful sons of Ham
On their ancestral ground.
28. He bade the thickest pall of night
The sun at noon o'ershade ;
The gloomy darkness heard His voice,
And when it heard, obey'd^m.

¹ Oxford Psalter.

^m See Bishop Horseley on this verse.

29. The teeming waters, full of life,
 He turn'd to streams of blood :
The finny shoals lay floating dead
 High on the purple flood.
30. He call'd to life the reptile swarms ;
 Foul frogs in noisome throng
Leap'd on the beds where princes slept,
 And croak'd their tuneless song.
31. Devouring flies obey'd His call,
 And lice with vexing pow'r ;
32. The fiery thunders roll'd, and hail
 Fell fast in stony show'r.
33. Storms smote their vines ; the juicy fig
 Died on the shatter'd bough ;
The summer-orchards, bright of bloom,
 Lay bare in ruin now.
34. He spake the word : the locusts came
 In ranks unnumber'd round ;
35. The wasteful worm their garden's pride
 Chang'd to a desert ground.
36. He smote proud Egypt's eldest-born ;
 His arm at dead of night
Struck down in Mizraim's trembling tents
 The hope of all their might :

37. And not as feeble slaves led forth
The flock He call'd His own ;
But with high hand ; their camp with gold
And gleaming silver shone.
38. Those alien lords, that once oppress'd
Now joy'd to bid them go :
Faint were the hearts so fierce erewhile,
Down-fall'n with fear and woe.
39. He spread His tented cloud by day,
Lest heat at noon should tire ;
And for His people's march at night
Lit up His pillar'd fire.
40. They pray'd for food : the show'ring quails
Fell like the dew at even ;
And ere the dawn, like frost on ground,
Was pour'd the bread of heaven.
41. He clave the rock ; the gushing rills
Burst from its flinty side ;
The sounding streams ran fast and far
Thro' deserts wild and wide.
42. For why ? His oath to Abraham pass'd
Time's change could ne'er destroy :
43. For Abraham's sake He bless'd his sons,
Rejoicing in their joy.

44. He led them forth : the heathen's realm,
Their Sovereign's grant, they trod ;
45. For service bound to keep His laws,
The statutes of their God.

CVI.

1. O PRAISE the Lord, for He is good,
O thank the King of kings,
From Whom, unchang'd from age to age,
Long-suffering Mercy springs.
2. What tongue may tell His noble acts?
Life's years would pass away
Ere skill of man the sum could count,
Or all His praise display.
3. Bless'd are the pure, who keep unstain'd
The law of truth He gave :
4. With them, O Lord, remember me,
And with Thy pity save.
5. So shall I see what bliss shall crown
The people of Thy choice ;
With them give glory to my God,
And in their joy rejoice.
6. But, holy Lord, our lips that pray
In sorrow speak and fear :
We too are sinful men, impure,
As all our fathers were.

7. Our fathers wrong'd Thy truth, Whose arm
Such help in Egypt gave,
Rebellious in their faithless fear
E'en at the Red sea's wave :
- In fear before those waters broad
They rais'd their wayward moan :
8. But God, for His eternal Name,
His mighty pow'r made known :
9. His voice rebuk'd the Red sea's wave :
The coral depths profound
Lay bare, as though their feet were led
On dry and desert ground.
10. He sav'd them from the treacherous hand
Of those that work'd them woe ;
Redeem'd their souls from toil and pain,
And terror of their foe.
11. Deep, deep the weltering billows drown'd
Th' oppressors' dying wail :
Where thousands march'd at night in arms,
None liv'd at morning pale.
12. O who could think, that they who now
With songs His truth ador'd,
13. Would change so soon, and tempt the doom
Of recreants to their Lord ?

14. Their lustful fancy unrestrain'd
 Despis'd the grace that shed
 The food of heav'n amid the waste,
 And pin'd for bondmen's bread.
15. God heard their plaints, and what they sought
 In wrath consenting gave ;
 But sent lean death to mar the feast,
 And lust was laid in grave.
16. Pale envy in their hollow tents
 Rebellious discord bred
 Against the saints, who, mov'd by heav'n,
 Their steps to Canaan led ;
- Against meek Moses, man of God,
 And Aaron, saintly sire ;
17. Till the firm ground asunder cleft,
 And judgment glow'd in fire.
- Presumptuous Dathan's pride went down,
 Earth clos'd Abiram in ;
18. The lightning-flames of vengeance quench'd
 Rash Korah's stubborn sin.
19. They dar'd at Horeb's awful rock
 Their sculptur'd calf to rear,
 E'en there, where trembling earth had own'd
 Her Sovereign Lord so near :

20. There did they change their glorious God,
And bade an idol rise
Like the dumb beast in pastures bred,
That labours, feeds, and dies :
21. Their God's, their Saviour's, mercies past,
They cherish'd now no more,
22. His wonders seen in Mizraim's coasts,
And on the Red sea's shore.
23. Then spake His wrath, and all their race
In death o'erthrown had laid ;
Save that His holy champion fill'd
The breach that sin had made ;
- His servant Moses stood alone ;
24. The rest all faith abjur'd,
Despis'd the pleasant promis'd land,
And scorn'd His truthful word.
25. In sullen sloth within their tents
They wept with mad despair,
When now He bade them bold in field
His conquering ensigns bear.
26. Then by His own dread Name He sware,
By His uplifted hand,
The race from Egypt sav'd should die
Far from that pleasant land :

27. And their doom'd sons thro' alien tribes,
 In sadness and in fear,
Homeless amidst a thousand homes,
 Should wander far and near.
28. Their lustful crime to Moab's god
 Their souls all captive led ;
They shar'd the wizards' pray'rs, and ate
 The offerings of the deadⁿ.
29. Thus did they mock th' Almighty's pow'r,
 And brav'd His plagues of pain,
Till wrath o'ertook them in their sin,
 And heap'd their hearths with slain :
30. And more had fall'n : but Phinehas rose,—
 Such fervour zeal could give,—
To execute the doom of God,
 And bid the dying live.
31. He felt not then the ties of blood^o,
 When heav'n's sharp sword he bore :
For this we bless his name, enroll'd
 With saints for evermore.
32. Again, beside the fount of strife
 They rose with rebel cry :
Unhappy day ! when Judgment spake,
 That Moses too must die !

ⁿ Isaiah viii. 19.^o Deut. xxxiii. 9.

33. Their's was the offence, O their's the sin,
That, vex'd to bear the load,
His soul in hasty words profan'd
The patient pow'r of God.
- 34,35. Then, when the land was their's, they spar'd
The tribes of heathens wild,
Regardless of the Almighty's will,
And were with them defil'd.
- 36,37. Caught in the toils of sin, they rear'd
The heathen's sculptur'd stone,
And heard in demons' altar-flames
Their dying children moan :
38. Or in low vale by rifted rock ^P
Their hands with gore imbrued,
With gore of sons and daughters slain
To Canaan's idol-brood.
39. So mourn'd the land with murder foul ;
The guiltless victims slain
Cried out to heav'n against the lust,
That wanton'd in their pain.
40. Then woke the jealous wrath of God,
His judgment bar'd the sword ;
Averse He view'd His chosen flock,
His heritage abhorr'd.

41. He gave them to their foes a prey ;
Their haters rul'd their land :
42. Beneath th' oppressors' yoke they stoop'd,
And felt their iron hand.
43. Oft did He turn to save ; as oft
Their rebel lusts return'd :
Till feeble, faint, and few, their souls
In guilt and sorrow mourn'd.
- 44,45. Yet e'en in misery's abject grief
With ruth He saw them lie ;
And for His oath and mercies' sake
He heard their bitter cry.
46. Not yet His long-remembering love
Had ceas'd its watch to keep :—
Lo ! mov'd with pity for their woe
Their captors turn'd to weep.
47. Great God of gods, Whose arm of pow'r
Alone the fall'n can raise,
Say, may the exiles yet return
To triumph in Thy praise ?

We pray that grace, Eternal Lord,
Though stain'd with sinful blame,
Save, save us yet from heathen realms,
For Thine Immortal Name.

48. Bless'd, ever bless'd be Israel's God:
O let the choir again
Repeat th' Eternal's endless praise,
And raise the loud Amen!

CVII.

1. O THANK and bless the living Lord,
The Fount of endless Grace above ;
For ever be in songs ador'd
The pow'r of His protecting love.
2. Thank Him, ye exiles gather'd home,
Ye captives of the conqueror's sword,
Redeem'd from dread of wrathful doom,
And bondage of your tyrant-lord :
3. By bitter thraldom forc'd afar
To East or utmost West to flee,
To climes beneath the northern star,
Or sands that bound the southern sea.
4. No lodge for rest their steps could find
In burning waste or trackless heath ;
5. Their souls, with thirst and famine pin'd,
Hung fainting in the grasp of death.
6. Then, when to God they made their pray'r
He sav'd them from that deep distress,
7. Gave paths amidst those deserts bare,
And homes instead of wilderness.

8. O praise with grateful heart and tongue
The goodness of our God above ;
By every ransom'd soul be sung
The deeds of His protecting love.
9. The soul that felt sharp hunger's pain,
Despairing late of needful food,
Now lives to taste of joy again,
And tell in songs that God is good.
10. They who, in baleful fetters bound,
With anguish drew their weary breath,
By prison-walls encompass'd round,
In darkness and the gloom of death ;
11. Because in vain rebellious pride
They heard not when His voice forewarn'd,
The terrors of His law defied,
His grace abhorr'd, His counsel scorn'd ;
12. Therefore their hearts He tam'd with woe,
And wisdom by affliction gave,
By misery taught their need to know,
When none but God could help or save ;
13. These, when to Him they made their pray'r,
He heard amidst their worst distress ;
14. Sav'd from death's gloom and deep despair,
And broke the bonds of bitterness.

15. O praise with grateful heart and tongue
The goodness of our God above ;
By every ransom'd soul be sung
The pow'r of His protecting love :
16. His arm hath burst the gates of brass,
The bars of steel asunder riven,
And made the captives forth to pass
To freedom and the light of heaven.
17. The sons of folly, led astray
In rebel passion's mad career,
By slow diseases worn away,
In anguish learn to mourn and fear :
18. Their soul in faintness loathes their food,
The joyous pulse of life is fled,
And near and nearer seems to brood
The sullen shade that wraps the dead.
19. Yet when to God they make their pray'r,
He saves them from their deep distress ;
20. Bids health once more their strength repair,
And fell destruction's pow'r repress.
21. Then praise with grateful heart and tongue
The goodness of our God above ;
By every ransom'd soul be sung
The wonders of His shelt'ring love :

22. O let the sacrifice of praise
 At morn and eve each tongue employ ;
 And each still heart its altar raise,
 Lit up with quick'ning fire of joy.
23. And they, who on the toiling sea
 Their trade thro' mighty waters keep,
 24. These too His secret glories see,
 His wonders on the rolling deep^q.
25. If He command, the wild winds rise,
 And toss the billows where they blow,
 26. Now mounting to the troubled skies,
 Now sinking to the depths below.

- Then bold hearts melt with fear aghast,
 27. Like drunkards on the planks they reel ;
 The helmsman quails before the blast,
 Nor more can rule the labouring wheel.
28. But when to God they make their pray'r,
 He saves them in hard toil distress'd ;
 29. In calmness stills the stormy air,
 And lulls the raging waves to rest.

^q Aldhelm: Hi Drihtnes weorc=digul gesawon,=and His wundra-wearn=on wæter-grundum. *These have seen the Lord's secret work, and His crowding wonders in the watery depths.* On the Anglo-Saxon word, wearn, or worn, see the Poem of Judith, xi. 84. Cædmon, 175, 12.

30. O then what joy is their's to see
The sun return, the clouds retire !
God's guiding hand hath set them free
To reach their port, their heart's desire.
31. O praise with grateful heart and tongue
The goodness of our God above :
By every rescued soul be sung
His arm of pow'r, His shelt'ring love.
32. Praise Him, where'er th' assemblies meet,
Thro' all your tribes exalt His Name ;
And by your elders' reverend seat
His mercy and His truth proclaim.
33. At His command the fountains cease,
The joyous rills to dryness turn,
34. The fruitful soil to barrenness,
Where lands for man's transgression mourn.
35. Again, He makes the waste a pool,
And thro' wild deserts, parch'd and bare,
Calls running brooks from well-springs cool,
36. And bids the poor find refuge there :
- There bids the hungry souls take rest,
And safe their peaceful dwellings rear,
37. With clustering vines and harvests bless'd
And increase of the bounteous year.

38. With blessings from the heav'ns above
He heaps their store in garners high;
Their herds in wealthy pastures rove,
And none of wasting sickness die.
39. Again, when low they droop with grief,
And fierce oppression makes them mourn,
His mercy waits to bring relief,
And break the yoke in anguish borne.
40. Their tyrants from their place of pride
He drives with shame and woe to stray,
As banish'd men in wastes to hide,
Where lonely terror haunts their way.
41. But His poor saints His comfort fills
With peace more deep from past annoy,
And free as flocks that range the hills,
Leads forth their little sons in joy^r.
42. With wondering awe and love, the just
Shall read God's ways of mercy plain;
The wicked, silent in the dust,
Shall own their impious counsels vain.
43. Where is the wise and true, whose mind
These marvels keeps in memory stor'd?
Still in each change his heart shall find
The goodness of th' Eternal Lord.

CVIII.

1. O GOD, my heart is fix'd: to Thee
My song of praise shall offer'd be,
The glorious gift of song is Thine:
2. Awake the harp, and psaltery's string;
I too with them will wake, and sing,
Before the sun at dawn shall shine.
3. Thro' the wide world my thankful song
Shall tell Thy praise to tribe and tongue,
And bid the nations learn the word:
4. More bright than heav'ns that beam so fair,
High as the soaring clouds of air,
The truth and love of Israel's Lord.
5. O God, be now Thy glory shown;
Before Thine high and heavenly throne
Let angel-hosts adoring bow;
And let Thy power be seen on earth,
Till from all tongues of mortal birth
One mingled song of praise shall flow.
6. Let Thy right hand from heav'n above
Still guard the people of Thy love,
O save them for Thy mercy's name:—
7. Yea, Thou hast heard; Thine answering voice
Hath made my inmost soul rejoice,
As from Thy holiest place it came.

- For me the land each portion yields,
Shechem, and Succoth's tented fields,
8. Manasseh, Gilead, East and West;
In Ephraim is my kingdom's might,
In Judah laws, that guard the right,
As in their seat of council rest.
9. The warlike sons of Moab, now
To lowest bondage forc'd to bow,
Bring water for their conqueror's feet;
Fierce Edom fall'n must brook the scorn
To bear the task by foot-slaves borne;
Philistia, learn thy Lord to greet.
10. And who shall lead our host along
To win the city fam'd for strong,
To break the strength of Edom's tow'r?
11. O who but Thou, Who late in scorn
Didst seem to cast us off to mourn,
Thou, Lord, alone our Head of pow'r?
12. O help us still: when griefs oppress,
Be Thou our refuge in distress;
For vain the help that man bestows:
13. No danger shall our soul affright,
While God sustains and guards our right,
And lays in dust our fiercest foes.

CIX.

1. HOLD not Thy peace, my God, my praise :
For, while Thy righteous sentence stays,
2. The slanders of the treacherous tongue
Are loud my patient truth to wrong.

3. With hateful cries they close me round ;
All unprovok'd they watch to wound ;
4. And pay with scorn the love I bear :
But, Lord, I give my heart to pray'r.

5. Evil for good is all my meed,
Hatred for loving word or deed :
6. Lord, let the man, who seeks my woe,
Thy doom of righteous vengeance know :

- Him let a stronger arm command,
A foe outwork with mightier hand :
7. His trial,—let it end in blame,
His faithless pray'r in sin and shame.

8. Short be his term ere life be o'er,
Another take the charge he bore :
9. His children, be they fatherless :
His wife in widow'd loneliness.

10. Yea, let his orphans outcast roam,
And beg around some happier home ;
While, where its rest their childhood found,
Pale famine guards the lonely ground.
11. And let the ruthless usurer spoil
The fruit of all his care and toil ;
Whate'er he stor'd, let alien bands
Divide, and deal to strangers' hands.
12. No pity let his ruin move,
None shield his orphan'd babes with love :
13. But let him, root and branch, undone
Pass hence, and never more be known.
14. Yea, let his father's deeds unright
Live in just God's recording sight ;
Nor be as though it had not been
His guilt-stain'd mother's shame and sin.
15. Let the dread record ever be,
My God, in memory stor'd with Thee :
His name be like a plant up-torn,
And none be left his loss to mourn.
16. Because in stern unpitying mood
His wrath the child of need pursu'd,
And work'd its mischief to confound
The wounded heart with deadlier wound.

17. Cursing he lov'd, then let it come
 And dwell as in its proper home :
 He who ne'er found his joy or rest
 In blessing, let him ne'er be blest.
18. With hateful scorn he fenc'd him round,
 As with a belted vesture bound :
 Deep let it work his frame within,
 And with his sin chastise his sin.

His heart, like water, curses drank ;
 Like oil into his bones they sank :

19. Let him the load for ever bear,
 As men their daily garments wear.
20. Be such their wages, righteous Lord,
 Be such my slanderous foes' reward :
21. But let my ransom'd soul proclaim
 The praise of Thy sweet Mercy's Name.
22. Lord, I am poor, I need relief ;
 My inmost heart is pierc'd with grief :
23. My wasted life speeds fast away,
 Like the swift shade at parting day.

As, when by winds its flight is cross'd,
 The locust's feeble strength is toss'd ;

24. My knees unnerv'd with fasting fail,
 And my worn frame grows wan and pale.

25. My name is now their bye-word made ;
At me with scorn they shake the head :
26. Lord, let Thy saving health appear :
O bring Thy helping comfort near.
27. Grant me Thy aid, that each proud foe
The Guardian of my life may know ;
And in their heart's deep anguish own
What Thy unconquer'd arm hath done.
28. Tho' curs'd by them, yet bless Thou me ;
Let shame their pride's due portion be :
But let Thy mercy on me shine,
And peace and joy of heart be mine.
29. The shame that mantles in their cheek,
Let it their soul's confusion speak ;
30. While I will praise my God in song,
Where to Thy courts Thy people throng.
31. For Thou art near the poor man's side,
To shield him from th' oppressor's pride,
To quell false judgment's hateful breath,
And save from foes that seek his death.

CX.

1. THE Lord unto my Lord hath said,
At My right-hand exalt Thy throne,
Till, prostrate at Thy footstool laid,
Thy foes Thy firm dominion own.

2. From Zion, where He loves to dwell,
Thy rod of strength the Lord shall send,
Rebellious tribes of Earth to quell,
Till all before Thy sceptre bend.

3. And willing, in Thy day of pow'r,
Thy people to Thy courts shall press,
Subdued, in that accepted hour,
To feel Thy mercy's holiness.

The secret of Thy heav'nly birth,
And of Thy saints to Thee new-born,
Is like the dew that cheers the earth,
Sprung from the secret womb of morn.

4. The Lord, Who ne'er did promise break,
Whose truthful word no change can stain,
Hath sworn: Thou, like Melchizedec,
A Priest shalt save, a King shalt reign.

5. The Lord, the Strength of Thy right hand,
When vengeance brings th' appointed day,
Shall strike thro' Kings in every land,
Whose pride resists Thy rightful sway.
6. Yea, thro' the heathen's furthest coasts
The mighty Judge shall ride afar,
And strew the ground with slaughter'd hosts,
And bruise the head that leads the war^s.
7. A pilgrim now He bows to taste
The troubled stream of mortal pain ;
But soon shall rise, with glory grac'd,
Above immortal thrones to reign.

• Rom. xvi. 20.

CXI.

1. PRAISE the Lord! The call of praise
Gladly my full heart obeys,
Where, as seen by God alone,
Just ones meet before His throne.
2. Lord, Thy works, by true hearts tried,
All their hopes have satisfied,
All, who led by love have sought
Well to know what Love hath wrought.
3. Deeds of godlike glory bright
Mark Thy reign of stainless right;
Like to Thee those deeds endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
4. Thou hast strange memorials given,
Teaching men by signs from heav'n,
Signs, where might with goodness strove,
Full of mercy, full of love.
5. Where, amidst the desert ground,
Hunter ne'er his prey had found[†],
Thou didst drop Thy food like dew,
Ever to Thy promise true.

[†] Hebrew.

6. Thou didst shew Thy works of might
In Thy people's wond'ring sight,
Conquering from the heathen's hand
This their good and pleasant land.
7. Stedfast Thy just works endure,
Changeless Thy commandments sure :
8. Truth preserves their concord fast
Ne'er with Time to wane or waste.
9. Thou, with mild redeeming love
Keeping plighted faith above,
Bad'st Thy saints Thy promise claim :
Holy fear surrounds Thy Name.
10. Ye, who Wisdom's gate would win,
God's true fear must guide you in :
Truth to know is to obey :
Thus is gain'd the eternal way.

CXII.

1. PRAISE ye the Lord. The man is blest,
Whose heart in holy fear finds rest,
Whose ways in glad obedience bright
Reflect the Law of Truth and Right.
2. O blest his offspring from above,
The sons of Faithfulness and Love ;
3. Valiant for Truth his house shall stand,
And wealth shall fill their bounteous hand.
4. His righteousness shall ne'er decay :
Fair light shall bless in darkest day
His zeal, in concord taught to move
With gentleness and pitying love.
5. O blest the good and mild of heart,
Who can to other's need impart,
By wise discerning prompt to lend
Where judgment guides to mercy's end.
6. His God his pilgrim feet shall stay
From guileful Error's treacherous way :
A blest remembrance shall he find
On earth, and in th' Eternal Mind.

7. No baleful tidings shall surprise
His heart that fix'd on God relies,
8. Unshrinking, till his faith control
Each foe that threatens his constant soul.

9. He hath dispers'd his bounteous store,
His deeds of alms have bless'd the poor :
His goodness times unborn shall hear,
And high his honour's ensigns rear.

10. The bad shall see it with despite,
Gnashing and pining at the sight ;
As mists before the noontide ray,
They and their hopes shall melt away.

CXIII.

1. YE who serve the living Lord,
Praise His Name with glad accord ;
2. That high Name, which saints adore,
Praise and bless for evermore.

3. Praise it, wheresoe'er the sun
O'er the earth his course doth run,
4. High above all heathen far,
Higher than the highest star.

5. Who is like unto our God,
In His unapproach'd abode
6. Deigning with His care to bless
Heav'n, and earth's low humbleness ?

7. He with pity hears the plaint
Of the lowly child of want ;
8. From the dust to honour brings,
Bids him stand as peer with kings :

9. He regards the lonely life
Of the sorrowing childless wife ;
Bids new joys around her bloom
In a fruitful mother's home.

Praise then, ye who serve the Lord,
Praise His Name with glad accord :
Praise the Name which saints adore
In your songs for evermore.

CXIV.

1. WHEN Israel's God redeem'd His own
From Egypt's realm of danger,
From the fierce foe of speech unknown,
The proud and guileful stranger ;
2. Then seem'd their wond'rous Guide, renown'd
In their old fathers' story,
To reign among them, hovering round
Within the cloud of glory.
3. The sea, that saw His presence, fled
With waves asunder riven :
Swift Jordan left his channel'd bed,
Back to his fountains driven.
4. The mountains, skipping high like rams,
From their firm bases parted :
The little hills, like frighten'd lambs,
In strange disorder started.
5. What ail'd thee, O thou sea, to fly ?
Why were thy deep waves riven ?
Why, Jordan, leave thy channel dry,
Back to thy fountains driven ?

6. Why, mountains, did ye skip like rams,
From your firm bases parting ?
And why, ye hills, like frighten'd lambs,
In strange disorder starting ?

7. O quake, thou firm-set earth, with fear ;
Wide earth, and all creation,
Confess the God of Jacob near
With trembling adoration ;

8. The God, Who to a standing lake
Could turn the rocky mountain,
And bade the fiery flint-stone break
Into a gushing fountain^u.

^u See Milton's Paraphrase.

CXV.

1. O NOT to us, Lord, not to us,
The praise or glory give ;
But gather'd to Thy holiest Name
For ever bid it live.

Thy loving mercy and Thy truth,
O bid them shine abroad ;

2. And still the heathen's taunt, who ask,
Where now is Israel's God ?
3. Our God, of Whom ye ask, in heav'n
Reigns on His stedfast throne ;
And what His counsel wills, His pow'r
In all the world hath done.
4. But ye adore vain idol-forms,
Where from the glitt'ring clod,
Of beaten gold, or silver ore,
The workman makes the god.
5. Mouths have they, but no word can speak,
Eyes blind in blaze of day,
6. Dull ears, cold nostrils, though around
Sweet sounds or odours play :

7. Hands that no touch can wake to feel,
Feet fix'd in helpless rest ;
No lively spirit stirs their lips,
Or dwells their body's guest.

8. And ye, who rais'd with empty pain
Those idol-gods on high,
Are vain as they, most vain are all,
Who on their help rely.

9. But Thou, O Israel, trust in God,
Who can deliverance send ;
10. Trust Him, ye house of Aaron, prompt
To succour and defend.

11. Trust Him, ye saints who fear His Name !
And He in all distress
Will with His presence aid your vows,
And with protection bless.

12. Yea, God's remembering love with us
Shall dwell ; His blissful grace
Shall beam on Israel's sons to bless,
Shall beam on Aaron's race ;

13. His grace shall beam to bless the souls
That fear His holy Name,
The greatest or the least ; in God
Their portion rests the same.

14. God shall increase you more and more,
Shall bless your children's birth :
15. He is the Fount of Blessedness,
Who made the heav'n and earth.
16. The heav'ns are His, the foodful earth
His loving care assign'd
To be His servants' dwelling place,
The home of human-kind.
17. The dead, dear Lord, no more can speak
Thy pow'r to shield or save ;
No voice of hymns is heard to pierce
The chill and silent grave :
18. But we who live will still to Thee
Our hallelujahs raise,
And speak the bounty of our God
With never-ceasing praise.

CXVI.

1. I FEEL within my secret heart
A joy that cannot fade,
Since God in His eternal love
Hath heard the pray'r I pray'd.
2. Since He hath bent to me His ear,
For such all-pitying care
His bedesman ever will I be,
And live to Him in pray'r.
3. The snares of death were round me spread ;
Pale terrors yet unknown
Had seiz'd me, like a hunted prey
O'ertaken and o'erthrown.
4. In trouble and in heaviness,
No help or comfort near,
I call'd on God's eternal Name,
"Have mercy, Lord, and hear :

"Hear and restore my suffering soul,
"Redeem me from the grave :"
5. O gracious is the Lord, and true,
Whose mercy waits to save.

6. The humble soul and innocent
His love delights to shield :
The succour of His endless grace
My pining anguish heal'd.
7. Return, return, my weary soul,
Thy God prepares thy rest :
Untroubled be thy spirit's peace,
With His free bounty blest.
8. For Thou hast sav'd my trembling life
From deeps of deadly fears ;
Stay'd on the brink my tottering feet,
And dried mine eyes from tears.
9. And I will walk in peace and joy,
Where Thou Thy light dost give,
Where Thy free Spirit life imparts,
And Thy true servants live.
10. I trust my God, and therefore speak ;
But sorely did I mourn,
Alarm'd, lest Truth had ceas'd from earth,
And would no more return.
11. How shall I render to my God
The gifts His mercies claim ?
12. His cup of blessing I will seek,
And praise His gracious Name :

13. And where the full assembly meet,
 His saints, whose hearts are one,
 Shall press to hear my willing vows,
 And bless His mercy shown.

The death by which His servants die
 Is ever in His care :
 Sweet comfort, like a beacon-light*,
 Reveals His presence there.

14. I am Thy servant, O my God ;
 An handmaid of Thine own
 Led up my infant steps to kneel †
 Before Thy mercy-throne.
15. And now Thy gracious love hath burst
 The bonds of my distress,
 My heart shall thankful offerings bring,
 My songs Thy Name shall bless.
16. My vows His saints who tread His courts
 Shall witness and record,
 O Salem, where thy children meet,
 To praise the living Lord.

* Aldhelm.

† See Vatablus.

CXVII.

1. PRAISE the Lord ; ye heathen, raise
To our God the voice of praise :
Every kindred, tribe, and tongue,
Join our new thanksgiving-song :

2. For His love, of old foreshown,
Now by mightiest signs is known :
And His truth, from changes pure,
Ever faithful stands and sure.

Then take up th' accordant song,
Every kindred, tribe and tongue ;
Learn the joy, and bless the word,
First and last, O praise the Lord ^z.

^z The ancients understood this short Psalm as a prophetic thanksgiving for the gifts of the day of Pentecost. See Rom. xv. 10, 11. So Theodoret, and the Psalter among the works of St. Jerome.

CXVIII.

1. PRAISE the Lord with glad thanksgiving,
For His mercies aye endure,
Praise the Hope of all the living,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2. Israel, tell with heart believing
That His mercies aye endure ;
3. Aaron's sons, the song receiving,
Speak His goodness ever sure.

4. Yea, proclaim it, ye that fear Him,
That His mercies aye endure ;
Strangers, brought to worship near Him,
Speak His goodness ever sure.

5. When in straits I bow'd lamenting,
And implor'd His pow'r to save,
He, to my heart's pray'r consenting
Succour and enlargement gave.

6. While my God His succour sendeth,
What can man's weak arm avail ?
7. While my helpers He befriendeth,
Vainly shall my foes assail.

8. Trust in God,—more sure reliance
Than in man's brief changeful hour :
9. Trust in God,—more safe affianc
Than in princes' mightiest pow'r.

10. By ten thousand foes surrounded,
When the thronging nations came,
I beheld their hosts confounded
Thro' my God's victorious Name.

11. Vainly did their armies muster ;
12. Soon they sank, like thorns in flame,
Tho' they clos'd, like bees in cluster ;
Praise to God's victorious Name !

13. Thou, of all my foes the fiercest,
Who the sorest thrust would'st give,
God defends the life thou piercest ;
Thou art lost, and I shall live.

14. God, my Hope and my Salvation,
Who didst strength and succour bring,
Let my heart's deep adoration
Aid my tongue Thy truth to sing.

15. Lo ! redeem'd from heathen madness,
In their tents the righteous stand ;
Ever and again their gladness
Tells of God's victorious hand.
16. God's right hand, on high prevailing,
Doth whate'er His counsel plann'd ;
Mighty deeds of truth unfailing
Grace our God's victorious hand.
17. Yea, I shall not die, but living
Still Thy wond'rous works declare,
Still to Thee all glory giving,
While Thy glory's gifts I share.
18. God, in love my fault correcting,
Chasten'd, while He sought to save,
In His love my life protecting
On the threshold of the grave.
19. Open wide the temple's portal,—
Righteous Truth inhabits there ;
There Thy praise, my King Immortal,
Shall my thankful songs declare.
20. 'Tis Thy portal, Lord of glory ;
To Thy glory-courts within,
To recount Thy mercy's story,
Righteous souls shall entrance win.

21. I will praise Thee, Lord, Who hearest
Evermore my pray'r and vow,
Ever near to save, but nearest
With Thy strong salvation now.
22. Lo! the stone by men rejected
Stands Thy temple's corner-stone :
23. God, Thy choice that stone elected ;
We Thy work all wondering own.
24. 'Tis the day, all days excelling,
Which our gracious Lord hath made :
Let our songs, His mercy telling,
Speak a joy that cannot fade.
25. Save us now, dear Lord, we pray Thee ;
Now Thy prosp'ring mercy give :
Let no sin of ours delay Thee ;
Speak the word, and bid us live.
26. Blessings on the way shall meet him,
Who in God's high Name shall come ;
Voice of blessing heard shall greet him,
Welcome from God's sacred home.
27. God is Lord : His light is springing
In the joy this day new-born :
Pay your vows, your off'rings bringing,
Bind them to His altar's horn.

28. Lord my God, I bow before Thee ;
Evermore Thy love to own,
To extol Thee, and adore Thee,
Be my service at Thy throne.
29. Praise the Lord with glad thanksgiving,
For His mercies aye endure ;
Praise the Hope of all the living,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

CXIX.

ALEPH.

1. THERE is a way, where blessing meets
The pilgrim journeying on :
The saints, whose life was undefil'd,
In that blest way have gone.
2. There is a law, whose rules of truth
The wand'ring soul reclaim ;
And blest are they, whose heart adores
The God from Whom it came.
3. No love misplac'd beguiles their souls
With fraud and wrong to stray :
They walk with innocence secure
In His all-perfect way.
4. It is Thy pure commandment, Lord :
With gladness and with awe
I hear the voice that bids me keep
The precepts of Thy law.
5. O grant me then my soul's desire,
To sojourn unprov'd,
And keep with true unswerving faith
The way the just have lov'd.

6. Then shall no dread of coming shame
My stedfast heart confound,
When each desire contentment finds
Within that holy bound.
7. With words of faithful thankfulness
My heart shall ever flow,
As Thou in love shalt guide me on
Thy judgments' truth to know.
8. Thy statutes I will keep unblam'd,
If Thou Thy strength supply ;
O let me not, who seek Thy light,
By Thee forsaken die.

BETH.

9. How shall the young with pureness walk
Thro' paths of life untried ?
O let them keep their guarded steps,
Where Thy blest precepts guide.
10. With my whole heart, All-gracious Lord,
I seek Thy sacred way :
O suffer not my heedless feet
From Thy commands to stray.

11. Thy precepts in my heart I keep,
Like hidden treasures, stor'd,
To quell each rebel thought of sin
With warnings of Thy word.
12. I bless Thee, Lord, whose favouring love
To me Thy law hath shown ;
Teach me Thy statutes evermore
To guard and guide me on.
13. My lips have told, and still shall tell,
How I Thy voice have heard :
The dooms of equity and truth
Were in each righteous word.
14. The words that witness Thy pure will,
And Thy just laws unfold,
With deeper gladness fill my heart,
Than countless stores of gold.
15. Thy precepts to my silent thought
Deep meditation give :
I school my heart to learn the ways
In which the just shall live.
16. Such inward joy and sure content
Thy statutes' rules afford,
That never shall my heart forget
The comfort of Thy word.

GIMEL.

17. Be bounteous to Thy servant, Lord,
With grace my strength repair ;
So shall I live, and keep Thy law
With undivided care.
18. Enlighten Thou mine eyes to see
The secret wisdom stor'd,
The wond'rous truths to faith reveal'd,
In Thy unfailing word.
19. A pilgrim here on earth I dwell :
O let Thy comfort come,
To shew the sacred ways that lead
To my eternal home.
20. My soul is faint, my spirit shrinks
With hope deferr'd outworn,
While to Thy judgments evermore
My longing eyes I turn.
21. Thy chiding tames rebellious souls :
A curse is on their pride,
Who think it scorn to walk at peace,
Where Thy blest precepts guide.

22. But far from me, All-gracious Lord,
 Reproach and shame remove,
Who keep the words that speak Thy truth
 With duteous fear and love.
23. Vain princes in their earthly state
 Would work my soul's annoy ;
But I am Thine ; Thy laws are still
 My meditation's joy.
24. The words that witness Thy pure truth
 Are ever in my sight :
My well-tried counsellors they are,
 And treasure of delight.

DALETH.

25. Low to the dust of kindred earth
 My feeble soul hath clung :
O Lord, revive me by Thy word,
 And I shall yet be strong.
26. The tenor of my ways o'erpast
 I have to Thee made known ;
And Thou hast heard : O let Thy laws
 For ever guide me on.

27. O let me learn the way of life,
Which Thy sure precepts show :
Then shall Thy wonders give my heart
Glad musings as I go.
28. My soul like water to the earth
Sinks down in grief out-pour'd :
O Lord, Thy comfort nerves with strength ;
Revive me by Thy word.
29. The crooked paths that error treads,
Lord, hide them far away ;
And with Thy pitying grace to me
Thy perfect law display.
30. The way of faithful truth my soul
Its hope and choice hath made ;
Thy judgments, as my rules of life,
Before me ever laid.
31. I cling to those unerring words,
Which make Thy goodness known :
O suffer not my hope to die
In sin and shame o'erthrown.
32. And I will run in Thy commands,
When Thou shalt grace impart,
In glad obedience taught to find
The freedom of the heart.

HE.

33. The way to which Thy statutes lead,
Lord, let Thy mercy show :
And in that way my duteous feet
For evermore shall go.
34. Be Thy clear light my spirit's guide,
When I Thy laws explore,
And I will train my heart's desires
To keep them more and more.
35. The path of Thy divine commands,
Lord, make mine eyes to see ;
And my glad feet shall hasten there,
Where I would ever be.
36. Incline my heart to love that word,
Which gold can never buy ;
And save me from each baser love,
Which soon on earth must die.
37. Let me not see the world's vain shows,
That flatter to betray :
But give me strength to walk unblam'd,
Where truth shall guide my way.

38. Speak Thou the word : obedient love
 Shall wait Thy voice to hear ;
And evermore Thy servant's heart
 Shall keep Thy holy fear.
39. The shame that fills my soul with dread
 Far from me, Lord, remove :
For all the words Thy judgments speak
 Are full of grace and love.
40. Lord, I have long'd to see the light
 Thy purest precepts give :
Let Thy blest truth revive my strength,
 And I with truth shall live.

VAU.

41. And let Thy mercies visit me,
 O ever-bounteous Lord,
The comfort of Thy saving health,
 The promise of Thy word.
42. So shall I fear no foe's reproach
 Unholy and unjust,
Still finding answer in Thy word,
 There fixing still my trust.

43. And let not, Lord, my lips forget
Thy word of truth to say :
Thy judgments are my hope and strength
In trouble's doubtful day.
44. So shall I keep Thy holy law,
My memory's choicest store ;
There shall it rest, my heart's defence
And succour evermore.
45. And I will walk as one who holds
His freedom's charter sure :
Such freedom as Thy precepts give
To upright hearts and pure.
46. And with a trustful soul sustain'd
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
My speech shall tell Thy righteous truth
Where list'ning kings may hear.
47. That pure delight shall dawn on me,
In which they live and move,
Who joy to cherish Thy commands
With undivided love.
48. And I will lift my hands and pray,
That love may guide me on,
To reach the spirit of Thy law
By meditation won.

ZAIN.

49. Remember, Lord, Thy faithful word,
For Thou art true and just :
Thy servant in Thy promise lives,
My spirit's hope and trust.
50. That word of comfort in distress
Shall all my griefs controul ;
For I have prov'd its pow'r to arm
With strength the fainting soul.
51. The proud have mock'd my stedfast hope,
Whose source they cannot see :
But in Thy precepts onward still
My steps shall turn to Thee.
52. Thine ancient judgments, Lord, to me
Have inward peace restor'd,
While my remembering soul drank in
Fresh comfort from Thy word.
53. Fierce terrors, as a scorching wind,
My shrinking frame o'erawe,
While on the recreant's doom I muse
Revolted from Thy law.

54. Thy statutes, Lord, have been my songs
At each appointed stage,
Where'er my steps found rest, or walk'd
Life's toilsome pilgrimage.
55. And oft in watchful hours of night
Thy Name was with me nigh ;
For still Thy law's fair beauty held
My mind's unwearied eye.
56. Yea, this hath been my faith's reward,—
To Thee be still the praise,—
That Thy pure law was ever near,
My guide in all my ways.

CHETH.

57. Lord of my help, my soul hath found
Its heritage in Thee :
Thy laws pure precepts in my heart
Shall ever guarded be.
58. With my whole heart to Thee I pray'd,
Just Lord, Thy favour shew :
On me, according to Thy word,
Let Thy free mercy flow.

59. For I have search'd my ways o'erpast,
And turn'd my willing feet
To tread th' appointed path, where saints
Thy truth and mercy meet.
60. I dallied not with fleeting life,
Nor linger'd on my way ;
But hasten'd where Thy precepts led,
To hear and to obey.
61. Tho' bands of robbers close me round,
And spoilers work their will,
I still am Thine ; in memory stor'd
Thy law is with me still.
62. And at the peaceful midnight hour,
Beneath the silent skies,
In songs to tell Thy righteous truth
Unwearied will I rise.
63. The choice companions of my love
Are those who know Thy fear,
The saints, who each behest of Thine
With glad obedience hear.
64. Dread Lord, thro' all the peopled earth
Thy beams of mercy shine ;
O teach me, while I learn Thy truth,
To make that mercy mine.

TETH.

65. Lord, Thou in answer to my pray'r
Thy mercy's pow'r hast shown ;
Whate'er Thy promise bade me hope,
Thy faithful truth hath done.
66. O teach me, Lord, the sacred skill
True wisdom's light to find :
With trustful faith to Thy commands
I bow my willing mind.
67. A stranger yet to pain, from Thee
In heedless youth I err'd :
But now by sorrow's discipline
I learn to prize Thy word.
68. O good and gracious Lord, of Thee
This boon I ask alone,
That Thou to my desiring heart
Wilt make Thy statutes known.
69. The proud and false against my truth
Have rais'd th' accusing voice :
But their vain threats to Thy commands
More firmly bind my choice.

70. Their gross heart, wrapt in senseless caul,
 Compunction cannot move :
But thy pure law my spirit fills
 With wondering joy and love.
71. 'Tis good that I have borne my griefs :
 Thy mercy, Lord, I own,
Which veil'd in kind austereness came
 To make Thy statutes known.
72. The law, which once to erring man
 Thy sacred lips have told,
To me is dearer far, than gems,
 Or countless stores of gold.

JOD.

73. Thy hands have made my mortal frame ;
 My life I breathe from Thee ;
Enlighten my dull mind, the light
 Of Thy commands to see.
74. All they who led by reverent fear
 Have Thy great Name ador'd,
With joy shall hail my hope like theirs
 Fast built upon Thy word.

75. I own it, Lord, Thy righteous will
Can nought but good ordain :
It is Thy faithful truth that sends
Whate'er I know of pain.
76. Thou who hast made Thy word the hope
Of souls in all distress,
Let Thy mild mercy be my stay,
And with Thy comfort bless.
77. O visit with Thy tender love ;
Draw near, and bid me live :
For to my heart Thy laws alone
Refreshing gladness give.
78. Foul shame befall the proud, whose guile
Would wrest my steps aside :
Still to those ways each thought shall turn,
Where Thy blest precepts guide.
79. And let me find companions still,
Who fear Thy Name alone ;
Let them with me communion hold,
Who Thy pure truth have known.
80. O let my heart's true service keep
Thy statutes, clear of blame :
So shall I find that holy hope,
Which cannot end in shame.

CAPH.

81. My soul is faint with ling'ring hope
Of saving strength deferr'd ;
Yet will I keep my trust unmov'd
In Thy unfailing word.
82. Forespent in watching for Thy truth
Mine eyes grow dim and pale :
How long, O Lord, amidst my griefs
Shall Thy sweet comfort fail ?
83. For as the shrivell'd wine-skin fades
On smoky rafters hung ;
So fade my years : but in Thy laws
My memory still is young.
84. O think how soon decays the space
Of mortal life and change :
Lord, be not slow against my foes
To shield me and avenge.
85. The proud, like pitfalls in my way,
Their treacherous words have strown :
Just God, Thy righteous law of life
Their souls have never known.

86. Thy statutes are eternal truth ;
All guile hast Thou abhorr'd :
Then when the false ones work me wrong,
Be Thou my succour, Lord.
87. Well nigh they had my life consum'd ;
My strength had nigh decay'd :
But I forsook not Thee,—my steps
In Thy commands I stay'd.
88. O bid me feel Thy love that waits
To quicken and restore :
And I will wait Thy words to hear,
And keep them more and more.

LAMED.

89. For ever, Lord, Thy faithful word
Endures beyond the sky,
Unchanging as the stars that keep
Their quiet course on high.
90. From age to age Thy truth has been
A refuge firm and staid,
As the strong earth's foundations deep
By Thee so stedfast made.

91. The order of the silent heav'n,
The bond of earth and sea,
Still hold as Thou didst fix them first ;
They serve and wait on Thee.
92. Unless Thy law had been my joy,
And hope and strength supplied,
Long since in earth-born troubles lost
My spirit must have died.
93. For ever in my memory stor'd
Thy pure commands shall live :
A pow'r that all my life revives
Their gracious counsels give.
94. Lord, I am Thine : Thy saving strength
To me in succour send :
And as my soul Thy precepts seeks,
Let them my life defend.
95. So when the foes of God and mine
Are waiting to destroy,
Thy truth shall come with thoughts of peace,
And I will walk in joy.
96. My soul in earth's fast-fleeting good
Hath no perfection found :
With Thee it seeks for rest, whose law
Surpasseth time or bound.

MEM.

97. Eternal Lord, what thoughts in me
Thy law's perfections move!
From morn to eve with them I walk,
And meditate, and love.
98. O wiser far my choice, than theirs,
Who from Thy laws rebel;
With whom Thy perfect words in mind
And memory ever dwell.
99. Those, who of yore had taught my youth,
By me are now out-done;
For Thy pure wisdom's aid is mine
By meditation won:
100. And more than length of days can give
To men in counsel prov'd,
I boast to know, who Thy commands
Have ever held and lov'd.
101. No evil way hath e'er from Thee
My wand'ring feet allur'd,
Taught evermore to keep the path
Of Thy unfailing word.

102. Nor have I with impatient soul
 From duty sought to flee :
 I know how blest the lot of saints
 Led on and taught by Thee.
103. How sweet Thy gracious words ! on them
 My list'ning soul hath hung ;
 Far sweeter to my spirit's thirst,
 Than honey to my tongue !
104. The source of truth, the soul's pure light,
 Thy precepts, Lord, display :
 By them inform'd I walk unblam'd,
 And loathe each evil way.

NUN.

105. Thy word is like a lamp, that shines
 Night's darkness to divide ;
 Or beacon-fire amidst the waste^a
 My wandering feet to guide.
106. And I have vow'd to keep unblam'd
 The path Thy judgments show :
 That purpose of my stedfast soul
 No let or change shall know.

^a Bishop Horne.

107. Fierce throngs of troubles numberless
My fainting steps pursue :
O quicken, Lord, my faith to feel
Thy word of promise true.
108. Let my unbidden words of praise
With Thee acceptance find ;
And Thy just judgments, Lord of truth,
With light inform my mind.
109. My soul is ever in my hand,
Death's danger threatening near :
Yet while my memory keeps Thy law,
I know no other fear.
110. For me the wicked and unjust
Their treacherous snares have laid :
But from Thy precepts' holy path
My feet have never stray'd.
111. The words that witness Thy pure truth,—
I claim them for my own,
My birthright's treasure ;—take them hence,
And life's best joy is gone.
112. Yea, to that law of life my heart
Obedient will I bend,
And pray my onward course to keep
Unswerving to the end.

SAMECH.

113. I loathe the double mind, from truth
By each temptation mov'd :
Firm let me hold with constant soul
The law that I have lov'd.
114. My hope is in Thy mighty word :
No arm in battle-field,
No fortress in the secret rock,
Like Thee can save or shield.
115. Fly far away, false hearts ; in vain
Your words of truce ye bring :
No lure shall tempt me to betray
The service of my King.
116. Uphold me, Lord ; Thy promis'd aid
In all my conflicts give :
So shall my hope be unremov'd,
And I in Thee shall live.
117. My soul is safe, if Thou sustain ;
Thy strength'ning help supply ;
And I will look to Thy pure laws
With unreverted eye.

118. The souls that to Thy righteous yoke
Rebellious would not bend,
Thou hast o'erthrown : they wrought deceit,
And self-deceiv'd they end.
119. Thy doom divides th' unjust from earth,
As parts the dross by fire :
That doom the more to Thy pure truth
Hath knit my heart's desire.
120. For love is taught by reverent fear :
The judgments that o'erawe
My trembling flesh, in terror speak
How holy is Thy law.

AIN.

121. Lord, I have kept the path of truth,
By righteousness led on :
O leave me not to tyrants' pow'r
Deserted and undone.
122. Be Thou my surety, Lord, for good,
Against the tyrants' wrong,
Against their open strife of force,
And slanders of the tongue.

123. While for Thy saving health I wait,
Mine eyes in dimness mourn ;
Yet to Thy righteous truth and Thee
In patient hope they turn :
124. For mercy, Lord, is Thine : do Thou
To me Thy mercy shew,
And with Thy gracious laws of life
Direct me as I go.
125. I am Thy servant, sovereign Lord ;
To me Thy truth display,
That I may know Thy holy will,
Enlighten'd to obey.
126. 'Tis time, dread Lord ;—let now Thine arm
Redress the mischief done
By rebels, who in wanton pride
Thy laws have overthrown.
127. The brightness of Thy blest commands
Earth's wealth doth far outshine ^b ;
It moves me more than priceless gems,
Or ingots from the mine.
128. Therefore with them my choice is made
Right onward to obey,
Unfalt'ring hold the rightful cause,
And loathe each faithless way.

^b Aldhelm.

PE.

129. The records of Thy wond'rous truth
Have bow'd my soul with awe ;
For this I thirst the more to learn
The marvels of Thy law.
130. Thy word, if entrance once it win,
Such inward light supplies,
It gives to babes in simpleness
The wisdom of the wise.
131. In silent gladness of my hope
With parted lips I stay'd,
And breath'd not, till with joy I heard.
What Thy blest precepts bade.
132. O look upon me, Lord, with love ;
Let me that promise claim,
Which Thy unwearied mercy gives
To all who love Thy Name.
133. Guide Thou my steps ; if Thy good word
My faltering course sustain,
The proud unjust against my soul
Shall try their pow'r in vain.

134. O rid me from their harmful ways,
Rebuke th' oppressor's pride ;
So no vain threats shall turn from Thee
My stedfast heart aside.
135. Lord of my life, let Thy glad light
On me Thy servant shine ;
And teach me by Thy precepts led
To make their wisdom mine.
136. Fast-falling tears my pitying eyes
To gushing fountains turn,
While o'er the rebels to Thy law
Alone I muse and mourn.

TSADDI.

137. Eternal God, again to Thee
My vows their song renew ;
Still would I speak Thy righteous Name,
Thy judgments ever true.
138. The faithful records of Thy will,
In Thy commandments shown,
The rules of perfect right and truth
To erring man made known.

139. My zeal consum'd my inmost soul,
Such searching thoughts it stirr'd,
When I beheld my foes in pride
Cast off Thy sacred word.
140. Thy word is like the precious ore,
Tried in refiner's fire ;
Therefore it draws my spirit's love,
And fills each heart's desire.
141. Lowly and low-esteem'd I dwell,
Unsought by mortal praise ;
But Thy commands my stedfast soul
Remembers and obeys.
142. Thy righteous Name from age to age
Unchang'd doth still remain ;
Thy blameless law is very truth,
Which error cannot stain.
143. Whene'er I faint beneath my load
In sadness and in fear,
Then Thy remember'd precepts still
My soul with gladness cheer.
144. The records of Thy righteous truth
Eternal wisdom give :
Grant me an understanding heart,
That I by them may live.

COPH.

145. Dread Lord, with all my heart to Thee
I call to aid my vow :
For ever to Thy holy will
Obedient will I bow.
146. Yea, to Thy saving help I turn ;
Do Thou my heart prepare,
That I may ever keep Thy truth,
As now I make my pray'r.
147. Before the ruddy dawn of day
To Thee my vows arise ;
On the sure promise of Thy word
My trustful soul relies.
148. Ere the night-watcher sees from far
The shades of darkness flee,
Mine eyes have wak'd to seek Thy word,
And meditate with Thee.
149. Hear Thou my voice, All-gracious God,
In Thy unwearied love :
According to Thy righteous truth
Revive me from above.

150. Near and more near the tyrants press,
Whose threats are full of war ;
How near their malice, and from them
Thy holy law how far !
151. Yet nearer still art Thou, O Lord ;
Sustain'd by Thee I stand :
Firm in the strength of perfect truth
In all Thou dost command.
152. The words that witness of Thy law
To me were known of yore :
Deep are its strong foundations laid,
To stand for evermore.

RESH.

153. With pitying eye regard my griefs,
And wish'd deliverance give ;
For in my memory treasur'd still
Thy law's true precepts live.
154. Yea, Lord, my Advocate and Hope,
I trust my cause with Thee ;
Revive me, save me ; let Thy word
From evil set me free.

155. Far from Thy aid and saving health
The godless sinners stray ;
Since they from Thy pure truth estrang'd
Have lov'd blind error's way.
156. How great Thy tender mercies, Lord !
Thy countless acts of love,
How do they prompt my pray'r anew !
Revive me from above !
157. Full many a tyrant threat'ning near
-Insults in pow'r and pride ;
But those pure words that tell Thy truth
My steps for ever guide.
158. Whene'er the faithless I behold,
My soul with grief is stirr'd ;
I mourn for them, whose folly spurns
Thy holy will and word.
159. My soul its happy choice hath made ;
Regard it, Lord, and prove ;
And as I love Thy law, do Thou
Revive me with Thy love.
160. The fountain of Thy righteous law
Of yore was pure and true :
And in Thy righteous dooms each word
Breathes life for ever new.

SCHIN.

161. Fierce princes have oppress'd my truth,
Unmeet such wrong to bear :
But while Thy word o'eraw'd my heart,
No other fear was there.
162. I find in that sustaining word,
My speed in grief and toil,
More joy, than, after battle won,
The victor finds in spoil.
163. The false heart's ways of close deceit
My righteous hatred move :
I needs must hate them, since Thy truth
Sways all my spirit's love.
164. And for Thy judgments just and true,
Thro' all my length of days,
From morn to eve my voice shall hymn
Its sevenfold song of praise.
165. Great peace is theirs, who love Thy law,
Sweet peace that cannot cloy ;
No bitter thing shall check its flow,
Or dash their cup of joy.

165. Trustful I wait Thy saving health ;
Thy grace hath made me bold,
While firmly with obedient will
Thy pure commands I hold.
167. I keep in memory stor'd the words,
That tell Thee good and true :
Within my soul they wake that love,
Which springs for ever new.
168. The words that tell Thy will and way
With me have ever been :
Thou know'st it, Lord ; for Thou from far
My acts and thoughts hast seen.

TAU.

169. Turn, Lord, and let my earnest cry
To Thy meek ears arise :
Grant me to know Thy truthful word,
The wisdom of the wise.
170. O let my suppliant pray'r ascend
Before Thy mercy-throne :
In my deliverance let me see
Thy faithful promise shown.

171. My lips shall flow with praise, as streams
From living fountains flow,
When Thou hast taught me in Thy laws
Thy heavenly truth to know.
172. My tongue shall speak Thy wisdom's might,
If Thou such grace afford,
And tell what rules of right are taught
In Thy unerring word.
173. Stretch forth Thine arm to aid me, Lord,
And guide me with Thy hand:
For my free choice is made, to do
What Thy pure laws command.
174. My longing soul waits still on Thee;
Thy saving health make known:
No other joy my spirit finds,
But in Thy law alone.
175. Be Thou my Life, O living Lord:
My soul, which Thou shalt raise,
By Thy pure law of life sustain'd,
Shall live to speak Thy praise.
176. Like a lost sheep my wand'ring steps
From Thy commands have err'd:
Yet, Lord, reclaim me: still in mind
I store Thy guiding word.

CXX.

1. WHENE'ER my soul besought the Lord,
In every grief and care,
Whene'er I bow'd with sorrow's load,
His mercy heard my pray'r.

2. And now, O God, secure my truth
Those guileful foes among,
Who bear close gall within their heart,
And honey on their tongue.

3. False flatterer, say, what hope is thine?
The wages thou shalt earn
Shall pierce thee like sharp darts, or coals
That e'en in ashes burn.

4. Woe worth the day! I live as one
Who treads the mountain-soil,
Where Mesech's dangerous tribes are round,
Those sons of strife and spoil.

Or where amidst Arabian wastes
The tents that rise so fair
Are full of Kedar's wrathful race :—
My kindred is not there^c.

5. Long have I dwelt with foes of peace,
Whose souls all love abhor :
6. Whene'er my words of peace I bring,
Their cry is still for war.

^c Aldhelm.

CXXI.

1. I LOOK for help to those strong hills,
Whose heights in glory rise,
Where rests, above the toiling clouds,
The sunshine of the skies.
2. The Zion, where my soul hath found
Unfailing grace to aid,
Is the bright home of Israel's God,
Who heav'n and earth has made.
3. Then rest, my soul: no foe hath pow'r
Thy stedfast foot to move;
His wakeful eye that cannot sleep
Shall guard thee from above.
4. His wakeful eye that cannot sleep,
Nor slumber's power hath known,
Still guards the people of His love
From heav'n's eternal throne.
5. God is thy keeper; at thy side
His guardian wings display'd
Shall shield thee from each secret harm
Beneath that mighty shade.

6. No sun thy fainting strength shall blast
 Upon thy noon-tide way,
Nor blight of dewy vapours cold
 Beneath the pale moon-ray.
7. Each evil thing thy gracious God
 Shall keep without thy door,
8. Watch o'er thy life, and guard thy steps
 Henceforth for evermore.

CXXII.

1. I HEAR my lov'd companions call :
 With gladness I obey :
Come, let us seek the house of God ;
 Arise, and come away.
2. Yes, we will seek the house of God ;
 Our feet shall never roam,
But rest within Jerusalem,
 Our kindred's hope and home :
3. Jerusalem, Jerusalem !
 The holy happy ground,
Whose walls are built in unity,
 Where Peace is watching round !
4. The tribes of God ascend thy mount,
 The tribes that bear His Name,
And in assembled Israel's sight
 His mercy's praise proclaim.
5. Thy judges bear the sword of God
 From Whom all judgment springs ;
Thy princes hold their rightful throne
 Beneath the King of kings.

6. O peace be thine, Jerusalem !
Thy God His gift increase !
All peace be thine, and their's who love
The dwelling-place of peace !
7. May Peace within thee keep in strength
The fortress of thy walls ;
And Plenty spread her constant stores
Within thy palace-halls !
8. For my dear brethren's sake, and friends,
Whose heart is one with mine,
I'll pray, Within these happy tow'rs
May peace be ever thine !
9. But most of all, Be thine all good,
Each choicest blessing given,
Since God with thee hath dwelt, in thee
Hath oped the gate of heaven !

CXXIII.

1. O THOU, our fathers' Hope and Shield,
To Thee I lift mine eyes,
Thou, Who hast made Thy resting-place
The mansion of the skies.

2. As the poor bondmen wait the hour
Their masters' grace to see ;
Or maiden, till from task of pain
Her mistress set her free :

E'en so our spirits wait on God
Beneath all present woe,
And patient bear his rightful doom,
Till He His mercy shew.

3. Yet, gracious Lord, Thy mercy grant,
O let it round us shine ;
Enough, our ears their taunts have borne,
Who mock at Thee and Thine :

4. Enough, nor more our souls can bear
Those goadings, sharp as thorn,
From worldlings lapt in reckless ease,
And proud oppressors' scorn.

CXXIV.

1. IF our God had not befriended,
Now may grateful Israel say,
2. If the Lord had not defended,
When with foes we stood at bay,
Madly raging,
Deeming our sad lives their prey :
3. Then the tide of vengeful slaughters
O'er us had been seen to roll,
4. And their pride, like angry waters,
Had engulph'd our struggling soul,
5. Those loud waters,
Proud and spurning all control.
6. But our God was watching o'er us,
While they gnash'd with fiery glare,
And His arm in safety bore us
From that terror and despair,
7. Free escaping,
As the bird from fowler's snare.

Praise to God, whose mercy-token
Beam'd to still that raging sea :
Lo, the snare is rent and broken,
And our captive souls are free.

8. Lord of glory,
Help can come alone from Thee.

CXXV.

1. THE souls that seek their rest in God,
 Their Guardian and their Guide,
 Unmov'd as Zion's stedfast hill
 Shall evermore abide.
2. The mountain-heights that bear her walls
 Our Salem's peace secure :
 But God's strong safeguard stands for aye
 More lasting and more sure.
3. Ne'er shall the sinner's rod in pow'r
 Possess our holy land,
 Lest saints in grief forsake their God^d,
 And guilt defile their hand.
4. Do Thou, O Lord, with deeds of good
 Still meet the good and kind ;
 Still let the true and upright heart
 With Thee acceptance find.
5. The froward from our walls led forth
 Like exiles sad shall die :
 But Peace shall shelter Israel's heirs,
 The Peace of God Most High.

^d Old Version.

CXXVI.

1. WHEN God on Zion's captive state
Look'd down, in mercý to redeem,
The sudden joy, so strange, so great,
Was like the gladness of a dream :

2. Then could our mirth no more be stay'd,
Aloud our songs of triumph flow'd ;
The heathen heard, and wond'ring said,
Great is the pow'r of Israel's God.

3. The truth they spoke our lips shall own :
Great is our God, and great His pow'r ;
Great deeds His arm for us hath done,
Our theme in this rejoicing hour.

4. Our remnant, Lord, from bondage bring ;
And be the tide of their return
Like southern floods that roll in spring
Thro' vales that spent with dryness mourn.

5. Then peace shall reign where foes distress,
And they, who to their heart's annoy
Now sow in tears of bitterness,
Henceforth shall reap with songs of joy.

6. Ev'n he, who now his precious seed
Bears weeping forth in fear and pain,
Shall see a happier time succeed,
And his glad sheaves bring home again.

CXXVII.

1. EXCEPT the Lord the house shall build,
 Lost is the builder's busy pain ;
EXCEPT the Lord the fortress shield,
 The warder walks his round in vain.

2. In vain ye haste at dawn to rise,
 And late your rest at evening take ;
And eat your needful bread with sighs,
 While sorrow holds the heart awake.

Calm hours are their's whom God befriends,
 Calm labour and unbroken sleep :
Their toil by day His love defends,
 And waits their rest at night to keep.

3. The children that increase our home,
 Our comfort and our toil's reward,
Are not our own,—from heav'n they come,
 The prize-gifts of the bounteous Lord.

4. Like arrows in a warrior's hand
Are sons in youthful vigour grown;
5. O joy to him who can command
A quiver stor'd with many a one!

His innocence shall fear no wrong,
While these maintain his rightful state;
Firm, as in arms the champion strong,
Who keeps the leaguer'd city's gate.

CXXVIII.

1. O BLEST art thou, who led by fear
The better path hast trod,
Whose feet unfaltering keep their course,
And walk the ways of God.
2. No foe shall to thy peaceful home
Lead on the sons of spoil;
There shalt thou dwell in joy, and reap
The labour of thy toil.
3. Thy wife shall cheer thy hours of rest,
Like to some fruitful vine,
Whose boughs around thy inner courts
With clustering tendrils twine.
4. Thy children, like young olive-plants,
That grow unmark'd the while,
Around thy board with childhood's mirth
Life's sadness shall beguile.
5. This, this the blessing God bestows,
The promise of His word,
The mercy-gift unfailing giv'n
To him who fears the Lord.

6. From Zion God shall hear thy pray'r,
And answering blessings send ;
Grant thee thy people's good and thine
To last till life shall end.

Yea, thou shalt see, in length of days,
Thy children's children rise,
And peace on Israel rest like dew
Beneath the summer skies.

CXXIX.

1. OFT from my youth, may Israel say,
 Have dangerous foes my life assail'd ;
2. Oft sought to make my soul their prey,
 And vex'd me sore, but ne'er prevail'd.

3. Beneath their iron scourge I bow'd,
 And meekly bore their wrathful mood,
While deep my suffering back they plow'd
 With long-drawn furrows track'd in blood.

4. The righteous God hath judg'd my cause,
 And sav'd me from their cruel hands ;
Tam'd the fierce foes who spurn'd His laws,
 Cast down their yoke, and burst their bands.

5. Shame still be their's, and quick reproof,
 Who will not come to Zion's aid :
6. Fade their brief strength, as on the roof
 The bents of grass untimely fade :

7. The bents of grass, or corn that springs
 Chance-scatter'd on the crevic'd eaves,
Whence mower ne'er his handful brings,
 Or reaper clasps his golden sheaves :

8. Where ne'er hath traveller stay'd to greet
 The scythesman with his passing word ;
Or bless'd his toil with blessings meet
 In God's high Name, the harvest's Lord.

CXXX.

1. FROM whelming depths of fear
To God I sent my cry ;
There lowly laid I found my need
Of succour from on high :
2. Lord, hear my suppliant pray'r,
Ere yet my spirit faint ;
O let Thine ears consider well
The voice of my complaint.
3. Should'st Thou each error mark,
Who could Thy sentence bear ?
4. But mercy dwells with Thee, that men
Thy righteous truth may fear^e.
5. For Thee, the gracious Lord,
I wait with trustful eyes ;
On the sure comfort of Thy word
My firm-built hope relies^f.
6. To Thee my spirit hastes,
On wings of pray'r upborne,
More eager than the guards that watch
The coming of the morn.

^e Miles Smyth.^f Ibid.

7. O Israel, trust in God ;
To Him thy offerings bring,
From Whom, as from a living fount,
Redeeming mercies spring.

8. Return, to God return :
The grace, that thou shalt gain,
Shall with redemption's plenteous streams
Cleanse all thy guilty stain.

CXXXI.

1. LORD, my heart is with the lowly ;
I do seek,
With the meek,
Humble thoughts and holy.

Let me not by vain aspiring
Strive to rise,
But be wise,
Safer truth desiring.

2. Pride that soars must fall in sadness :
Lowliness
God doth bless
With an infant's gladness ;

When it lies all weak from weaning,
Yet at rest,
On the breast
In its gladness leaning.

3. Nought my trust from God shall sever :
Israel, thou
Pay this vow
To thy King for ever.

CXXXI.

Second Version, chiefly from Sir P. Sidney.

1. A LOFTY heart, a lifted eye,
Lord, Thou dost know, I never bare ;
 I ne'er have borne in things too high
A meddling mind, or climbing care :

2. Look how the weaned babe doth fare ;
 Alike that peaceful babe and I ;
None more for quiet may compare
 E'en with the babe that wean'd doth lie.

3. O Israel, to thy God so nigh,
For Him thy trusting heart prepare,
 Till Hope that lives, when fear shall die,
Build her untroubled mansion there.

CXXXII.

1. LORD, forget not David's care ;
2. How in humble zeal he vow'd,
How he pledg'd his truth in pray'r
 To the strength of Jacob's God :
3. Never will I joy at home,
 Where my tents at peace are spread ;
Never seeking ease will come
 To the quiet of my bed ;
4. Never shall invited sleep
 Be my willing eyelids' guest ;
Nor the dews of slumber deep
 Bathe my weary brows in rest ;
5. Till I find amidst our land
 Where God's chosen portion lies,
Where His holiest home shall stand,
 Where the temple's walls shall rise.
6. This we found in David's town,
 And in fields and forests near,
To the simple shepherds known :
 Let our sons the record hear.

7. Come, arise, and let us go,
In His courts our Lord to meet ;
Let us worship, bending low
At the footstool of His feet.
8. Lord, unto Thy place of rest
Let Thine ark with songs ascend :
There, as in Thy presence blest,
Let Thy strength Thy saints defend
9. Let Thy priests with righteousness,
As with vesture white, be clad :
They who praise Thy Name and bless,
Let them in their songs be glad.
10. And for faithful David's sake,
For his well-remember'd care,
Let his seed Thy grace partake,
Hear Thou Thine Anointed's pray'r.
11. What Thy promise, Lord, decreed,
Never shall Thy truth disown :
I will raise of David's seed
One to sit on David's throne :
12. While his sons with holy care
Keep the laws I shall ordain,
Never shall there fail an heir
On that stedfast seat to reign.

13. For our Zion's holy steep
 God's unerring choice hath bless'd :
14. Ever shall My promise keep
 This My guarded home of rest.
15. Here, from My eternal seat,
 Will I multiply her store ;
Here with kindly flour of wheat
 Shall My care sustain her poor.
16. Here, in saving health array'd
 Shall her priests their off'rings bring ;
And her saints, with God to aid,
 In their joy shall shout and sing.
17. Here the horn of David's pow'r
 Late in time new strength shall show :
Here, unquench'd at darkest hour,
 Shall his lamp in brightness glow.
18. While his foes shall strive in vain,
 Cloth'd with shame, to earth struck down,
Hope shall bud and bloom again
 From his pure unfading crown.

CXXXIII.

1. O HAPPY state on earth to see,
And bless'd from God above,
Where brethren meet, and make their home
The dwelling-place of love.
2. 'Tis like the costly odours sweet,
That pour'd on Aaron's head,
Down to his beard and border'd vest
Their gladd'ning fragrance shed :
3. Or like the fruitful sky-born dews
On Hermon gathering still,
Descending thence in gentlest show'rs
On Zion's sacred hill :
4. Like them it comes with blessing down
From heav'n's unfailing store,
The blessing of the God of peace,
And life for evermore.

CXXXIV.

1. BLESS ye the Lord, who serve the Lord,
 Who stand on Zion's guarded steep,
And in His courts your watch and ward
 By turns in duteous order keep ;

 Who tune your solemn songs by day,
 Or tend the lamps that burn by night,
2. Still raise your holy hands, and pray,
 And bless the Lord's sustaining might.
3. So may the God, whose glorious arm
 Wrought the wide earth, and heav'n above,
From Zion shield your souls from harm,
 And watch to bless you with His love.

CXXXIV.

Second Version, chiefly from Sandys.

1. YE, who the Lord adore,
And at His altars wait,
Or keep your watch before
The threshold of His gate ;
2. His praises sing
By silent night,
Till cheerful light
At dawning spring.

- Before His mercy-seat
Your hands devoutly raise ;
With words of blessing meet
The world's Creator praise.
3. So may He still
His own defend,
And blessing send
From Zion's hill.

CXXXV.

1. PRAISE the Lord: with laud proclaim
Evermore His glorious Name:
Praise it, ye who day by day
In His courts your service pay.

- 2,3. Where the great assembly throngs,
Praise Him with unwearied songs,
Songs, whose gracious tones express
Lowly duty's loveliness.

4. Tell the treasures of His grace
To the sons of Jacob's race;
How to them His love was shown,
Whom His choice hath made His own.

5. For I know that He is great,
Peerless in His high estate,
Mighty God, all gods above,
At Whose will all creatures move.

6. At His will each change hath birth
In the things of heav'n and earth,
In the ocean's dark abodes,
In the secret founts of floods:

7. At His will the clouds ascend
Swiftly from the far earth's end ;
Rains, that rush on lightning's wings,
Winds, that from His stores He brings.

8. At His word with sudden blow
Egypt's firstborn hopes lay low :
9. Signs of wrath with pain o'erthrew
Pharaoh and his impious crew.

10. By His arm to death were bow'd
Nations fierce, and despots proud,
11. Sihon, haughty Amorite,
Og of giant strength and height :

12. And He gave fair Canaan's soil,
Rescued from the tyrants' spoil,
Gave, a heritage of rest,
To the tribes His choice had bless'd.

13. Thine eternal Name, dread Lord,
Age to age shall still record,
14. Judge of all Thy people's wrongs,
Turning still their griefs to songs.

15. Vain the gods the heathen boast,
Vain their idols' golden cost :
Helpless in their place they stand,
Wrought by mortal workmen's hand.

16. Mouths they have, but nought can say ;
Eyes still blind in blaze of day ;
17. Ears, but dull as ears of death ;
Lips that breathe no vital breath.

18. They, who spend on them their pain,
Are as those dull idols vain :
Vain, who vows or offerings bear
To the gods that hear no pray'r.

19. Blessings to our God ascribe,
Israel's sons in every tribe :
Bless His Name, and gifts prepare,
Ye who Aaron's ephod wear :

20. Bless Him in His sacred place,
All who spring of Levi's race ;
All who know and fear His word,
Bless and praise the living Lord.

21. Bless Him, Who in strength excels,
Where His constant glory dwells ;
From His mount of holiness
Still His Name in Salem bless.

CXXXVI. §

1. O PRAISE the Lord ; for He is love ;
The mighty Lord, and King of kings :
2. O thank the God all gods above,
From Whom eternal mercy springs.
3. O praise Him on His glory-throne,
The mighty Lord, and King of kings :
4. Who doth all wondrous deeds alone,
From Whom eternal mercy springs.
5. Who by His wisdom heav'n array'd,
The mighty Lord, and King of kings :
6. And earth above the waters laid ;
From Whom eternal mercy springs.
7. Who did the world's great lights ordain ;
The mighty Lord, and King of kings :
8. Who gave the sun o'er day to reign ;
From Him eternal mercy springs.
9. And bade the stars with spangled light,—
The mighty Lord, and King of kings :
And silver moon, to rule by night :
From Him eternal mercy springs.

§ Altered from Sandys, Milton, and the Oxford Psalter.

10. Praise Him, Who broke the tyrant's sway,
The mighty Lord, and King of kings :
Who did false Egypt's firstborn slay :
From Him eternal mercy springs.
11. Who ransom'd Israel from their land,
The mighty Lord, and King of kings,
12. With strong right arm, and outstretch'd hand
From Him eternal mercy springs.
13. Who cleft the Red sea's waves in twain,
The mighty Lord, and King of kings ;
14. And guided Israel thro' the main ;
From Him eternal mercy springs.
15. But bade the eddying waves devour,—
The mighty Lord, and King of kings ;
Fierce Pharaoh's battle-pride and pow'r :
From Him eternal mercy springs.
16. Whose succours did His people bless,—
The mighty Lord, and King of kings,
Amidst the barren wilderness :
From Him eternal mercy springs.
17. Who struck proud kings in terror down,
The mighty Lord, and King of kings ;
18. Those warrior-kings of old renown ;
From Him eternal mercy springs.

19. Sihon, the haughty Amorite ;—
The mighty Lord, and King of kings ;
20. And Og of giant-strength and height ^h ;
From Him eternal mercy springs.
21. And gave the land that once was their's,
The mighty Lord, and King of kings,
22. To be the lot of Israel's heirs ;
From Him eternal mercy springs.
23. Whose pity rais'd our low estate,
The mighty Lord, and King of kings ;
24. And sav'd us from our foemen's hate ;
From Him eternal mercy springs.
25. Who feeds all tribes that live and move,
The mighty Lord, and King of kings ;
26. Thank Him, Whose heavenly Name is love,
From Whom eternal mercy springs.

^h Amos ii. 9.

CXXXVII.

1. In thraldom's lonely woe,
 By Babel's waters deep
We thought on Zion far away,
 And sate us down to weep.

2. Our tuneful harps, no more
 To notes of gladness strung,
Were there upon the willow-boughs
 In speechless sorrow hung.

3. For they, whose bonds we bore,
 Had ask'd in careless wrong :
Come, wake your mirth, as ye were wont.
 When Zion heard your song.

4. How shall we tune our voice,
 Or bid our captive hand,
To play or sing the song of God
 Far in a stranger's land ?

5. O Salem, seat of peace,
For aye forgotten be
All skill my right hand everknew,
But while I think on thee !
6. If I forget thee, then
May dumbness bind my tongue ;
If e'er, with heart to thee untrue,
I seek the joy of song.
7. Remember, righteous Lord,
In Salem's evil day
How Edom's sons unpitying made
Their brethren's lives a preyⁱ :
- How, when the Assyrian foe
Belay'd our city round,
They cried, Lay bare her walls, lay bare,
And rase them to the ground.
8. And thou, who sit'st a Queen,
Lost Babel, on thy throne,
Thrice blest the hand, that doth to thee
As thou to us hast done :

ⁱ Obad. 10.—14.

9. Yea, blest the hand shall be,
 That from thy rampires high
 Shall dash thy children on the rocks
 Unpitied there to die^k.

^k In this most pathetic of all Psalms, few of our modern Translators seem to have remarked the moral impression of the scene, as pointed out long ago by Theodoret: "Men in sorrow are wont to betake themselves to solitary spots, and there bewail their own calamities:" or, as they might have been reminded by the words of a master:

"Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
 Weep our sad bosoms empty."

For the rest, the present writer is fully conscious how unable he has been to do it justice, especially to the expressive ellipse, "Let my right hand forget—" in v. 5. See Mason and Bernard's *Hebr. Gramm.* ii. 29.

CXXXVIII.

1. LORD, to Thee my spirit's love
 Waits to mount in praise afar,
Till it pierce Thy courts above,
 Where the godlike angels are.

2. I will kneel and fix mine eyes
 On Thy temple's holy home,
While my voice of praise shall rise,
 Since to me Thy word hath come :

For I know Thy truth and love,
 Names which all Thy servants bless ;
Thou hast rais'd, all names above,
 Thy dear mercy's faithfulness.

3. When in straits to Thee I cried,
 Thou didst every fear controul ;
Thy strong help, my God and Guide,
 Arm'd with strength my struggling soul.

4. All the kings of widest earth
 Shall with lowly praise draw near,
When Thy perfect word goes forth,
 When the world's far nations hear.

5. When to Thee they turn their feet,
 In the paths Thy saints have trod,
Still in songs their tribes shall meet,
 Songs of glory to their God ;

6. Glory to their God on high,
 High, yet near the lowly still ;
But His truth averts His eye
 From the proud's unbridled will.

7. When fierce griefs my path surround,
 Thou wilt inward comfort give :
Thou shalt set my foes their bound,
 Check their wrath, and bid me live.

8. Lord, Thy mercy and Thy love
 Ne'er shall fail of promis'd aid ;
Can'st Thou, while the world shall move,
 Spurn the work Thine hands have made ?

CXXXIX.

1. LORD of my life, to Thee are known
My rising up and lying down ;
2. My thoughts unmark'd that rise and fall,
All-searching God, Thou know'st them all.

3. Where'er in sleep I rest, or stray
In journeyings through the busy day,
4. Thou still art near ; by Thee is heard
My silent tongue's unutter'd word.

5. Thy strong restraining hand around
Hath set to all my acts their bound :
6. O wond'rous knowledge, too divine,
Too high for skill or thought of mine !

7. O whither could I stray, or where
Hide me, nor find Thy Spirit there ?
O where escaping hope to fly
The presence of Thy piercing eye ?

8. Could I ascend the heavenly height,
Thy throne sustains those realms of light ;
Or in the low grave make my bed,
Thy guard is o'er the silent dead.

9. Could I, o'er western billows borne,
Dart swift as light on wings of morn¹
To lands where never mortal trod,—
10. I could not shun the hand of God.
11. Should I the veil of darkness take,
On me would day in darkness break :
Alike Thy presence, Lord, they own,
And light and gloom to Thee are one.
12. Thy fostering wings were o'er me laid,
Ere yet my reins and heart were made :
13. Thy Spirit mov'd the quick'ning clay,
When darkling in the womb I lay.
14. To Thee shall rise my constant praise ;
For oh, Thy works new wonders raise :
My body's frame o'erpow'rs my thought
In fearfulness and wonder wrought :
15. The substance of each nerve and bone,
Their secret birth, to Thee was known ;
And veins like broider'd net-work wound,
Like veins of ore in earth profound.
16. The seeds of life, ere yet they grew
To shape and form, Thy Spirit knew ;
Each limb with inborn strength endued
By Thee each day recorded stood.

17. How dear, how wond'rous past compare,
O God, Thy gracious counsels are!
18. More countless than the sand, they keep
My thoughts with Thee in hours of sleep.
19. And shalt Thou not in wrath look down
On those who Thy just pow'r disown?
20. O far from me be that false brood,
Blasphemers foul and men of blood.
21. Should I not hate Thine haters, Lord?
Should I not hold thy foes abhorr'd?
22. Yea, they that strive, just God, with Thee,
Be they at mortal strife with me.
23. O try me; prove me, search my heart,
That no ill passions there have part;
24. Forbid my restless thoughts to stray,
And guide me in th' eternal way.

CXL.

1. LORD, from the sons of violence,
From hearts that peaceful thoughts abhor,
Do Thou protect my innocence,
Preserve me from their cruel war.
2. For lo! with each returning day
They band together, arm'd for wrong;
3. No serpent's fang more keen than they,
No swelt'ring adder's arrowy tongue.
4. Lord, keep me from their lawless force,
From hands that deal the wrathful blow,
From Fraud that thwarts the just man's course,
And waits to lay the guiltless low.
5. The proud their treacherous snares have laid,
They chase me, like a hunted prey,
Where close conceal'd in covert shade
The pitfall lurks beneath the way.
6. Still, hid with Thee, my spirit said,
Thou art my God; O hear my pray'r:
7. Still, shielding my defenceless head,
My Strength and Health, my God, was there.

8. Let not the sons of wrong and fraud
 Their lust and fierce desires fulfil ;
Let not th' ungodly boast unaw'd,
 That none can curb their impious will.
9. Let their own slanders strike them down,
 Where guile no more their shame can hide,
10. Like burning coals in terror thrown,
 To press to earth their mounting pride.

The lips, that evil chose for good,
 Shall perish in their sin's disguise,
Like wretches whelm'd in fire or flood,
 Who never more in strife shall rise.

11. The bold of tongue from earth shall fail ;
 The vile, who joy'd in evil nigh,
Evil shall hunt, till, faint and pale,
 In horror they despair and die.
12. For God shall recompense the poor,
 And right to helpless sufferers give :
13. With thankful songs for evermore
 The righteous in His sight shall live.

CXLI.

1. To Thee I cry, All-gracious Lord ;
 O haste to bring Thy succour nigh :
O hear, and to my voice afford
 Mild answer, when to Thee I cry.

2. Like the sweet incense burnt at morn,
 Let my due pray'r before Thee rise ;
My hands uprais'd, and vows upborne,
 Be like the evening sacrifice.

3. The threshold of my tongue, from whence
 The winged words unheeded dart,
Lord, keep it ; and with innocence
 Hold firm the fortress of my heart ;

4. That so I may no concert hold
 With men whom impious cares employ,
Hear them their close designs unfold,
 Or share their feast of lawless joy.

5. The strong reproof the just man speaks,—
 In friendship speaks,—delights me more,
Than balsam of the fool, that breaks
 The head, yet lanceth not the sore.

- Yet I will pray, while they despise ;
6. In dangerous steeps when past release
Their chiefs shall fall and cannot rise,
Then may they hear my words of peace.
 7. Our sever'd bones are scatter'd by
The mouths of graves, like clefts of wood :
 8. Lord, still to Thee I lift mine eye ;
O save my soul from men of blood.
 9. Watch o'er me, lest I die ensnar'd
By foes who wait my fall to see :
 10. Be theirs the net their guile prepar'd,
While I pass on secur'd by Thee.

CXLII.

- 1,2. LORD, to Thee my voice shall come,
My complaint in need outpouring ;
Bearing to Thy heavenly home
Words that mourn my life's immuring
In this prison's narrow room^m.
3. Worn with sorrow, faint with dread,
When my spirit sinks despairing,
Thou dost know the path I tread,
Where my foes, my feet ensnaring,
For my soul their nets have spread.
4. Friends from every side are gone,
Flying far this place of danger :
None prepares a refuge, none
Dares to be my grief's avenger,
None regards my spirit's moan.
5. Therefore, Lord, to Thee I cry,
Thus alone my heart relieving ;
To Thy sheltering arms I fly :
Hope and portion of the living,
Hear and save me ere I die.

^m From the cave of Engedi, or Adullam. 1 Sam. xxii. 1.

6. See me, Lord, bow'd down and low,
Hear the cry of my complaining:
Thou, Who oft Thine arm didst show,
Wrongful pow'r of man restraining,
Save me from th' oppressor now.

7. From this prison's narrow bound
Bring me forth to tell Thy glory:
Then the righteous pressing round,
Glad of heart shall hear the story,
How Thy bounteous help I found.

CXLIII.

1. GOD of truth, all-faithful Lord,
 To my pray'r in mercy bending,
Not with judgment's stern award
 Visit my weak soul's offending,
But with mild forgiving word.

2. Not with judgment's voice severe
 Call me forth to stand before Thee:
Who that lives that doom may hear?
 Who that lives be counted worthy
In Thy presence to appear?

3. For before my wrathful foe,
 Wearied sore, with anguish flying,
Pierc'd as with a fiery blow,
 Faint I fall, in darkness lying,
Like the dead that sleep below.

4. This o'erwhelms my soul with fear,
 Musing, lest no happier morrow
Dawn, my dreary heart to cheer,
 Laden with that heaviest sorrow,
Which deserted spirits bear.

5. Yet Thy deeds of mercy done
 To my silent thought returning,
Deeds reveal'd in ages gone,
 Bid me know, in all my mourning,
That I shall not mourn alone.

6. As the glebe in summer dry
 Thirsts to drink the kindly shower,
So I spread my hands on high,
 Thirsting for Thy mercy's power :
Lord, my needy soul supply.

7. Thou, with Whom my help is found,
 Aid my soul with anguish shaken,
Ere I faint beneath the wound,
 Like the dead, by Thee forsaken,
Laid within the darksome ground.

8. Thou, Whose mercy still is near,
 Earlier than the star of morning,
Speak and bid Thy servant hear ;
 Guide me where I seek Thy warning,
In the paths of holy fear.

9. Lo, my spirit mounts to Thee
 On the wings of pray'r ascending :
Guard me, shield me, set me free,
 From my foes my life defending ;
To Thy sheltering throne I flee.

10. With Thy truth Thy servant bless ;
Other love shall ne'er divide me
From the God Whom saints confess :
Let Thy loving Spirit guide me
To the land of righteousness.
11. Life is Thine : O grant to me
Life that in Thy presence liveth ;
From that heaviest grief set free,
Which the burden'd spirit grieveth,
Let me find my rest in Thee.
12. Yea, with mercy ever new
Thou my troubled soul wilt cherish :
Whatso'er my foes may do,
Soon their harmful pow'r shall perish :
I am Thine, and Thou art true.

CXLIV.

1. BLEST be God, my living Rock ;
His all pow'r and greatness are,
Strength to meet the battle-shock,
Skill to guide the ranks of war.

2. God, my mercy's living Spring,
Hope, and Fort, and sheltering Tow'r,
Shield to Thine anointed king,
Saviour tried in danger's hour ;

Lo ! I trust my cause to Thee ;
Thou, in battle or in peace,
Bidst my people turn to me,
Bidst rebellious discord cease.

3. Lord my God, what worth of man
Thought of Thine may claim to share ?
How should date of mortal span
Dwell in Thy immortal care ?

4. As the mists of morning pass,
Scatter'd by the new-born ray,
Man decays ;—as o'er the grass
Shadows fade at close of day.

5. Bow Thy heav'ns, dread Lord of might,
Come, the pride of man to tame,
At Whose touch the mountain-height
Trembles, wrapt in clouds and flame.
6. Cast Thy lightning fast and far,—
Let Thy foes before Thee fly ;
Dart Thy glittering shafts of war,
Till rebellion fall and die.
7. But Thy hand, which only saves,
Shall my struggling soul release
From the flood of faithless waves,
Hearts estrang'd, and foes to peace ;
8. From the lips forsworn, that greet,
Train'd in guile, to soothe and slay ;
From the hands that work deceit,
Pledge their faith, and faith betray.
9. Then will I, my God, to Thee
Raise a song unsung before,
And with harp and psaltery
Thy victorious strength adore.
10. God to kings all victory gives :
By His unresisted word
Sav'd from danger David lives,
Sav'd from treason's harmful sword.

11. God of armies, lead me on,
Till rebellious discord cease,
Till deceivers' frauds are gone,
Hearts estrang'd, and foes to peace ;
- Till no more in treachery meet
Hands that plighted faith betray,
Flattering lips that speak deceit,
Words of guile that soothe and slay.
12. Then our youth as plants shall grow ;
And our maidens rise and bloom,
Fair, as polish'd pillars show,
Decking round some kingly room :
13. Garners pil'd with hoarded wheat
Scarce their treasur'd stores shall hold ;
Flocks shall teem in every street
Thousands and ten thousand-fold :
14. And our oxen, burden-strong,
Gladden all their owners' toil :
Village-homes shall fear no wrong,
Silent from the cry of spoil.
15. Blest the people, blest the land,
Grac'd of God with lot so fair ;
Blest who trace His bounteous hand,
Blest who know their God is there.

CXLV.

1. God, my Hope, my Strength, my King,
While Thy grace prolongs my days,
I Thy glory's praise shall sing,
2. Gifts of praise at dawn will bring,
Eve's return will close with praise.

3. God of wonders, great and high,
Worthy to be prais'd alone,
Veil'd from sense of mortal eye,
Ne'er shall end or change draw nigh
To Thy pow'r's eternal throne.

4. Sons from fathers old shall hear
How Thy works in might excel,
Ne'er shall fail the list'ning ear,
While they tell with reverent fear
How in heav'n Thy glories dwell.

5. And with them my part shall be,
6. Friends and brethren to persuade
To adore Thy pow'r with me,
Blest to find the service free
By Thy saints in praises paid.

7. Works of dread in judgment shown
 Shall their lips with wonder move :
But their hearts shall more be won
By Thy deeds of goodness done
 To record Thy righteous love.
- 8,9. Gracious is the Lord and good,'
 All His works His mercy share ;
Tender mercy's mildest mood
Triumphs o'er His wrath subdued,
 Waiting to forgive and spare.
10. All Thy works proclaim Thy pow'r,
 All Thy saints Thy mercy bless :
11. They shall praise Thee more and more,
12. Till earth's tribes on every shore
 Thy all-glorious strength confess.
13. Thine is an enduring throne ;
 In Thy firm dominion's height,
Ere the day that Time was known,
Cloth'd with majesty alone,
 Thou didst rule in peerless might.
14. And Thy mercy's gentle reign
 Lives alike without all bound ;
Thou dost drooping souls sustain,
Thou the fail'n dost raise again,
 Healing sorrow's heaviest wound.

15. All that live in earth or sea
 Wait on Thee for timely food :
 Every eye is turn'd to Thee,
16. While Thy hand in bounty free
 Fills the spacious earth with good.
17. Righteous truth prepares His ways,
 Holiness His works adorns :
18. Pitying love His sceptre sways,
 Succouring every soul that prays,
 Seeks His grace, and trusts, and mourns.
19. When, subdued with holy fear,
 Contrite hearts in silence bow,
 He their meek desires will hear ;
 He will bend His gracious ear
 To the humble cry of woe.
20. Where the faithful walk in love,
 He with love their state shall keep :
 They, whom mercy cannot move,
 Scatter'd far from joy shall rove,
 Doom'd in dread to wake and weep.
21. God, my God, Whom saints of yore
 Prais'd since time its course began,
 Thee my tongue shall still adore,
 Till Thy praise from shore to shore
 Reach to every child of man.

CXLVI.

1. PRAISE the Lord, my soul: in praising,
While I live, my life shall flow:
2. Still the song in gladness raising,
While my God shall life bestow.
3. Kings of earth, proud sceptres wielding,
Cannot save, or help supply,
4. Soon to dust their glories yielding;
And with them their counsels die.
5. Blest is he, who help secureth
Built on God's unchanging word;
He whose hope unmov'd endureth
In the strength of Israel's Lord:
6. Lord of heav'n and earth and ocean,
Endless shall His word endure,
Changeless in a world's commotion,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
7. They, whom force hath wrong'd, or treason,
Him their wrong's Avenger find;
His the pow'r to burst the prison,
And the captive's chain unbind.

He the souls with hunger pining
Cheers again with joyful bread ;

8. On the blind His light is shining ;
Rais'd by Him the drooping head.

9. He the righteous loves ; the stranger,
Those who know no father's care,
Widows sad, in want and danger
Find their sure Defender there.

But the proud His eye disdaineth,
He subverts their crooked ways.

10. Zion's King eternal reigneth ;
And eternal be His praise !

CXLVII.

1. PRAISE the Lord ; give thanks, and sing :
When, as one, the choir obeys,
Blessing loud our Mercy's King,
Comely is the voice of praise.
2. Praise our God : the gracious call
From His mercy-throne is come :
Raise again fall'n Salem's wall,
Bring sad Israel's wand'ers home.
3. Praise be His : the broken heart,
Heal'd by Him, forgets its pain :
At His word its griefs depart,
Rest and peace return again.
4. He regards our mortal care,
He, Who counts those hosts of flame,
Where in heav'n each constant star
Hears from Him its rank and name.
5. Great, O great in peerless might
Is the God to Israel known ;
Undiscern'd the depth and height
Of His Wisdom's dazzling throne.

6. He exalts the meek and low,
 Brings to earth the rebel proud :
7. Let your songs with harpings flow,
 Hymns of blessing to our God.
8. His the clouds, that, as they pass,
 Veil the summer's sultry skyⁿ ;
 His the rain, that rears the grass,
 Where the upland pastures lie.
9. He the beast's dumb want supplies,
 And the raven's clamorous brood,
 Where to Him their voices rise
 From their mountain-solitude^o.
10. Not on strength of battle-steed
 Doth our God His love bestow ;
 Not on men, who boast their speed
 Fleet in chase as mountain-roe^p :

ⁿ Isaiah xxv. 5. Aldhelm.

^o "Ascending very steeply over fragments of rock for four or five hundred yards, I found myself on the top of the Karakoram pass, a rounded ridge connecting two hills which rose above me to the height of perhaps a thousand feet. The height of the pass was 18,200 feet. Vegetation was entirely wanting. Large ravens were circling about overhead, apparently quite unaffected by the rarity of the atmosphere, as they seemed to fly with just as much ease as at the level of the sea." Dr. T. Thomson's *Travels in Western Himalaya and Tibet*, p. 434, 5.

^p 1 Chron. xii. 8.

11. But in those He takes delight,
Who His will with fear obey;
Who, as in His purest sight,
Walk with hope their faithful way.
12. Salem, praise the living Lord;
Zion, praise thy Mercy's King:
Be His name in songs ador'd,
While thy tongue hath pow'r to sing.
13. He thy gates with strength hath barr'd;
There no foe shall entrance win:
There His grace thy sons will guard,
Where His love hath fenc'd them in.
14. He, as with a landmark set,
Keeps with peace thy borders round;
And with richest store of wheat
Bids thy trustful toil be crown'd.
15. When He sends His swift command
Borne as on the lightning's wing,
All the pow'rs of sea and land
Wake and rise to serve their King:
16. Snow, that, drifted by the blast,
Like a fleece o'er earth is spread;
Hoary frost, like ashes, cast,
Where the wintry soil lies dead.

17. Who can bide His icy show'r
Down in crumbling morsels roll'd ?
Who can stand before the pow'r
Of His numb and piercing cold ?
18. But again He speeds His word :
Where He bids, soft breezes blow ;
From their secret caves out-pour'd
Free th' unfetter'd waters flow.
19. He to Jacob's sons hath given
Words of truth to lead them on ;
Laws and judgments taught from heaven,
Making all His counsels known.
20. Heathens no such love have found :
They have tun'd no choirs to sing
Songs of praise with joyful sound,
Songs that tell of Mercy's King.

But in psalms that bless His word
Heart and voice let Israel raise :
When, as one, we praise the Lord,
Grace adorns the song of praise.

CXLVIII.

1. PRAISE the Lord enthron'd on high,
King of endless majesty :
2. Angel-choirs, your voices raise ;
Hosts of heav'n, proclaim His praise.

3. Praise Him in your glory bright,
Sun, and moon of silvery light ;
Stars, with your rejoicing rays,
In your courses speak His praise.

4. Praise Him, heav'n of heav'ns above ;
And ye secret floods that move
Wrapt in clouds from mortal gaze,
Far in heav'n resound His praise.

5. Let them praise His mighty Name,
From Whose word their glories came ;
6. By Whose law unchang'd they stand,
Fix'd by His sustaining hand.

7. Praise Him, pow'rs of earth below ;
Praise Him, where the sea-streams flow,
Whales, your dragon-watch who keep
O'er the treasures of the deep.

8. Hail and lightning, mists and snow,
Storms, that at His bidding blow,
Winds, whose wrath fulfils His word,
Praise, O praise your sovereign Lord.
9. Mountain-heights, and uplands fair,
Trees, that timely harvest bear ;
Cedars, where your masts ye raise ^a,
From your forests sound His praise.
10. Savage beasts, that range the wold,
Herds in field, and flocks in fold ;
Worms that creep, and birds on wing,
Praise the universal King.
11. Kings, who awful sceptres sway,
Ye, who rightful rule obey ;
Princely sons of royal birth,
Ye who judge the tribes of earth ;
12. Youths and maidens, flowering fair ;
Boys, and sires with hoary hair ;
13. Praise His Name, His glory own,
Joy of heav'n and earth alone.
14. He from exile's woe and pain
Rears our horn in pow'r again,
Praise of saints who near Him rest :—
Be His Name in praises bless'd !

^a Ezek. xxvii. 5.

CXLIX.

1. PRAISE the Lord: renew the song
Evermore His courts among,
Where before His glory-seat
Choirs of saints in praises meet.
2. Israel, raise thy happy voice,
In thy Maker's strength rejoice:
Zion's children, wake and sing
Psalms of gladness to your King.
3. Praise Him, virgins, where ye throng,
Dancing to the sacred song,
Where ye beat your timbrels round
To the harp's rejoicing sound.
4. He, Whose choice our tribes hath bless'd,
Bids His love with us to rest;
Those, who meekly suffer'd scorn,
Now His glory shall adorn.
5. Let the saints their tongues employ,
Glorying on their beds with joy,
Where erewhile they watch'd to weep,
Held in thoughts too glad for sleep.

6. Let their joy in God their Lord
Fill with praise each utter'd word;
And His strength, in Whom they stand,
Arm with sharpest sword their hand^r :

7. That in judgment's solemn hour
Heathen tribes may own its pow'r ;
8. Kings and chiefs subdued may feel
Bonds more close than clasp of steel^s.

9. Such the glorious doom foretold
In the books of prophets old,
Kept for saints in latest days :
Give to God the endless praise.

^r Heb. iv. 12.

^s Isaiah xlv. 14.

CL.

Chiefly from Miles Smyth.

1. Praise God, Who in the Holiest dwells ;
Praise Him, Whose pow'r in heav'n excels ;
2. Praise Him, Whose might all might outvies :
Praise Him Whose greatness passeth bound ;
3. Praise Him with trumpet's thrilling sound,
Praise Him with harps and psalteries.

4. Praise Him with timbrel's measur'd beat,
Praise Him with pipes where dancers meet ;
Praise Him with cittern's sounding chord :
5. Praise to the well-tun'd cymbals sing,
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6. Praise, all that breathe, O praise the Lord.

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NOTICE RESPECTING THE TUNES.

THE greater portion of the Psalms in this Version being in Measures common to the Old or New Version, it is only necessary for those who think proper to use them to find the appropriate Tune in Mr. Hullah's well-arranged Psalter. Ps. 33, and 104, are in the Metre of the Old 104th. Ps. 68 is like the New 96th.

Ps. 36, and 37, may be sung to Hexham. Ps. 50, to Luther's Hymn. Ps. 17, and 79, to Luther's Hymn, as commonly adapted to Long Measure. Ps. 22, 57, and 69; and Ps. 49, and 56, are capable of being sung to the tune called Middlesex, or to Wareham, if the tune is slightly varied in the concluding notes, and the last line repeated.

Ps. 114 to a German Hymn, arranged by Pettet.

Ps. 8, second version, Ps. 24, 46, 63, 65, 72, 92, 132, 138, 144, and 147; and Ps. 21, 29, 52, 111, 113, 117, 135, 148, and 149; to the Sicilian, or German Hymn, to a melody of Henry Lawes in Sandys's Version, to Magdalen, and other tunes, which may be found in the 'Parish Choir.'

Ps. 19, 47, 48, 66, 96, 98, 118, and 146, to Alleluia, or the Russian Hymn, or other tunes in the same Selection.

Ps. 81, to the Latin melody, *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*.
Ps. 94, to Sherborne. Ps. 85, to Waltham. Ps. 67,
second version, San Salvador. Ps. 99, and 124, to Horsley,
or Helmsley. Ps. 61, to a Greek Hymn. Ps. 131, to a
familiar Children's Hymn, 'Ere I sleep." Ps. 145, Melton.

Ps. 28, 142, and 143, to a new melody, mentioned in
the Preface to this Work. Ps. 76, to 'Miriam's Song.'

This notice may probably suffice for general purposes :
but a reader of skill in Music may easily improve on the
instructions given.

ERRATA.

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|---------|--------------|----|-----------|-------------------------|
| p. 192. | Ps. lxxviii. | v. | 33, l. 2, | for tho' read thro'. |
| - 273. | - xcii. | - | 5, - 1, | for ? read ! |
| - 279. | - xciv. | - | 13, - 1, | for His read his. |
| - 284. | - xcvi. | - | 1, - 1, | for Earth's read Earth. |
| - 371. | - cxix. | - | 57, - 3, | for laws read law's. |
| - 386. | - — | - | 138, - 4, | for made read make. |
| - 428. | - cxxxvii. | - | 5, - 3, | read ever knew. |

Misses Thompson July
July 1921



